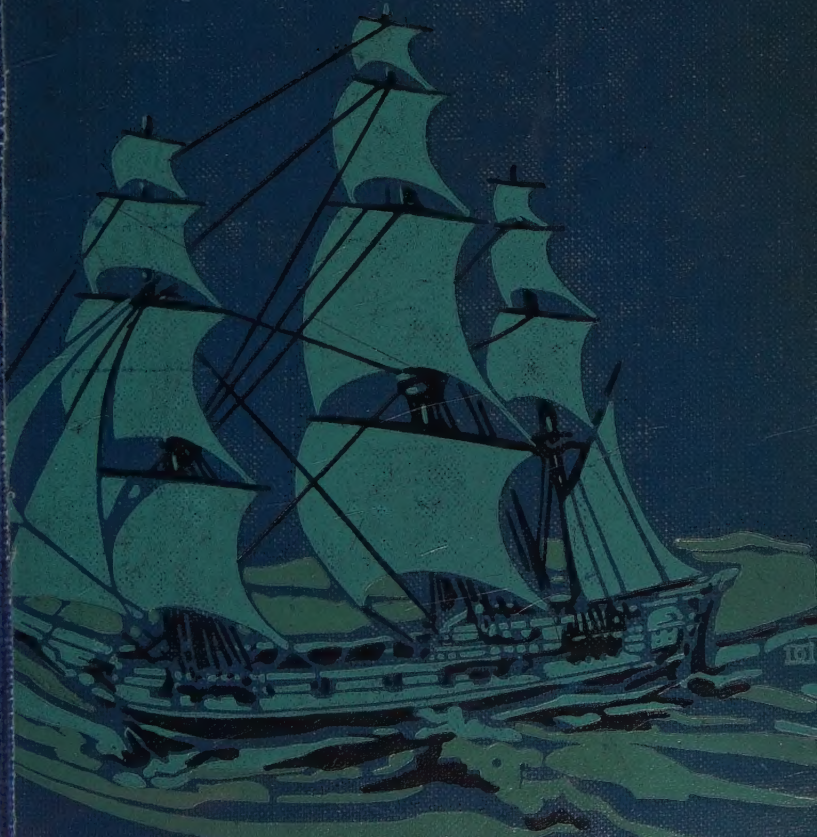
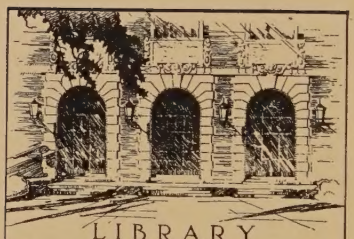
JOSHUA BARNEY

RALPH·D·PAINE

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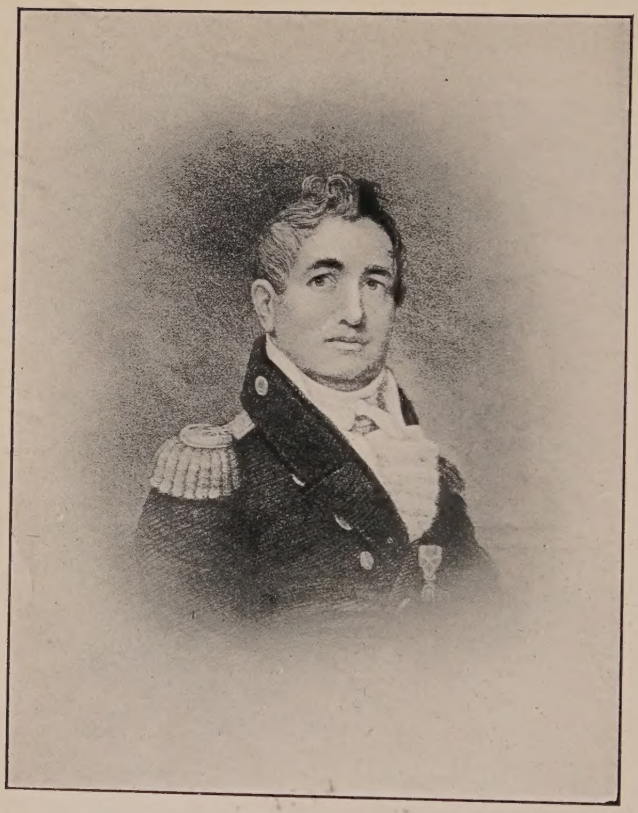


COMMODORE JOSHUA BARNEY
Engraved by James Wood (1798-1807)

JOSHUA BARNEY

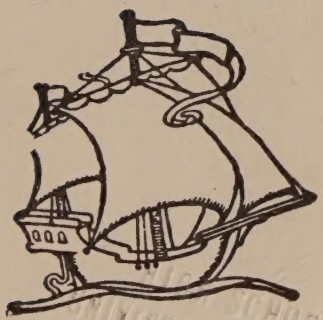
A FORGOTTEN HERO OF BLUE WATER

BY

RALPH D. PAINE

AUTHOR OF "LOST SHIPS AND LONELY SEAS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED



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TO

THE SPIRIT OF
THE UNITED STATES NAVY
PAST AND PRESENT

3598

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Part of this narrative was written on board the U. S. S. *Concord* during a recent voyage of four months to Zanzibar, Madagascar, South African ports, and Brazil. As the latest type of scout cruiser, this ship is driven by turbine-engines of one hundred thousand horsepower and can boast of a speed of thirty-five knots. Besides an armament of twelve six-inch guns, she carries aëroplanes, mines, and torpedoes. In the wonderfully complex mechanism of this modern man-of-war, there is almost nothing to remind one of the old days of wooden frigates, tall spars, and crashing broadsides at close range. And yet tradition endures and is cherished by the American Navy as its most precious asset for peace and war.

The spirit and the achievements of the past animate the service of to-day. An extraordinary contrast, indeed, between the scout cruiser *Concord* and the *Bon Homme Richard* of a John Paul Jones or the *Hyder Ally* of a Joshua Barney, but they are intimately akin and bound together by the memories of the illustrious days that are no more

and by the ideals of devotion and duty to be found in our naval vessels of the present era.

To the writer it has seemed worth while to tell the story of an American sailor of the Revolution as a reminder of the beginnings of the naval service and of the nation, and as a tribute to the ships and seamen who, through one generation after another, have won honor for the flag on all the Seven Seas. The material for this book was assembled from several sources. By far the most helpful of these was the "Biographical Memoir of the late Commodore Joshua Barney, from Autobiographical Notes and Journals in Possession of his Family," edited by his daughter-in-law, Mary Barney, and printed in 1830. This memoir, prepared almost a century ago and long out of print, has been freely used. The library and the documentary records of the Navy Department were also of much assistance. The writer feels under great obligation to Captain O. G. Murfin of U. S. S. *Concord* as a kind and helpful shipmate.

R. D. P.

Durham, New Hampshire.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	A Shipmaster at Fifteen Years	3
II	The American Flag Afloat	33
III	A Prisoner to the Royal Navy	60
IV	A Darker Picture of the Revolution	88
V	Concerning Plots and Bold Escapes	115
VI	The Adventure of the Mysterious Lady	141
VII	How a Great Sea-Fight Was Won	165
VIII	With Benjamin Franklin in Paris	191
IX	Shipmates with Captain Paul Jones	221
X	The Ship That Visited Mount Vernon	242
XI	Caught and Tried for Piracy	271
XII	A Commodore of the French Navy	294
XIII	A Privateersman of 1812	322
XIV	Flotilla Men to the Front	345
XV	The Blue-Jackets Finish in Style	366
XVI	Farewell to a Patriot Sailor!	388

ILLUSTRATIONS

Commodore Joshua Barney . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Captain John Barry 48

Joshua Barney's brace of boarding pistols made in France 65

Joshua Barney in the flower of his youth as a naval officer 112

Capture of the *General Monk* 176

Action between the *Hyder Ally* and the *General Monk* . 193

Bond given by Captain Joshua Barney upon taking command of the *General Monk* after its capture by him . 196

Robert Morris 240

Joshua Barney's sea chest 257

Captain Joshua Barney in the uniform of the French Navy in which he held important rank from 1798 to 1802 304

Facsimile of a letter written by Joshua Barney to his wife during his privateering cruise in the *Rossie* . . 340

Lord Cochrane 349

Joshua Barney 357

"The Battle Ground at Bladensburg" 364

Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B. 385

Commodore Barney in his latter years 400

JOSHUA BARNEY

JOSHUA BARNEY

CHAPTER I

A SHIPMASTER AT FIFTEEN YEARS

A PROPER figure for a true story of audacious adventure by land and sea! So he appears against the dim, confused backgrounds of his time. Now and then one encounters a man, more or less obscured, who conquered so many hazards of fortune and played the game of life with an air so gallant and engaging as to provoke the envy of the fictionist.

Joshua Barney sets his own pace for this narrative by first presenting himself to your notice as a hard-bitted urchin of ten years who firmly announced to his parents that he was done with going to school. In his own words, "he had learnt everything the master could teach; wrote a good hand, and perfectly understood Arithmetick." Therefore he was ready to follow the sea as his chosen career.

This was in the year 1769. The place was a pleasant farm near Baltimore, which was then a

rudely built village of no more than a few hundred people. At this time the colonists of Maryland and Virginia had shown no great interest in commerce and shipping. In the tide-water regions were opulent plantations and a ruling aristocracy. It was a land of grand houses and courtly manners, fine clothes and gay leisure, with black slaves to till the kindly soil. Here was to be found a life of ease unknown to the Pilgrims and Puritans amid the dark forests and bleak winters of pioneering New England.

Young Joshua's father, William Barney, was a man of considerable wealth and dignity, although not one of the lordly landholders of the colony. He lived in comfort on his farm and managed properties acquired both by inheritance and marriage. Also he had a household to manage, for the impetuous Joshua was one of fourteen children.

In vowing that he knew as much as the schoolmaster, the small boy may not have gone wide of the mark. It was a very primitive "field school" in a log hut, no doubt, like the one near Fredericksburg where little George Washington had been taught by Master Hobbey. What next to do with Joshua was a family problem. He was a sturdily built boy with a flashing eye and a stubborn chin, rather a handful even at ten years. His one pas-

sion was the sea. He had seen ships at Baltimore, clumsy English merchantmen with stout bulwarks and rows of cannon ready to throw round shot at roving pirate or privateer.

This ardent desire might have been expected in a lad of Salem, Newburyport, or Portsmouth whose fleets of ketches, sloops, brigs, and topsail schooners were busy in the coastwise trade or offshore. It was furrow salt water or starve for the down-east Yankees with a hostile wilderness at their backs. The son of a Maryland planter was more apt to turn his ambitions landward.

However, there was no holding this skittish colt of a Joshua Barney at home. Mere infant though he was, his brothers suspected him of plotting to run away with a bundle under his arm. By way of diversion, his sagacious father suggested that he learn how merchants conducted their affairs. This would be the first step toward fitting him for the career of a shipmaster. The successful mariner was also a trader who knew how to buy and sell all manner of cargoes and to keep accounts. Possibly this was one of those artful parental dodges. The real motive may have been to wean the boy of his childish infatuation and fasten his interest on something else.

Joshua, sadly, skeptically, consented. A Balti-

more merchant took him under his wing and showed him the mysteries of measuring calicoes, plushes, lawns, and fine dyed jeans. He learned to know such fabrics as galloons and silk-ferrets, crimson velvets from Genoa, linens from Ireland, rich damasks and cambrics from England. He could exhibit to the ladies the Bellandine sewing silks and the Prussian flowered bonnets, to the gentlemen the latest vest patterns, garterings, and figured cloaks.

The boy had endured this servitude three months when the merchant was compelled to close his establishment. The reason thereof is lost to history. At any rate, young Joshua had learned that business had its reefs and shoals. He might better have been shipwrecked on the sea. There was much more zest in that. Home he went to renew the plea to be put aboard a vessel. His father refused to listen. There was a family friend in Alexandria, Virginia, who did a brisk trade. He consented to take the boy into his counting-room. And so for a second time, Joshua was packed off to a mercantile prison.

By rights he should have sulked and whimpered. Life had taken him by the back of the neck and was thrusting him into most distasteful courses. The sea was always calling, and he could not forget it. But he manfully applied himself to the task in hand. It was greatly to his credit, poor lad. Almost a

year he toiled, and his employer could report that "his attention to his duties, his industry, and the alacrity with which he obeyed all commands had been faithful and unremitting."

For eleven years old this was almost superhuman. An explosion was inevitable. He went home to the farm for the Christmas holidays, a festive season for the flock of young Barneys, with the dogs and the black pickaninnies from the slave cabins underfoot and the neighbors riding in to drink healths around the punch-bowl. Calm restored with the New Year, Joshua mutinied, not violently but with an immense determination. He would not return to Alexandria. So much for that! A large experience had taught his father to spare the rod lest he spoil the child. He bethought himself of a compromise. A Baltimore pilot-boat would give the stubborn Joshua a taste of the sea and toughen his gristle before he went roving off to distant ports. He was too young for the hard knocks and harder men of a ship's forecastle.

As early as these years before the Revolution there was displayed in the builders' yards of Baltimore a genius for designing schooners of singularly graceful lines and a rare turn of speed. These qualities were notable in the pilot-boats that cruised off the capes of the Chesapeake. Later generations

knew the fame of the matchless privateers of the War of 1812 and the swift Baltimore clippers that winged it to every sea.

Joshua Barney was intrusted to the gray-bearded pilot in command, who taught him to reef and steer. Aye, and much more than that! This energetic boy, so fearless and quick to learn, was the stuff to fashion into a true seaman. The old pilot had found a pupil after his own heart. And while the schooner rolled in the windy reaches of the bay or drove in past Cape Henry to find a lee, young Barney was absorbing the wisdom of them that go down to the sea in ships. And the yarns he heard and the sights he saw to kindle his fancy and make his blood tingle!

It might be a brig creeping in with sails in rags and splintered decks, her men bandaged and limping. They had fought and escaped from a rascally freebooter in the Caribbean and were lucky to live to tell the tale. Or it might be a vessel more fortunate, homeward bound from the Spanish Main with bags of doubloons and heaps of gold ingots plundered from the wreck of a great, high-pooped galleon. Perhaps the pilot-schooner might sight a signal flown by a reeking slaver from the Guinea coast, a wretched cargo of blacks jammed between decks and the smell of them fouling the air a mile away.

These colonial mariners had lost their love for

old England before the spirit of rebellion waxed hot ashore. Vexatious taxes and restrictions hampered the little ships that sailed so boldly to seek their share of trade. And the haughty insolence of the king's cruisers added fuel to the fire. In the cabin and the forecastle of the Baltimore pilot-schooner, Joshua Barney heard these wrongs threshed out. From hand to hand was passed some treasured copy of a newspaper, and they gustily cursed the Royal Navy at finding news like this, in the "Boston Gazette and Country Journal" of September 25, 1769:

> On Friday last a Coaster belonging to Scituate was passing one of the Ships of War in this harbour, when they doused their mainsail in salute, but it not being quite to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the Ship, they sent their boat on board and upon the Officer's stepping upon the Sloop's deck he immediately drew a cutlass with which he struck the master of the Coaster on the cheek, which cut a gash near three inches long, after which he damn 'd him for not showing more respect to the King's Ship and then cut the halliards of the mainsail and let the sail run down to the deck.

Eight months in the pilot-schooner and the Barney lad was clamoring to be signed as an apprentice in a real deep-water ship bound across the Western Ocean. He had passed his twelfth birthday, and it was time to cease coddling him, as he informed his

sire. It so happened that one of his elder sisters had married a Captain Thomas Drysdale, who commanded a small brig in the Liverpool trade. Inasmuch as there was no hope of shackling Joshua to dry land, it was decided to let him go with his brother-in-law.

They sailed in January of 1772 and made a stormy winter passage of it. To convey to the modern reader any substantial impression of the hardships and dangers of sailoring in the eighteenth century is always a difficult task. The eternal menace of the ocean is impossible for a passenger in a luxurious steamer to realize. To speak of those old ships as measuring only two hundred or three hundred tons can mean little or nothing. In a word, they were not much larger than canal-barges under sail. Somehow they battered their way around the watery globe, and splendid seamanship and habitual intrepidity enabled most of them to survive.

And so the unterrified urchin of a Barney was half frozen and pickled in brine while Captain Drysdale's little brig was battered by the bitter gales. Reaching Liverpool, she was sold for a good price. The master and the boy came back to America as passengers in a Dublin packet crowded to suffocation with Irish "redemptioners," men and women. They had sold themselves in bondage to the planters

of the southern colonies, compelled to toil for seven years before freedom could be earned. This was the hard manner in which they repaid the cost of their passage to the New World. Shrewd shipmasters often sold them to the highest bidder and pocketed the cash profit.

The prevailing winds dead ahead, a voyage of perhaps two months, it must have been a wretched voyage for these poor creatures, several hundred of them stowed under the hatches of this Dublin packet. Conditions were so intolerable that they schemed to overpower the crew and seize the vessel. Joshua Barney volunteered to help the seamen in this crisis and stood his nightly watch as a sentry with a long musket on his shoulder. The uprising was smothered before it started, and the unhappy "redemptioners" were safely delivered to their owners.

Captain Drysdale was given a larger ship, the *Sidney,* and he took the handy Joshua along with him. Several voyages were made to Cadiz, Genoa, Liverpool, and other European ports. The brother-in-law turned out to be a surly, greedy sort of a mariner. Family ties were nothing to him. Finding young Joshua extraordinarily competent, he advanced him to the station of second mate when the boy was fourteen years old. As an articled appren-

tice, his wages belonged to his master. It was a thrifty way to hire a second mate. Joshua made no complaints, however, and did his duty right up to the hilt. Having bragged in earlier days that he wrote a good hand and "perfectly understood Arithmetick," he kept the ship's log, corrected the captain's calculations, and had charge of the accounts. He was, in fact, an acting supercargo as well as a deck-officer. He records that he had very little idle time on his hands. There were no laws against child labor.

On the twenty-second of December, 1774, Captain Drysdale sailed from Baltimore with a cargo of wheat for Nice, which was then a dependency of the kingdom of Sardinia. The *Sidney* sprang a leak off the capes of Virginia and had to put back to Norfolk. Part of the cargo was discharged and hasty repairs made. This mishap spoiled the captain's temper, and he quarreled with the first mate, who picked up his dunnage and walked ashore. Unable to find another mate at short notice, the captain put to sea without one. This increased Joshua Barney's burdens. However, he was by now a grown man in his own estimation. Much time had passed in these slow voyages to Europe. He had attained the mature age and dignity of fifteen and a half years!

The ship was in the lonely wastes of the mid-Atlantic, bound to Nice, when Captain Drysdale fell mortally ill. The breath lingered in him no more than a week. The only officer left on board was Joshua Barney. The boatswain sewed the body in canvas, with weights at the feet, and it slid over the bulwark while the youngster said a prayer and shed a tear, not of affection but of sorrow for his sister thus bereaved of her husband. Then he took stock of his own situation.

Preposterous as it must have seemed to him, he was left in command of a ship with a valuable cargo. The crew had no one else to turn to for orders. He was the solitary ruler of the quarterdeck. The logical impulse was to try to work the *Sidney* back to Baltimore and report the plight to the owners. The fifteen year-old skipper cocked his heels on the cabin table and pondered many things. The upshot of it was that he resolved to finish the voyage and deliver the wheat to the consignees in Nice.

This he announced to the wondering crew of hairy merchant seamen clustered at the break of the poop. The marvel is that they raised no objection beyond the grumbling that has ever been the privilege of all seasoned mariners. The ship was leaking like a rotten basket, said they. Her seams had opened until you could throw a dog through them.

In bad weather she was likely to founder. With the best of luck, did this strapping infant of a Barney know enough navigation to find Gibraltar and the narrow gut into the Mediterranean? It looked like a silly business, blast your eyes!

He assured them that he could shoot the sun with a quadrant and work out his sights, besides keeping the dead-reckoning with log-line and sand-glass. Sink or swim, he 'd manage to fetch up somewhere. They agreed to gamble with the sea. The sublimely idiotic confidence of youth must have amused their simple hearts. A rough lot, doubtless, but they made no trouble on the score of discipline and fidelity. The power of command, and a rare gift it is, must have been in the soul of this stripling. He knew how to lead.

They worked that leaky vessel to the eastward and swayed at the pump-breaks until they were ready to drop in their tracks. The pumps were not enough to keep the water down. Red-eyed and snarling, they bailed with wooden pails from the forepeak and the after-run. In dripping clothes, they slept by snatches. Captain Barney remained undismayed and kept their spirits up. He was mightily relieved when the Rock of Gibraltar lifted its mighty head from a cloudy horizon. The *Sidney* was sinking under his feet. A violent gale had

wrenched and pounded her just before the grateful landfall was sighted. Instead of bearing away for Nice, the weary ship sought refuge at Gibraltar. The anchor was let go in the nick of time. She could not have floated more than an hour or two longer. A boat was hastily lowered, and Barney jumped in to seek assistance ashore. He was halfway to the quay when his men aboard ship hoisted the ensign upside down as a signal of distress. The old hooker was about to plunge to Davy Jones. It was hard to be drowned within eyeshot of the girls and the grog-shops of Gibraltar.

Captain Barney promptly steered alongside two or three other ships in port. They readily volunteered to send their men to relieve the exhausted sailors at the pumps. Thereupon Barney resumed his quest of the officials qualified to grant him permission to take his vessel into the New Mole or King's Dock. These gentlemen blinked at his story, I imagine, but the ship was soon warped into a snug haven. And now the lad became involved in a maze of technical difficulties and perplexities. There was a wise young head upon those stout shoulders and an astonishing acquaintance with maritime procedure. His first step was to petition the Vice-Admiralty Court to appoint a commission of survey on his ship. The findings were that most

of the cargo was undamaged, but the repairs would require several months.

As he later explained it to his kinsfolk at home, "he was in a foreign port, surrounded by entire strangers who might be interested in giving him wrong advice; he appeared as the commander of a ship on whose papers he was rated as an apprentice, and with nothing but the log-book, which was in his own writing, to exhibit in confirmation of the claim; he was totally ignorant of the character of the owners at home, and equally unacquainted with that of the consignees abroad; with a cargo liable to perish from the leak in the vessel on the one hand; or in danger of being swallowed up in the expense of stopping that leak, on the other. What to decide? Should he remain inactive until he could write home and receive orders? Or should he act for himself and add to the weight of accountability already upon his shoulders by incurring a heavy debt?"

As might have been foreseen, he decided to shove ahead. With his confident air and ready smile, he presented himself to the partners, Murray & Son, of a solid commercial house in Gibraltar. He had no other credentials than his own personality. They were persuaded to advance the amounts needed to pay the repair bills. The security was

a bottomry bond or charge against the freight and cargo money to be collected at Nice. In law it was no security at all, because Joshua was a minor and had not a scrap of paper from his owners to authorize him to do anything.

In accordance with this quixotic bargain, these good-hearted English merchants, father and son, paid dockyard bills in the sum of seven hundred pounds sterling. It was an enormous obligation in the sight of an apprentice who had never jingled more than a few shillings in his pocket. His dreams were haunted. In his journal he heavily underscored the fatal words with a pen, "Seven Hundred Pounds Sterling!" If the thing went wrong at any point, he felt sure he faced prison for life.

In three months the ship was ready for sea. As a reasonable precaution, the junior Murray went as a passenger to Nice. There was nothing to indicate that the firm distrusted the boy prodigy of a shipmaster, but it was advisable to see the transaction through to the finish. Certain of the shipping gentry of Nice were known to be slippery customers.

The vessel was found to draw too much water to enter the harbor and so put in to Villafranca, the port two miles to the eastward of Nice. Here Cap-

tain Barney and his friend Murray went ashore to find the merchants who had bought the cargo of wheat. They turned out to be suave, courteous persons who readily agreed to pay within ten days the amount of the bottomry bond and so release the ship from the claim of Murray & Son. His anxieties dispelled, Barney hurried back to his ship and arranged to have part of the cargo discharged into lighters.

This was tedious work. Ten days passed. He went to Nice to satisfy himself that the amount of the bond had been paid to Mr. Murray. The interview with the Sardinian merchants was painful in the extreme. They had been at pains to consult their legal adviser. It was quite evident that neither they nor the ship could be compelled to pay over a single ducat. This absurd young Barney was a minor and an apprentice. His signature was worthless. The effrontery of him!

It was a knavish denial of an honorable obligation. With the world tumbled about his ears, young Barney avoided the kindly Mr. Murray and morosely tramped back to his ship. He intended somehow to repay those seven hundred pounds sterling. It was his personal affair. He had retained his crew of die-hards during the long stay at Gibraltar, instead of shipping new hands. Now

he ordered them to put on the hatch covers and see to it that not another grain of wheat was taken out until the bond was paid and the bottomry canceled. They obeyed with enthusiasm, hopeful of a shindy. With belaying-pins and fearful oaths they chased the Sardinian longshoremen from the deck.

The word was carried to the sharp-witted merchants of Nice that the fat appeared to be in the fire. They hastened to the ship. The ardent crew would have tossed them overboard, but Captain Barney interfered. The visitors expostulated, with fervid voices and dramatic gestures. The cargo of wheat belonged to them. Body of Bacchus! were they to be defied by this ridiculous boy? Barney had not much to say. He sat on a hatch and glowered at them. Very angry, they rushed ashore to lay their case before the governor of the district. He agreed with them that the affair was outrageous.

A soldier was sent down to the ship with a document summoning the unshaken Barney to appear before his Excellency forthwith. He was playing a very lone hand indeed. It required a fine quality of courage. To the administration building he trudged, with the soldier at his elbow, and found his Excellency in a vile temper. The interview was brief. Barney was commanded instantly to resume delivery of the cargo "or dread the consequences."

He flatly refused, standing very straight, with that stubborn chin in the air. The wheat would stay in his vessel until the claim of Murray & Son should be satisfied.

Presently a squad of Sardinian soldiers was hustling Joshua Barney off to prison. For all he knew, he was to be shot at sunrise. It was a most unpleasant prison, and he busied his wits to contrive how he could get out of it. After a night of cogitation, he came to the conclusion that it would not be dishonorable to fight the devil with fire. The ethical aspect of it troubled him a good deal, as he admitted later, but he felt justified. They would release him if he promised to make no more bother over the delivery of the cargo. He had been tricked and betrayed by mercantile rascals whose word was worthless. Moreover, this throwing him into prison was a piece of insolent tyranny. The governor himself had behaved no better than a bandit. The paramount obligation was to obtain the seven hundred pounds sterling for those generous Englishmen of Gibraltar.

Having eased it with his conscience, Barney sent word to his Excellency that he was ready to yield his ground and to accept the terms imposed. After some delay, he was permitted to return to his ship. His promise was not in the nature of a parole, as he

regarded it. It had been extorted from him by violence. A complicated problem for a lad not yet sixteen years old!

From his own quarterdeck he now sent a message that he purposed to keep the cargo in the holds until the bond was paid or he had to surrender to a superior force. He was canny enough to hoist the British ensign. It had occurred to him to make an international affair of it. This seemed to be the only way out. The blundering ass of a governor promptly fell into the trap. Very wrathful, he rushed a strong force of infantry to the ship. The lieutenant in command was instructed to quell any resistance, break open the hatches, and keep his men on board until the wheat was all unloaded.

Captain Barney's loyal seamen foresaw more of a shindy than they had bargained for. There were too few of them to repel the military strength of Sardinia. They had to look on, therefore, while the troops scrambled on board. The lieutenant uneasily glanced aloft at the British ensign. He was an officer of some discretion and intelligence. This might turn out to be a kettle of fish. Orders were orders, however, and he took formal possession. Thereupon Joshua Barney gave him to understand that he considered the vessel captured by a superior force, contrary to all law and usage between

friendly countries. He would be compelled to abandon her, but, said he, by way of a forceful climax:

"I shall leave my colors flying, that there may be no pretense hereafter of ignorance as to the *nation* to which this insult has been offered."

The lieutenant began to hedge. He mentioned withdrawing his men. It was a matter that merited further discussion. Insulting the British flag was a thing not to be rashly done. Barney agreed that it might have consequences. He mustered his crew and told them to fetch their hammocks and clothing. Off they went to another English ship, anchored in the harbor, and were hospitably received.

Until now, Joshua had sought neither aid nor counsel from his friend Mr. Murray, who still tarried in Nice. Boyish pride forbade. It was for him to chart his own course and somehow extricate himself. At this juncture he thought it courteous to call at Mr. Murray's lodgings and say farewell. It was his intention to make the arduous journey across the Alps to Milan and lay his case before the British ambassador to the court of Sardinia. Mr. Murray was somewhat staggered by the audacity of the undertaking. Admiring the boy's pluck and pertinacity, he offered to go with him.

In Barney's journal the pilgrimage receives this scant mention:

"We crossed the famous Alps, *so noted for snow and difficult travelling,* on mules; we passed through part of Switzerland, and arrived at Milan."

It was an exploit in itself. At this period Sir William Lynch represented his Britannic Majesty at the court of Sardinia. He was an urbane, sympathetic gentleman as well as a most energetic diplomat. Barney told his story while Mr. Murray hovered in the background. With a diplomatic shrewdness of his own, the sailor lad from Maryland passed lightly over his own wrongs. The burden of his tale was the wanton insult that had been offered the British flag. His words had an artless eloquence. His candor carried conviction. Sir William Lynch was both stirred and amused. He was cordiality itself. He had never met a shipmaster of this description.

Action was extraordinarily prompt. On this same day the ambassador presented a strongly worded protest to the king of Sardinia. The text of this document is unknown, but it must have been loaded like a bombshell. Presto, and royal couriers were racing over the Maritime Alps to Nice with

despatches to that high-handed governor. Joshua Barney and his companion were invited to make themselves comfortable in Milan for a few days. Incredibly soon, Sir William Lynch informed them that everything had been arranged to their complete satisfaction. They would find this to be true when they returned to Nice. Young Barney could scarcely believe it. This venturesome journey had been a forlorn hope.

In blithe spirits they rode the mules through the mountain passes until Nice was two leagues distant. And whom did they meet, posting out to offer a welcome and escort them into the city, but the unhappy governor himself with a staff of officers, gold lace, cocked hats, and medals. His Excellency held his own cocked hat in his hand while he erupted apologies, regrets, almost tearful solicitude for the health of the brave, the estimable Captain Barney. The latter remembered his manners and refrained from laughing in his Excellency's face.

In this triumphant fashion, more like a scene from an opera, the American sailor apprentice rode into Nice. One hour after his arrival, he was paid the seven hundred pounds sterling, which he turned over to Mr. Murray. In addition, they were reimbursed for every penny of the expense of the journey to Milan. Even this was not enough. His Ex-

cellency went aboard the ship in person to beg Captain Barney to accept a handsome indemnity, leaving him to name the sum, for the indignity he had suffered by reason of his brief imprisonment.

It was most enjoyable. With a keen sense of the fitness of things, and to make the governor more uncomfortable, Barney refused this financial balm. His Excellency called it "unexampled generosity, this acknowledgment that all his injuries had already been amply redressed." There lurked the suspicion, however, that this extraordinary young man meditated some private reprisal. Heaven alone knew how great his influence was with the royal master in Milan whose rebuke had been so swift and crushing. In order to safeguard himself, the governor besought a written testimonial that all causes for complaint had been erased. With a twinkle in his eye, Barney wrote the letter.

The captains of other English ships in the port had been keenly interested in the lad's tangle of misfortunes. Now they hailed him as a hero. Dinners were given in his honor. The compliments were enough to turn his head. Seldom was so much praise bestowed upon a shipmaster, old or young. He took it modestly, assuring these friends that "he had done nothing more than ought to have been expected of every man in the same situation, and he

would have been far from regarding it as a compliment to have been told that less was expected from him." Incidentally, his Excellency invited him to dinner before the ship sailed.

Having cleared himself of all his troubles in Nice, Joshua Barney saw no reason why he should not complete the voyage as originally planned. The next port of call was Alicante, Spain, to load a cargo homeward bound. This was a short run coastwise in the Mediterranean. His ship tight and refitted, Barney found it pleasant sailing and expected no more misadventures. When he reached Alicante, however, his Most Catholic Majesty, Charles III of Spain, was about to send a mighty expedition against Algiers. The Barbary pirates were an intolerable nuisance which he proposed to exterminate. The policy of England was to tolerate these seafaring outlaws, who mostly preyed on the merchant shipping of nations with no great naval strength. Spain had come to the end of her patience.

The harbor of Alicante was crowded with vessels of every description, huge line-of-battle ships, frigates and galiots, xebecs and luggers, bomb-ketches, and fleets of merchant transports. There were four hundred sail in all, a magnificent armada under the command of Admiral Don Pedro de Castijon. On

shore was encamped an army of thirty thousand men led by the Irish Count O'Reilly. When it came to embarking them, every ship that chanced to be in port was pressed into the royal service, regardless of the flag she flew. Charter terms were arranged and liberal payment promised, but the masters of the vessels were given no choice.

And so Captain Joshua Barney, instead of sailing home to Baltimore, took troops and supplies aboard and received his orders from a Spanish flagship. It was a wonderful spectacle for him to behold, the blue sea covered with ships, four hundred of them, as they slowly made their way across the Mediterranean, bright pennants streaming, the sun flashing on gilded scrollwork and brass armament. Handling a vessel in such a press of traffic was no task for a tyro, and it may be claimed without fear of contradiction that Barney was the youngest master of them all.

The fleet anchored in the bay of Algiers on July 1, 1775. In this same week Joshua Barney had a birthday. He was sixteen years old! The glorious expedition against the Dey of Algiers was doomed to be a bloody, tragic failure. The fleet was idle while a hundred thousand Moorish troops, largely cavalry, were assembled to thwart a landing on the beach. The Spanish leaders were divided by pri-

vate jealousies and hatreds. Admirals and generals forgot their country's cause and plotted to undo one another. There was no cohesion, no effective coöperation between the land and sea forces. After a feeble bombardment ten thousand troops were sent ashore.

The Moors charged across an open plain and slaughtered them within musket-shot of the beach. Spanish divisions were mowed down by the lance and sword. They fought bravely, but were swept back and cut down even as they struggled to regain the boats. It was a rout so complete that no other attempt was made to capture Algiers. The fleet rode in the harbor while the seamen and soldiers saw their dead comrades piled in great heaps and burned like so much refuse. Thus were illustrated the ghastly stupidities that are inherent in war.

Joshua Barney was a witness of all this horror, pacing the deck of his ship and homesick for Baltimore. He was seeing a good deal of the world. Back he sailed to Alicante, where the people mourned their dead and bitterly cursed the luckless Count O'Reilly. And this was the end of the grand armada of 1775.

Early in October, Barney reached the familiar

waters of Chesapeake Bay. For eight months he had led a crowded life. And now he had another perturbing experience. The British sloop-of-war *Kingfisher* intercepted him with a signal to heave to. An officer boarded the ship and gruffly demanded all letters, private papers, and firearms. To make sure none were hidden, the cabin was thoroughly searched. Demanding to know the reason why, Barney was informed that his countrymen were in active rebellion against King George. Battles had been fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. George Washington of Virginia had been appointed commander-in-chief of the rebel armies. This was amazing news to Barney. It seems odd that no reports had come to him abroad, but since June he had been with the Spanish fleet or making the slow westerly passage across the Atlantic with adverse winds. He kept his emotions to himself. They were not to be divulged to the British naval officer from the *Kingfisher*. It was wiser to wait until he stepped ashore before proclaiming himself a rebel.

Maryland had been reluctant to vote for independence in the Continental Congress. Many of her landed proprietors were loyal to the crown. Governor Robert Eden still maintained a pretense of

upholding the old forms and institutions. The active operations of the British land and sea forces were directed against the colonies to the northward. A policy of conciliation not yet abandoned permitted trade in such ports as Baltimore. Captain Joshua Barney was therefore allowed to pass up the bay, and a thankful lad he was to sight the wharves and the brick houses and the white steeples.

His heart was thumping as he tied up the packet of ship's papers and accounts for the inspection of the crusty methodical owner of the good ship *Sidney*. John Smith was his name, and his nose was usually close to the ledger in a dusty office. Some errand had prevented him from toddling down to meet the ship. He had heard of her arrival and presumed that Captain Drysdale was still in command. Letters had gone astray as they often did. In eight months no word had come from the *Sidney*.

Into the office strode a stalwart lad, browned by wind and sun. The old gentleman raised his eyes from a column of figures and grunted:

"Who the devil are you?"

It was a great moment, well worth all that had been suffered in a drowning ship and a filthy prison in Nice. Impressively the intruder announced:

"I am Joshua Barney, sir, master of your ship that has just arrived."

Mr. John Smith climbed down from his stool, shook a testy finger and exclaimed:

"Joshua Barney, eh? I remember. An apprentice, bound to Captain Drysdale. And how dare you, an apprentice boy, to presume to call yourself the master of a ship of mine?"

The boy flung his package of documents on the desk and replied, "Read these, sir, and find out for yourself."

The ship-owner scowled at the papers and began to examine them. It was a lengthy process. The boy fidgeted. It was difficult to maintain the air of mature dignity with which he had marched in. He walked to the fireplace and played with the dog that was stretched on the hearth. He drifted to a window and read the signs across the street or counted the bricks in the opposite house. The ordeal wore his patience to rags.

After what seemed like a year or two, the old gentleman looked up, removed his spectacles, and fairly bounced from the stool. Grasping the young seaman's hand, he shook it with the most hearty vigor and croaked:

"*Captain* Barney, God bless you, you are welcome home. I am glad to see you. I congratulate you heartily upon your safe return. Your conduct

meets my cordial approbation in every particular. I am proud to find that I have so deserving a young man in my employ. Take a seat, sir. We shall see what 's to be done immediately."

CHAPTER II

THE AMERICAN FLAG AFLOAT

THE death of Captain Drysdale had released young Barney from the bonds of his apprenticeship. He was his own free man, but the merchant service no longer interested him. His one ambition was to cruise against the enemy. It was an era when English fleets and admirals, in one memorable action after another, had wrested the mastery of the sea from the flags of other nations. In defying the battalions of red-coated troops to subdue them, the American colonies were facing enormous odds. A contest with England's indomitable sea-power was more like an impertinence. There was, of course, no American naval force whatever. It had to be improvised, such as it was.

What was achieved by the bold privateers and the makeshift cruisers that flew the Stars and Stripes has received too little attention from historians, who, as a rule, are more concerned with armies and politics and statecraft. It has been their habit, in a large degree, to turn the spot-light on the immortal valor of John Paul Jones in the *Bonhomme*

Richard as an episode which had no important influence on the fortunes of the war. Englishmen of that time thought differently. They saw eight hundred of their armed ships captured and twelve thousand of their stout seamen made prisoners. They saw Yankee pennants flying in the Channel, within sight of English shores, while Yankee mariners laughed at the ancient doctrine that "the monarchs of Great Britain have a peculiar and sovereign authority upon the ocean." And for one Paul Jones there were a dozen fighting privateersmen of the stamp of Captain Jonathan Haraden of Salem, who took a thousand British cannon on the high seas in the smoke of his own broadsides. What the infant United States lacked in squadrons and heavy metal was somewhat made up for by superior seamanship and daring, "to the great terror and annoyance of English merchants and shipowners," as one of the latter confessed.

This superb quality of seamanship and initiative had been developed by necessity among those colonies whose energies had not yet turned inland. They were more truly a maritime race than the English themselves. That Joshua Barney could calmly assume command of a foreign-bound ship at the tender age of fifteen may seem rather amazing to us, but in his day it was not especially sensa-

tional. In time of peace the routine of seafaring was apt to be violent and dramatic. Quick wit and hardihood were essential. Courage was taken for granted if success was to be won.

The career of young Barney in the service of his country, as recounted in this narrative, will convey some impression of the day's work of the sailors of the Revolution, who, with forces hopelessly inferior, managed to annoy and hamper the enemy and very materially to help win the war. They were not all heroes. As the skulkers, the stupid men in high place, the blackguardly politicians disheartened George Washington, so the cowards and the incompetents had to be weeded out of the naval organization. In the boiling heat of war much scum rises to the surface and has to be skimmed.

Some of the members of the Continental Congress thought it futile extravagance to spend any money on a navy at all. "It was the maddest idea in the world and would mortgage the whole continent!" The vigorous opinion of maritime New England prevailed. But the direction of naval affairs was confused, and one committee followed another in quick succession. Congress itself was uncertain of its authority until after the Declaration of Independence. In the diary of John Adams is this entertaining mention:

The pleasantest part of the four years I spent in Congress from 1774 to 1778 was in the committee on Naval affairs. Mr. Lee and Mr. Gadsden were sensible men and very cheerful, but Governor Hopkins of Rhode Island, above seventy years of age, kept us all alive. Upon business his experience and judgment were very useful; but when the business of the evening was over he kept us in conversation until eleven and sometimes twelve o'clock. His custom was to drink nothing all day until eight o'clock in the evening; then his beverage was Jamaica spirits and water. He had read Greek, Roman and British history, and was familiar with English poetry, particularly Pope, Thomson and Milton, and the flow of his soul made all of his readings our own, and seemed to bring in recollection to all of us, all we had ever read. Hopkins never drank to excess; but all he drank was immediately not only converted into wit and knowledge, but inspired us all with similar qualities.

This mellowed old gentleman, who sipped his grog and discoursed like a colonial Dr. Johnson, used his influence to obtain for his brother Ezek the appointment as the first commander-in-chief of the American navy. Commodore Ezek Hopkins had grown gray in the merchant service, a dull, reliable seaman with an obstinate temper who had the virtue of respectability and little else. The situation demanded a very different type of man. General Knox, visiting his flag-ship, called him an antiquated figure who, in appearance, brought to mind

the famous Dutch admiral Van Tromp. He seemed shrewd in conversation, and swore now and then.

The only vessels available were such merchantmen as happened to be laid up in port. It was not difficult to turn them into cruisers of the new navy. More guns were slung aboard and mounted, and larger crews enlisted. At Philadelphia a small squadron of these ships was assembled and fitted out. The *Hornet,* a ten-gun sloop, and the *Wasp,* a schooner of eight guns, were ordered to sail from Baltimore and join this force in the Delaware.

Perhaps one or two of the nautical terms of that day should be explained in passing.

The sloop was a vessel, long since obsolete in the merchant marine, that carried one tall mast with a fore-and-aft sail below and a huge square topsail above that. It was a clumsy rig to handle, and much skill and God's mercy kept them right side up in heavy weather. The sloop-of-war, so frequently mentioned in naval matters, was not a sloop at all but a vessel mounting twenty guns or less. It might be rigged as a brig or a three-masted ship. So much for that. Sea lingo is puzzling and in this instance illogical.

Having enjoyed a short holiday at home on the farm, Joshua Barney offered his services to Captain William Hallock, a native of Bermuda, who

was in command of the *Hornet* sloop. The lad was promptly made master's mate, ranking second to the captain, because of the reputation he had earned by that eventful voyage to the Mediterranean. The *Hornet* needed men, and Barney was assigned to recruit them in Baltimore. For such a task his youth was in his favor. Well-knit and muscular with his bold eye and jolly laugh, he looked every inch the deep-water sailor.

As was the custom, he paraded the streets with a lively racket of fife and drum and exhorted all "gentleman seamen and able-bodied landsmen who had a mind to distinguish themselves in the glorious cause of their country" to repair to the tavern rendezvous, where they would be kindly entertained and receive the greatest encouragement. There was no lack of rebels in Baltimore who were eager to sign articles for a cruise in the *Hornet*. They trooped to the tavern where Master's Mate Barney kept open house all day.

Besides the willing recruits, many townspeople came to look on and huzza. They saw a sight that thrilled their hearts. In front of the rendezvous was displayed a flag that they beheld for the first time. It consisted of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, with the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the corner. This, the

first American ensign, was known as the Grand Union flag. The field of stars supplanted the crosses later in the war, but the glorious stripes were thus emblazoned to signify that the thirteen colonies were one and indivisible. Commodore Ezek Hopkins had ordered this flag sent from Philadelphia to be flown on the *Hornet*. Perhaps it had been sewn by Betsy Ross, but the fame of this industrious dame is beclouded in legend and contradiction. It is certainly known that there was a flag-maker of that name in Philadelphia.

At any rate, there is convincing evidence that Joshua Barney unfurled the flag as a recruiting-officer and that it was mightily effective in arousing enthusiasm. By nightfall of this same day he had mustered a full crew and was ready to march them aboard the *Hornet*. The sloop sailed from Baltimore in December of 1775, in company with the schooner *Wasp*. They made a slow, stormy passage around to the Delaware capes and passed up the bay to join the other vessels of the squadron.

On January 6, 1776, Commodore Ezek Hopkins stepped into his barge at the foot of Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and was rowed off to his flag-ship, the *Alfred* of twenty-four guns. As the pigtailed seamen shoved the barge through the floating ice, the scene was one of picturesque importance. The first

commander of an American naval force was about to join his squadron. Crowds of people on the waterfront cheered and waved their hats. They saw the venerable Hopkins clamber to the deck. An officer quickly stepped to the flag halliards of the mainmast.

He was a rather small, elastic man of a swarthy complexion. His bearing was marked by a certain haughty composure. This was First Lieutenant Paul Jones, then at the beginning of a naval career which was to enroll him among the immortals. At a signal from Captain Dudley Saltonstall of the *Alfred* he hoisted a flag of yellow silk bearing the device of a coiled rattlesnake and the motto "Don't Tread on Me." Some writers unfamiliar with naval usage have assumed that this was the American flag which Paul Jones is said to have displayed for the first time. This yellow rattlesnake flag was, in fact, the pennant of the commodore commanding the fleet. The true national ensign, also hoisted on the *Alfred* on this occasion, was the Grand Union flag or "Congress Colors" with the thirteen red and white stripes. This was the flag referred to in a letter which Paul Jones addressed to "The United States Minister of Marine, Hon. Robert Morris":

It was my fortune, as the senior of the First Lieutenants to hoist myself the Flag of America the first time it was displayed. Though this was but a slight Circumstance, yet I feel for its Honor, more than I think I should have done, if it had not happened.

The *Alfred* flew a third flag at her christening as an American man-of-war. This was the navy jack, small and nearly square, with the thirteen stripes across which crawled a rattlesnake, not coiled, and the words "Don't Tread on Me." Its appearance was quite different from that of the commodore's pennant of yellow silk. The statement sometimes made that Paul Jones sailed and fought under a rattlesnake flag is technically incorrect. He flew the navy jack, no doubt, as a bit of service bunting, but his official ensign and that of his country until the adoption of the Stars and Stripes in June, 1777, was the Grand Union. And he was too scrupulous an officer to be careless in such matters.

He was sincere in his belief that the flag had not been publicly displayed until he hoisted it to the rigging of the *Alfred*. There is good reason to believe, however, that Joshua Barney had forestalled him by more than a month when the banner with the thirteen stripes had been unfurled to attract recruits to the rendezvous in Baltimore.

Barney regarded this episode as a story to be told to his children in his latter years. He had not considered it important enough to argue with Paul Jones and other naval officers. And so we come back to him as the master's mate of the *Hornet,* sixteen years old, and impatient for the squadron to put to sea. Commodore Hopkins was a most deliberate man, and so much time was wasted in fussy delays that the eight small ships were caught in the Delaware ice-floes and held there more than a month.

They got clear on February 17 and, by direction of Congress, were to steer for the Virginia coast and attack the hostile fleet of Lord Dunmore, who had been burning and plundering the coastwise towns and plantations. Using his own discretion, which was overcast with prudence, Ezek Hopkins avoided a clash and laid a course for the Bahamas. His purpose was to capture the British forts of Abaco and seize a large store of munitions of war of which the American forces were in desperate need.

It was a good enough idea clumsily executed. Instead of approaching the island by night and surprising the forts, the squadron stood boldly in and gave ample notice to the British governor, who promptly put the gunpowder and other stores

aboard two ships and sent them out of danger. American sailors and marines made a landing and took the town of Nassau and one fort in rear. For booty they obtained a hundred cannon and some ammunition, but it was a beggarly haul compared with the amount that got away. The squadron turned homeward and fell afoul of the British frigate *Glasgow*, which, single-handed, gave Commodore Hopkins's little ships a bloody drubbing and escaped from them. It was an inglorious affair for the new American navy and served to show the incompetency of the commander-in-chief, the poor fighting qualities of these hurriedly converted merchant vessels, and the lack of training among the officers and seamen.

The *Hornet* took no part in this engagement, having lost her consorts in thick weather after a collision with the *Fly* tender. Masthead and boom carried away, she was in no condition to continue the voyage and so bore away for the nearest coast. Battered and swept by one gale after another, the crippled *Hornet* sighted the sand-dunes of South Carolina and hoped to find refuge in Charleston harbor. But the seas were too high to risk crossing the bar, and a shift of wind drove the sloop out to sea again.

During this ordeal of several weeks, Master's Mate Barney "thought he discovered many evidences of a want of courage and firmness of mind in his commanding officer." Finally they managed to fetch the Delaware capes. From a pilot who came off to them, they learned that the British frigate *Roebuck* was at anchor in the roads. An armed tender belonging to the frigate was cruising near the capes to make prizes of such merchant vessels as were not strong enough to make a fight of it. Captain William Hallock of the *Hornet* now convinced Barney of "his utter cowardice and unworthiness to bear a commission."

From the pilot's account, the tender was a schooner carrying fewer guns and men than the *Hornet*. It was the opportunity for a brisk action and the removal of a menace to honest merchant skippers. Captain Hallock edged into the bay and was soon discovered by the king's tender, which promptly bore down to engage at close quarters. The aspect of the *Hornet* was deceptive. Her guns had been run inboard during the boisterous weather. Only a few of her crew were on deck. She appeared to be a helpless coasting-sloop to be snapped up and plundered. Joshua Barney, the alert master's mate, noted the enemy's careless approach. He

told the seamen to stand by the gun-tackles, keeping themselves concealed behind the bulwarks. They were ready to take the tender by surprise and sweep her fore and aft.

Just then the chicken-livered Captain Hallock ran down from the poop and told Barney not to fire, as "he had no inclination for shedding blood." This astonishing speech so outraged all sense of duty, honor, and manliness that young Barney stood aghast for a moment. In his hand was a heavy match-stick, ready lighted, which he had been about to apply to the priming of a gun. Forgetting all notions of discipline and respect, he hurled the stick at the head of the wretched captain from Bermuda. It was a deadly missile with an iron point.

Captain Hallock ducked, and the match-stick whizzed by his ear to stick fast in the frame of the roundhouse door. With incredible agility he vanished inside this same doorway. Nor was he seen on deck again. Having run close enough to discover that the *Hornet* was an armed sloop, the king's tender sheered off and went in search of easier game. Here was the *Hornet* with a master that dared not show his nose outside his cabin. Officers and men heartily regretted that the match-stick had not bashed out his brains. Joshua Barney

therefore took command of this little naval vessel of ten guns and fifty-odd seamen to work her up the Delaware Bay to Philadelphia.

Religious scruples seemed to be the matter with Captain Hallock. He sat in his cabin and sang psalms and prayed aloud in a resonant voice. This sea-going pacifist was the queerest figure that ever sailed out from port in search of the enemy. Possibly the vicissitudes of the voyage may have loosened a screw. And while he sang and prayed below, Master's Mate Barney encountered more bad luck. The pilot ran the *Hornet* ashore on Egg Island flats in a dense fog, and she knocked her rudder off. The weather was unseasonably bleak for April. All hands suffered from the cold and short rations. They set their craft afloat after several days of exertion and carried her to port.

No sooner was the anchor down and a boat over the side than the morbidly pious Captain Hallock left the ship, sea-chest, hymn-book, and all, and vanished from the ken of his jeering crew. This left Joshua Barney in charge of the vessel, which sadly needed repairs. For a youth of his sanguine temper, he was in an uneasy state of mind. He had been guilty of an enormous crime in trying to harpoon his lawful commander with an iron-pointed match-stick. He had visions of court-martial and

some dreadful penalty. For three weeks he remained on board the sloop as acting master. Nothing happened. Then he delivered the vessel to the officer sent to supervise the repairs.

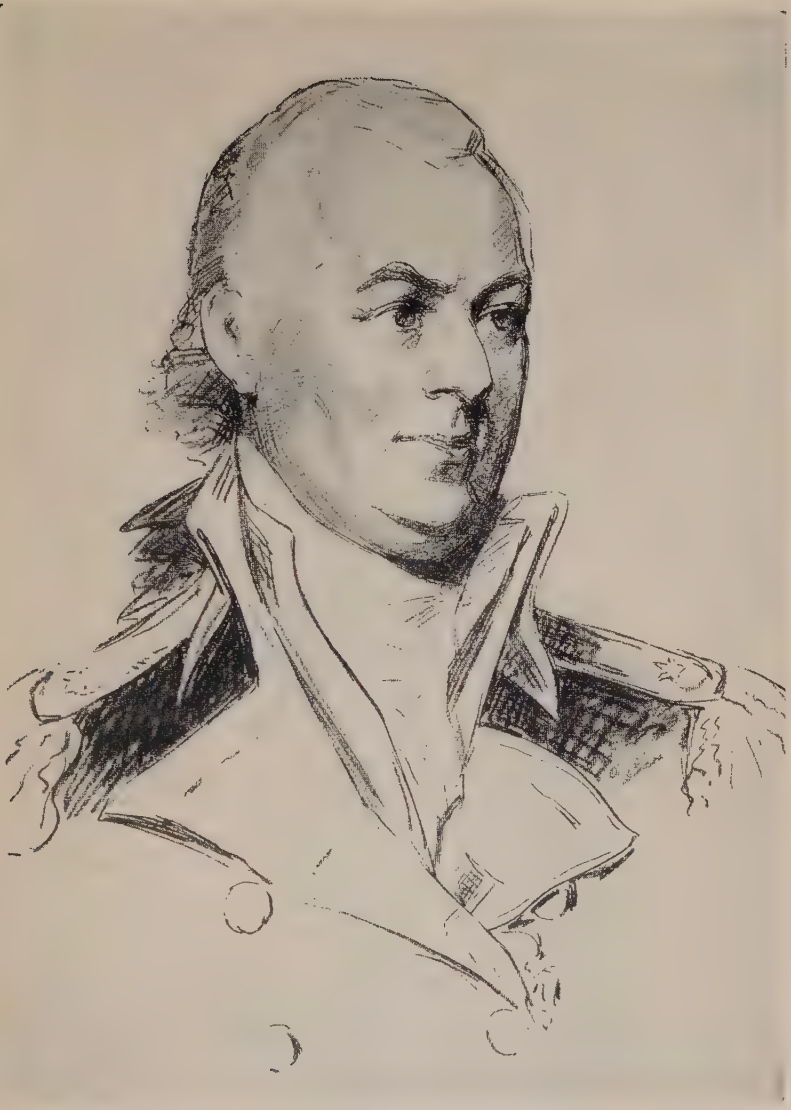
For obvious reasons Captain Hallock forwarded no report to Commodore Ezek Hopkins. And certainly her crew felt in no humor to make trouble for Joshua Barney. They had applauded his conduct. In the circumstances, Barney thought it unwise to apply for a lieutenant's commission in the naval service. He preferred to let well enough alone. Besides, his extreme youth was against him. He therefore volunteered as mate of the schooner *Wasp*. She was commanded by Captain Charles Alexander, a Scotchman, conspicuous for gallantry and seamanship.

The *Wasp* had been ordered to convoy clear of the coast a merchant ship bound to Europe with a valuable cargo. This errand accomplished, the schooner ran back to the capes and discovered that two British frigates had slipped in while she was at sea. They were the *Roebuck* and the *Liverpool*. This was the devil of a predicament. The *Liverpool* made sail and chased the little *Wasp*. Very luckily the frigate blundered upon a shoal and was held fast until the next tide. The schooner made for a hiding-place in the Cape May Channel and

found in there two other American naval vessels, the brig *Lexington,* Captain John Barry, and the ship *Surprise,* Captain Wickes. They were hopelessly overmatched by the British frigates.

While they lay snugly tucked away, a lookout at the masthead reported a ship coming in from seaward with every sail set and the *Liverpool* hot in pursuit. Soon the fugitive vessel was made out to be the brig *Nancy* from St. Croix and St. Thomas with a cargo of arms and ammunition and anxiously expected by Congress. Disregarding the odds, the two American brigs and the schooner went out to rescue the *Nancy.* The *Roebuck* frigate now joined the chase. The master of the *Nancy,* crowded off his course and seeing capture imminent, purposely ran her ashore.

The American navy had no intention of losing that precious lading of gunpowder, ball, and firearms which meant so much to General George Washington's poorly equipped regiments. Into the water splashed the boats from the *Lexington* and the *Surprise.* Because of her lighter draft, the hardy Scot, Captain Alexander, drove the *Wasp* in closer before he ordered his men away. The two British frigates ran as near as they could without stranding and opened a heavy fire. The American yawls and cutters refused to be driven away from



CAPTAIN JOHN BARRY

One of the conspicuously gallant American naval officers of the Revolution. From a drawing by Albert Rosenthal for the Navy Department.

the *Nancy* brig, although grape-shot ripped through them. Lieutenant Weeks of the *Surprise* was killed and several of his men wounded.

But the others were toiling to pass the powder-kegs and bales and cases out of the *Nancy's* hold, and in this dauntless fashion they managed to salvage the greater part of the cargo. Meanwhile the British frigates were filling their own boats with bluejackets and marines. Captain John Barry, the senior American officer, concluded that things were coming too fast for him. It was time to go. There was much loose gunpowder spilled in the *Nancy's* hold. He laid a fuse and lighted it before the men scrambled from the doomed brig and jumped into their boats.

The British boarding-party cheered as they took possession of the prize. They were running about the decks and ransacking the cabins when the brig blew up with a prodigious detonation. And that was the end of all those strapping sailors and marines. The demolition was complete. The shattered timbers strewed the beach. Gold-laced hats came washing in with the surf.

The little *Wasp* resumed her voyage to Philadelphia. She sailed fast on the wind and showed her heels to the *Liverpool* and the *Roebuck,* which had been joined by the British armed brig *Betsy.*

Joshua Barney had had reason to feel elated. He had been in command of one of the boats. It was his first engagement, and Captain Alexander, who never wasted a compliment, had seen fit to commend him in warm terms.

The wind was falling, and the nimble *Wasp* concluded to dodge into the shallower reaches of Wilmington Creek. There she was blockaded by the frigates, which grimly anchored and prepared to take their revenge. Night intervened. Word had gone to Philadelphia, where Commodore Hazelwood immediately ordered a flotilla of armed galleys to proceed down the river and harass these vexatious frigates. These galleys were large barges propelled by oar and sail. In this instance they were like a pack of terriers, determined to worry a brace of bulldogs. Early next morning they went down to Wilmington Creek with the men tugging at the long sweeps. Their cannon peppered the frigates so effectually that the British captains weighed anchor and moved out to find room to manœuver.

This released the active *Wasp,* which was towed out by her own boats. Captain Alexander perceived that the pugnacious galleys had drawn the attention of the frigates. He had an eye on the armed brig *Betsy,* which hovered in the back-

ground, flying the enemy's colors. A bold man with the right fellows at his back might storm aboard and take her with cutlass and pistol.

Deftly the *Wasp* was laid alongside, to the thunder of guns, and the two ships were interlocked with the grapples holding them together. Over the bulwark leaped Captain Alexander, and Joshua Barney was at his heels. Thirty seamen pelted after them. They swept the *Betsy's* decks and compelled surrender in a few minutes. The yards were trimmed by the prize-crew, and the captured brig was conned into Wilmington Creek, where the frigates were powerless to aid her.

A fog enabled the *Wasp* to steal out past the *Liverpool* and *Roebuck* and to reinforce the galley flotilla, which had been badly punished. One of them had lost so many men that it was compelled to retire from the action. Barney asked his captain's permission to re-man the galley from the crew of the *Wasp* and take it into the fight again. This was speedily done, and the galley led a final attack so spirited that the disgusted frigates retreated below Newcastle. It was something to boast of that the galleys had pestered these two formidable British men-of-war into lifting the blockade of shipping in the river. The terriers could bite as well as bark.

There was an ovation for Captain Alexander and

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the brave little *Wasp*. The capture of the *Betsy* brig was regarded as a dashing exploit of singular merit, while the behavior of the officers and men in the boats and with the galley flotilla had been unflinching. In his report to the Marine Committee, Captain Alexander made special mention of the conduct of his master's mate, Joshua Barney, and urged his promotion. As a result, the lad was ordered to take charge of the sloop *Sachem* and make her ready for a cruise. He had great hopes that it might be a step toward winning a commission in the regular navy. He was working heart and soul to fit the *Sachem* to proceed to sea when he received a letter most politely requesting him to wait upon the president of the Marine Committee, Robert Morris.

The nature of the interview was not indicated. Trepidation and curiosity were mingled. There was that matter of flinging a match-stick at the pate of the master of the *Hornet*. Presently he was escorted into the presence of the great patriot and financier of the Revolution, whose smile was reassuring. He asked the awed youth if Barney was his name. The visitor nodded and gave back a smile of his own. Robert Morris withdrew a folded paper from a pocket, bowed, and proceeded to say:

"The committee has heard of your good behavior, Mr. Barney, during the engagement with the enemy in the Delaware, and have authorized me to offer you this letter of appointment as a lieutenant in the navy of the United States. I will add, for myself, that if you continue to act with the same bravery and devotion to the cause of our country on future occasions, you will always find in me a friend ready and happy to serve you."

The boy stammered his gratitude. For once he was taken aback. The commission was more important in its rank than may seem to signify. In the Continental Navy there were no grades between those of lieutenant and captain. In the later organization the ranks of lieutenant-commander and commander intervened. At this time, in June, 1776, naval commissions were sparingly granted because of the lack of ships, while the political pressure brought to bear was disgraceful in the extreme. Even Paul Jones, dismissed from the command of the *Alfred* and afterward superseded on the list of captains by men of inferior ability and shorter terms of service, was told by a friend in Congress that the reason for the injustice was partly in the fact that there was a multitude of applications for appointments in the navy, and the demands of the towns

and committees which had contributed funds for building frigates had to be satisfied and their candidates recognized.

Joshua Barney's advancement was noteworthy also because he hailed from Maryland. The New England delegation was very powerful in Congress and lost no chance to display its jealousy of the Southern colonies. John Adams's dislike for Paul Jones was somewhat due to the fact that he had entered the service from Virginia. On the other hand, the inept Commodore Ezek Hopkins of Rhode Island was staunchly supported by Adams until he had to be removed as a hopeless old blunderer.

Captain Isaiah Robinson was sent to take command of the sloop *Sachem,* with Lieutenant Barney as his executive officer. The vessel was ordered to sea on July 6th, and it seemed a good omen that this was Barney's seventeenth birthday. Even without the records to attest it, the conjecture is plausible that he was the youngest commissioned lieutenant on the navy list. His recollections of the date conveyed an interesting glimpse of the popular state of mind.

The Declaration of Independence, which had been passed by a vote of Congress only two days before, produced so little of that noise and tumult of rejoicing which

its celebration since has annually excited that, but for the official communication of the fact to Captain Robinson, the officers of the sloop could hardly have known from any demonstrations around them that an event of such awful importance had taken place. No change occurred in their orders, and they left the harbor without the slightest consciousness that they, or their country, were more independent than they had been since the battle of Bunker Hill.

The *Sachem* was bound on a roving voyage in search of British merchant prizes. She had been at sea no more than a few days when she encountered a tough customer, a British brig, heavily armed, with letters of marque which empowered her to cruise against the enemy. They were fairly matched. It was one of those valiant actions, almost numberless and lost to history beyond a bare mention, in which men sweated and cheered and bled and slew each other and preferred duty to life. Their colors rippled in the breeze while the sloop and the brig tacked or reached to gain the better position and the guns flamed from their open ports.

For two hours they pounded away. It was a duel of seamanship as well as cannon. Captain Isaiah Robinson was the better sailor. Both vessels displayed the most dauntless courage. At length, the British brig was so sorely mauled and splin-

tered, sails in tatters, rigging shot away, that she rolled like a hulk. Half her crew were killed or wounded. There was no dishonor in hauling down the flag. The Yankee sloop had paid the price of victory. The only officers left on their feet were Captain Robinson and Lieutenant Barney. Half a dozen Yankee seamen were dead and twenty-odd disabled.

The captured brig was found to have a cargo of rum in her, from Jamaica for London. This was a solace for thirsty, wounded seamen. It tickled them to discover also an immense green turtle upon the shell of which was carved the name of Lord North. It was a turtle to make the lord mayor and the worshipful aldermen lick their chops. Consigned to the heartily hated prime minister of a fat-witted monarch, the turtle was destined to finish its life as a patriot. Lieutenant Barney kept it alive as a gift for his good friend, Robert Morris.

The *Sachem* was crippled and short of able-bodied men. It was therefore decided to convoy the captured brig back to Philadelphia. Barney had to go in charge of her, as he was the only officer unhurt. He took a few of his own men, kept the Britishers under hatches, and safely ran the gantlet of the lurking frigates in Delaware Bay. As a reward for the brilliant exploit, Captain Robinson and our

hero were transferred to a much larger, finer ship, one of the best in the navy. This was the *Andrea Doria,* a brig of fourteen guns, which had belonged to the original squadron of Commodore Ezek Hopkins.

Captain Robinson received orders to sail directly for the Dutch island of St. Eustatia in the West Indies and receive a load of small arms and ammunition which had been sent there from Holland. It was a violation of neutrality for the Dutch to aid the American cause in this manner, but the Dutch were ever a stubborn race that held fast to its own opinions. When the *Andrea Doria* sailed into the tropical harbor of St. Eustatia, she flew at her masthead the union flag of the new republic. The governor of the island, Johannes de Graef, was inspired to commit what might be called a blazing indiscretion.

The battery of the Yankee man-of-war boomed a punctilious salute of eleven guns to the tri-color standard of the Netherlands that floated above the fort of Orange on a foreland of the harbor. The governor ordered the commander of the fort to return the salute, gun for gun. It was a sensational act of international courtesy. Not a European power had formally recognized the independence of the United States. Governor Johannes de Graef

had received no instructions of this tenor from his Government at the Hague. It was his own friendly initiative. It has been said that the first salute of the American flag by a foreign power was that accorded Paul Jones and the *Ranger* by the French fleet in Quiberon Bay on February 14, 1778. The delighted crew of the *Andrea Doria* could have told you a different story. They heard the guns of the Dutch fort bark their honorable respects on November 16, 1776.

The sequel was tumultuous. As soon as the news reached the commander of the little British island, St. Christopher, which was quite near at hand, he grew red in the face and sent a vehement protest to Governor Johannes de Graef. The latter yielded not an inch but tartly made answer saying that "in regard to the reception given by the forts of this island, under my commandment, to the vessel *Andrea Doria,* I flatter myself that if my masters exact it I shall be able to give such an account as will be satisfactory."

This was like a bunch of nettles to the English official, who now responded, "The unpartial world will judge between us whether these honor shots, answered on purpose by a Dutch fort to a rebellious brigantine, with a flag known to the commander of that fort as the flag of His Majesty's rebellious sub-

jects, is or is not a partiality in favor of those rebels."

Having fired this verbal salvo, the commander of St. Christopher forwarded to his government in London a weighty report of the outrage with sworn affidavits to the effect that the rebel vessel, "during the time of the salute and the answer to it, had the flag of the Continental Congress flying."

King George's ministry took it up as a diplomatic issue with the States General of the Republic of the Netherlands. The Dutch resented the rudely domineering tone of the message, but consented to recall Governor Johannes de Graef from the island of St. Eustatia. This was a formal repudiation of his act, although Holland recognized American independence not long thereafter. However, the salute was fired nor can it be expunged from the annals of the Revolution. Lieutenant Joshua Barney, who had unfurled the American flag in Baltimore, saw it saluted in the West Indies.

CHAPTER III

A PRISONER TO THE ROYAL NAVY

WITH the arms and munitions safely stowed below, the *Andrea Doria* was homeward bound. The sea was scanned for the sight of strange sail. It had been reported that a strong British fleet under Real-Admiral Sir Hyde Parker was in these waters. Off the western end of Porto Rico a patch of canvas glimmered like a cloud. It lifted from the horizon until Captain Isaiah Robinson, squinting through a brass telescope, guessed they had better clear for action. This other fellow had shifted his helm to pass close aboard. A merchant trader would n't act as sociable as that in time of war.

The seamen stripped off their shirts and ran to their stations. The decks were sanded, the fire-hose stretched. The powder-boys scampered like monkeys to lug the charges from the magazine. The guns had pet names. These were engraved on small copper plates and tacked to the wooden carriages or on the timber casements of the ports. There was "Brother Jonathan," "Raging Eagle," "Jumping

Billy," "Yankee Protection," "Liberty Forever," "Sweetheart," and "Defiance." First Lieutenant Barney passed along with a joke and a laugh, or a stern rebuke for the idler. He had drilled these men at the guns. Some of them were old enough to be his daddy.

The stranger which they were about to engage in battle was the *Racehorse,* Lieutenant Jones, of the Royal Navy. She was a smart brig of twelve guns which had been detached from the fleet of Sir Hyde Parker with special instructions to look for the *Andrea Doria.* The British intelligence system had learned of the voyage and the lading of supplies of war. Here was a test between two vessels very evenly matched. They were ever so much smaller than frigates, it is true, but the same qualities were demanded to win a victory.

In a light wind, with a smooth sea, they swapped broadsides. The sail-trimmers swung the yards while the grimy gunners plied sponge-staff and rammer. The British shot flew wide. The American seamen found their target. This, in a word, was the story of the fight. The *Racchorse* was smashed through and through. Her spars were knocked about until she could not be handled. Lieutenant Jones was mortally wounded. Two of his officers were badly hit. The loss among his

men was heavy. He had to give up his ship to the *Andrea Doria,* which had suffered about a dozen casualties but was still taut and seaworthy.

A British war-ship was a splendid trophy to send in to Philadelphia. The damage was hastily patched. The carpenter's mates plugged the shot-holes with stoppers of canvas and oakum. New spars were sent aloft and braces spliced. The American second lieutenant, Mr. Dunn, was placed on board as prize-master. The *Andrea Doria* resumed her course. A few days later she captured an English snow from Jamaica. A snow was a craft rigged so much like a brig that the differences were apparent only to a sailor's eye. This particular snow was well armed and carried a large crew to protect her against privateers.

Reluctant to abandon or set fire to a valuable vessel, Captain Isaiah Robinson was confronted by an awkward problem. He could spare only a handful of men, not enough to work the prize and keep the prisoners under. Lieutenant Barney offered to try his hand at it. With that persuasive tongue of his, he harangued the captive Britons and coaxed several of them into shifting their allegiance. They agreed to turn to and were quite cheerful about it, Nor did it escape their attention that they were to be shot on the spot if they broke faith. With this

mixed complement, friend and enemy in the same forecastle, Barney took command of the snow and shoved her along in the direction of the American coast.

It was in the month of December. The snow jogged comfortably until she had passed out of warm latitudes. Then it was one infernal northerly gale after another. Barney was blown clean away from the *Andrea Doria,* but kept the snow afloat and reached the shores of Virginia. On Christmas night, trying to claw away from the shoals, he was driven among the breakers of Chincoteague island. In spray-swept darkness the crew took refuge in the rigging. The snow rolled and pounded with the frothing combers stamping over her, but the cable was stout and the anchor held. Daylight found the poor fellows benumbed and despairing. The seas were still crashing on the sandy shoals. They expected the vessel to go to pieces at any moment.

"I am not much of a chaplain, my lads," roared Barney, who was lashed in the rigging, "and I know very little of his palaver and such stuff, but this I know, that the same Power that protected you before can protect you now. And if we are all to go to Davy Jones's locker, why, damn it, we might as well go with a bold face as a sheepish one."

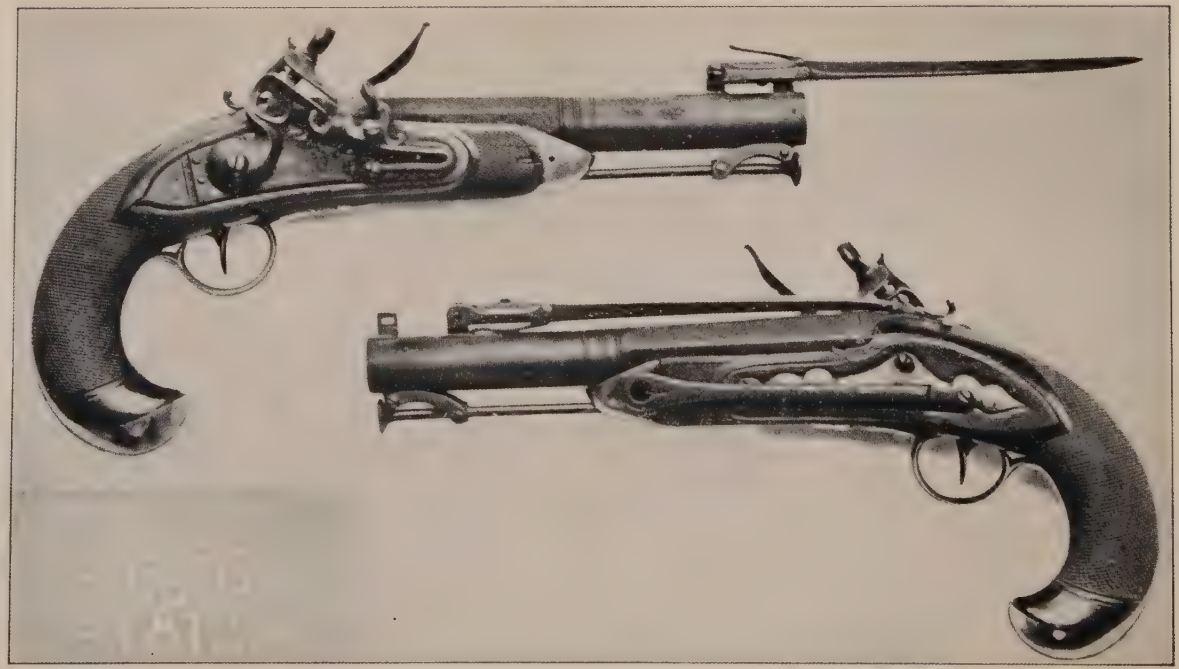
They took courage and hung on, hour after hour,

until afternoon. They saw a small sloop come reeling in, strike an exposed shoal, and fairly crumble to bits. Every soul on board perished in a few minutes. Toward nightfall the wind veered to the west, blowing hard from the land. It quelled the ravening breakers. The tide was at the flood.

"Down from the tops," cried Barney. "Man the capstan, and away with the anchor."

The vessel dragged clear of the sand as they walked the capstan round. They put some sail on her, and she staggered into deeper water. The next day she found refuge in Chincoteague harbor and lay there a week. The men were worn out, the snow pretty much wrecked. In their handy fashion they made her fit for sea and set out again to make for Philadelphia. Within sight of Cape Henry, a wicked winter blow whirled them far offshore. This was disheartening. To make it worse, a British sloop-of-war was sighted soon after the weather cleared.

Lieutenant Barney told his men to jump lively and spread every stitch of canvas. There was a chance of making a runaway chase of it if they could once double the cape. At this awkward moment, his British prisoners who had volunteered to join the crew turned mutinous. In an insolent group they refused duty and defied him. Yonder was a



JOSHUA BARNEY'S BRACE OF BOARDING PISTOLS MADE IN FRANCE

They are equipped with a small bayonet to use as a dagger.

British sloop-of-war, and the sooner they got aboard her the happier they would be. The rebel lieutenant could roast in hell before they 'd help him work his ship.

Barney drew a pistol and shot the ringleader through the shoulder. This tamed the others. While they wavered, he announced his intention of blowing out the brains of the next man that uttered a threat or refused to tend sail. He did not have to. They were penitent mutineers. This incident had delayed matters. The British sloop-of-war was coming down rapidly. Presently she was close enough to bring her guns to bear. Resistance was out of the question. As a good sportsman, Barney viewed it as a stroke of misfortune, a hazard of the game he played.

His Majesty's ship which recaptured the snow was the *Perseus,* twenty guns, commanded by the Hon. George Keith Elphinstone. War has its chivalries as well as its hatreds. In this instance Lieutenant Barney fell into the hands of a high-minded gentleman whose behavior was flawless. The American seamen were shifted into the British ship as prisoners of war. Along with them went that wounded mutineer, who expected satisfaction. He made loud complaint to Captain Elphinstone.

The rascal's own words convicted him. He had

broken his promise to help carry the snow into port. More than this, he had led an uprising against his captors and should have been willing to risk the consequences. The British commander did not even put Lieutenant Barney to the trouble of presenting his version, declaring that he had done the proper thing. Instead of sympathy, the mutineer received a stern reprimand. He deserved to have been shot.

The *Perseus* put a crew in the snow and sent her into a loyal port. Then the British war-ship turned to the southward, with Charleston as the destination. She had other American prisoners on board, besides those taken with Lieutenant Barney, and purposed to exchange them for a certain number of loyal Scotch Highlanders who had organized to fight the rebels in South Carolina. Off the Charleston bar, Captain Elphinstone sent in a boat with a flag of truce to arrange the negotiations. The American officer commanding in Charleston was agreeable to the offer of so many of his Scotch prisoners for so many patriot sailors.

The Highlanders were brought off to the *Perseus* in a pilot-boat. They found a fellow-countryman in the ship's purser, who lent a willing ear to their grievances. One of them grumbled that they had been "used very ill, having received nothing

to eat but bad rice mixed with sand." This and other doleful tales of rebel inhumanity, probably colored by dislike, made the purser's Highland blood boil. Lieutenant Barney happened to be standing near. He was the most convenient target. Without a word of prelude, the purser attempted to pound him with his fists. It was one way of expressing indignation.

A blow scratched Barney's chin. He parried another and then knocked the purser sprawling across a quarter-deck gun. It was done with admirable neatness and despatch. An amazed Scotch purser picked himself up with his eyes full of sparks. Instantly he was grasped by the collar, and accurately, methodically kicked to the cabin hatchway, down which he tumbled head foremost. This bit of business attended to, Joshua Barney faced the loyalists on deck, who were in a mood to mob him.

The British bluejackets surged into the scene to protect the youthful American officer. They had no love for a purser. He was responsible for the moldy biscuit, tough salt-horse, and sour beer of their daily ration. To see a purser kicked downstairs was a rare treat. Just then the Hon. George Keith Elphinstone made his appearance, demanding to know what all the commotion was about.

One of his officers explained. In polite accents, Lieutenant Barney was asked to accompany the captain to his cabin. The purser came along in charge of a marine orderly.

Then Captain Elphinstone closed the door "and addressing the purser in a tone of severe indignation, told him that he had acted the part of a coward, had disgraced himself, and had dishonored His Majesty's service by a wanton, unprovoked insult to a disarmed prisoner."

The purser stood sullen and silent. He was in no temper to apologize. Barney was enjoying it.

"There is but one way of atoning for this enormous offense," Captain Elphinstone went on to say. "Down upon your knees, sirrah, and crave Mr. Barney's pardon and forgetfulness."

This was too much to expect of Scotch pride and obstinacy. The purser flatly refused. He was therefore placed under arrest and locked up in his own room. And this was the last that Barney heard of him. The solicitous Captain Elphinstone, still chagrined by the breach of manners, offered the American lieutenant his own apologies in behalf of the ship which he had the honor to command. He regretted that Mr. Barney had not been included in the exchange of prisoners, but it would be a pleasure to release him with his parole, or

word of honor, as security that he would not bear arms against the king until relieved of this obligation.

They parted cordially, as friends, two fighting sailors of the same race for whom blood was thicker than water. Given the occasion, they would have opposed each other to the death, both men true to the flags they served. When Lieutenant Barney was ready to leave the ship, the officers shook hands with him at the gangway and wished him good luck.

Landing at Charleston, he applied to the agent of his government for funds to enable him to make his way by land to Philadelphia. As companions he had three other American officers who had been exchanged from the *Perseus*. They bought horses and started in the month of February to ride through the pine forests and swamps of the Carolinas. The journey was tedious and had its dangers. Lawless bands of Tories were roving through the country to pillage and destroy. Some of these called themselves "Regulators" and were mere ruffians and wastrels under no military control. They should have been regulated with hempen halters. All the terrors of border warfare were visited upon these thinly settled regions in which sentiment was divided.

Barney and his three comrades called themselves "horse-marines" and found it painful to shift from the rolling deck to the saddle of a nag. They were not the kind to skulk and disguise themselves. Boldly they rode, with weapons ready, and told who they were when the question was asked. They cajoled the girls and bullied the tavern loungers and avoided trouble until they halted to rest a day at a hamlet called Cross Creek. The tavern was the gathering-place of a band of young Regulators who were a nuisance to the country-side. Some twenty of them were idling and carousing when the seafaring pilgrims dismounted to ease their weary bones. The very demeanor of these four strangers, so seasoned and competent and accustomed to command, was enough to make these twenty vagabonds a little cautious of provoking a quarrel. They talked abusively, with muddy torrents of profanity, cursing the rebel Congress and shouting, "God save the king." The four mariners held themselves steady and paid no heed to the taunts. They knew better than to engage in a senseless row.

Late that night Barney found out that a dozen or so of these precious rapscallions were asleep in a small house not far from the tavern. He roused out his comrades, and they held a council of war.

The sleepy landlord was pulled from his bed and told to provide a pitch-pine torch and a bottle of rum. With this equipment they sallied out and crept softly to the door of the little house. A stout shoulder rammed the door open. In they rushed and discovered that the pot-valiant Regulators were all stretched in the loft. Barney climbed the ladder and yelled a lusty ahoy, shoving the blazing torch in their faces.

Down from the loft they came piling, and Barney dodged from under in the nick of time. And as each loud braggart smote the dirt floor he yelled at the top of his voice, "We surrender! We surrender!" The jolly mariners laughed while they cuffed their agitated captives into line. When they had them all in a row they made them kneel and drink patriotic toasts from the bottle of rum. Barney told them what to say: "Independence forever," "Damnation to all tyrants," "Long live the United States," "Success to George Washington." When they sulked, the toe of a boot and another pull at the bottle restored their fervor.

At daylight Barney's party awakened the landlord again and made him cook a breakfast of bacon and johnny-cake. Before the neighborhood began to buzz they had climbed their steeds and were on the road. With no serious misadventures

they reached Philadelphia in nineteen days from Charleston. The three officers who had been exchanged were able to find employment in ships, but Lieutenant Barney was tied fast by his parole. For seven months, from March to October of 1777, he was a mere spectator, condemned to inactivity. At eighteen years he had grown sensible enough to realize that he lacked education. He knew ships and men and the ways of the sea, but his boast that a schoolmaster could teach him nothing more now sounded rather foolish.

He used this waiting time to study French and to read a great many works of history and biography. He attacked them with the fiery zeal which had marked his career as a sailor. They were necessary to his professional advancement. He attended many of the debates in Congress and gained an intimate insight into political affairs and factions and the course of the struggle in which the nation was engaged. He was employing himself in this manner, which seemed sadly tame, when the following letter came to him:

H.M.S. *Perseus*. Off the Horse-Shoe,
20th October, '77.

Sir,—

Patrick Henry, Esq., Governor of Virginia, having signified to me in his letter of this date that Lieutenant Mori-

arty of the *Solebay* may be exchanged for Lieutenant Barney of the *Andrea Doria*, the former is now sent to Hanover county, about sixty miles from this place. I am giving orders to-day for his coming down. He will go off when he arrives; in consequence of which promise of exchange, I do hereby discharge you from your parole, leaving you at liberty to return in the flag of truce. I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
GEORGE KEITH ELPHINSTONE.

Mr. Barney of the *Andrea Doria*.

This will indicate that Captain Elphinstone had kept his young friend in mind and was anxious to do him a favor. Lieutenant Moriarty of the Royal Navy had gone ashore with a boat's crew in Chesapeake Bay to fill the water-kegs. Vigilant Virginians, scouting for such stray visitations from the enemy, had bagged the party. The British and the American lieutenants were of equal rank. It was therefore according to the rules of the game to swap a Barney for a Moriarty.

Meanwhile Philadelphia had been captured and occupied by the enemy. Moving his army by sea from New York, General William Howe had landed at the head of the Chesapeake and marched into Pennsylvania. With a much smaller force, Washington tried to check the advance at the

fords of the Brandywine, but was driven back. The regiments of British grenadiers tramped down Chestnut Street in Philadelphia past Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell, on September 26. A week later Washington attacked the enemy's camp at Germantown, but dense fog thwarted his strategy, and the effort was futile. Soon after this, the American army moved into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

For General Howe to hold Philadelphia, it was necessary that a British fleet should smash through the defenses of the Delaware and keep this road open to the sea. For this purpose Admiral Richard Howe organized a formidable force of battle-ships, frigates, sloops of war, and floating batteries. Against them the Americans could muster one newly built frigate, the *Delaware,* the brig *Andrea Doria,* and a curious assortment of armed merchant vessels, fishing craft, and galleys. The odds were hopelessly against them. They made their base at Mud Island, a little way below the city, where a fort was manned by patriot troops.

Released from his parole, Joshua Barney lost no time in making his way to the little fleet anchored off Mud Island. There he found his own ship, the *Andrea Dorea,* and you may be sure he was warmly welcomed by Captain Isaiah Robin-

son and the messmates of the ward-room. The seamen gave him three cheers. He found hard work and plenty of it. There was incessant skirmishing, cannonading, and bombarding, by day and night. The British ships were unable to pass up to the city until they could reduce the forts at Mud Island and Red Bank, New Jersey, which commanded the channels of the Schuylkill and the Delaware. Meanwhile they were continually endeavoring to get their small boats through at night with provisions for the British army.

Picket duty, grimy toil at the guns, boarding parties and sorties, gave the American sailors no rest. The sublime compulsion of duty held them to it. Good men died bravely and found forgotten graves. Forty glorious days they held the British fleet below the city. Then they yielded to the inevitable. The forts had been battered into capitulating. The patriot ships retreated in good order, all save the *Delaware* frigate, which had run aground, and were laid up at Bordentown on the Jersey shore.

His own ship blockaded and idle, Barney received orders to take command of a detachment of officers and seamen and march them to Baltimore to join the frigate *Virginia,* of which he had been appointed first lieutenant. It was early in Decem-

ber when they crossed the Delaware at Bordentown. Barney wished to make a circuit of the enemy's outposts and he therefore made for the Schuylkill at Valley Forge. There he halted to pay his respects to the commander-in-chief of the Continental armies. The name and exploits of this seventeen-year-old naval officer were known to General Washington. His greeting was kindly, his interest keen. Soldiers threadbare and ragged, some without shoes, were felling trees and building rows of log huts. Already the winter cold was intense. In Philadelphia, a few miles away, dapper British officers were dining and dancing with the belles of the town.

Barney's party trudged on and encountered hardships of their own. Snow and sleet blocked the roads. For days they could flounder no more than a few hundred yards without stopping to thaw the ice from their faces. Many of the sailors had their toes and fingers frozen. They found shelter where they could and soon pushed on again. It took them almost a month to reach Baltimore.

The *Virginia* was awaiting a chance to slip to sea for a cruise, past the cordon of British men-of-war that hovered off the capes. Lieutenant Barney was given a pilot-boat and told to watch and

report the movements of the enemy's ships. He knew those waters and was uncommonly daring and resourceful. In this service occurred an incident which he regarded as amusing. His pilot-boat was chased into Tangier Sound, where he passed a large sloop hailing from Baltimore. He went near to warn her to sheer off and beware of the British cruiser that had been after him. He was surprised to receive a heavy musketry fire and the summons to strike his colors.

He hauled off and tacked in again to come up on the other side of the sloop. Snuggled against her was a frigate's barge filled with British blue-jackets disguised in blanket-coats and tarred jackets. The pilot-boat was no man-of-war, but she carried a few swivels ; so they had it hot and heavy for a few minutes. The officer commanding the barge was wounded, and his men decided to quit. Barney took them aboard his little vessel and restored the sloop to her honest merchant skipper. It had been a trap cleverly set to catch the slippery Barney, but they had sprung it a trifle too soon.

In order to get rid of his numerous prisoners, he had to sail up to Baltimore. There he took pains to find comfortable quarters for the wounded

British officer and to send for his clothing and other personal comforts under a flag of truce. The following grateful note was received:

H.M.S. *Otter*, *March* 9, 1778.

Captain Squire begs to return Lieut. Barney many thanks for his kind treatment to Mr. Gray and the people of the *Otter*, that fell into his hands, and assures Mr. Barney that he shall be happy on all occasions to render him any service.

To Lieutenant Barney of the Frigate *Virginia*, Baltimore.

With the note came an English cheese and a dozen of bottled porter, rare delicacies for the table of an American naval officer of the Revolution.

On the night of March 31, the *Virginia* attempted to run the gantlet and gain the open sea. Barney had discovered that the larger British ships had been blown from their stations by adverse winds. The way was clear, as it turned out, but a stupid pilot put the *Virginia* hard aground on the Middle Ground shoal between the capes. She floated with the next tide ; but her rudder had been knocked off, and there was no handling her. Compelled to anchor, the plight was discovered soon after daylight by three British frigates which had been passed during the night.

A very extraordinary thing happened. No sooner had the commander of the *Virginia,* Captain James Nicholson, caught sight of the hostile ships than he ordered his boat lowered and jumped into it. He was in such haste to pull for the shore that he tarried not to secure his papers and private signals. It was an unconventional procedure, to say the least. In deserting his frigate and three hundred men, he avoided being made a prisoner. He was too valuable an officer to the American naval service, in his own estimation, to suffer an ignoble fate like this.

The career of Captain Nicholson was far from fortunate. On several occasions he displayed notable bravery, but he lost another frigate besides the *Virginia* and was suspended from his command on May 1, 1777, for writing a disrespectful letter to the governor of Maryland. He was at the head of the list of captains and had been the ranking officer of the naval forces after the disgrace and removal of Commodore Ezek Hopkins. It was one of Paul Jones's bitterest grievances that Captain Nicholson, whose commission was dated later than his own, should have been given preference on the list.

Well, here was the fine, newly built frigate *Virginia,* one of the few that flew the Stars and

Stripes, anchored rudderless and helpless, with her commander leaving her to the tender mercies of three British men-of-war. How he managed to square it with his own sense of dignity and the honor of the navy is more than we can conjecture. So rapid was his departure that his officers had no time to remonstrate with him.

This left First Lieutenant Barney in command of the frigate. He was immensely disgusted. His notion was that by cutting the cable the *Virginia* might drift ashore at Cape Henry and so escape being taken as a prize by the enemy. The other officers disagreed with him. They were older men, and he had joined the ship but a little while before. They had not learned to feel the confidence in him that he deserved. And seventeen years was very young for the acting commander of an American frigate. Instead of deferring to his authority, they argued with him. The desertion of Captain Nicholson had destroyed the morale of the ship. This was inevitable.

Barney's decision to cut the cable was overruled by the majority. They were too many for him. He was the best seaman of the lot, but they were convinced that the ship would fail to go ashore on the cape. The crew also had become demoralized. They broke into the purser's store-room and guz-

zled the liquors. They were out of hand, realizing that they would soon be prisoners.

The enemy was quite leisurely about taking possession. Young Barney scowled at the frigates three and almost wept at his disgrace. Left to him, the *Virginia* would have hurled farewell defiance with her broadsides before hauling down her colors. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, a boat from H.M.S. *Emerald,* Captain Caldwell, was sent to take possession. The date happened to be April 1—"All Fools' day," as Barney ironically made note of it.

The three hundred men of the *Virginia* crew were distributed among the several ships of the British squadron. Lieutenant Barney was taken on board the *Emerald,* where Captain Caldwell did all in his power to ease the humiliating circumstances. One of the best cabins was placed at the young man's disposal. He was invited to join the officers' mess. His personality was disarming. To middle-aged lieutenants of the Royal Navy, grizzled and worn by many years' service, he looked like a downy midshipman. Moreover, there was an obligation to be repaid. This was his handsome treatment of Mr. Gray, the wounded officer of the *Otter's* barge. Captain Caldwell of the *Emerald* was pleased to convey "the high sense which all His

Majesty's officers in the *Chesapeake* entertained of his gentlemanly and generous deportment."

On the following day, the late commander of the *Virginia,* Captain James Nicholson, had the assurance to come out to the British frigate, under a flag of truce, and ask for his clothes and other personal baggage. Joshua Barney was dumfounded. In his opinion, the ship might have been beached and three hundred men saved from the hardship and degradation of imprisonment if the captain had stood by. It was not in young Barney to hold his tongue with such a provocation as this. He risked court martial by telling Captain Nicholson precisely what he thought of him. The impertinence was ignored. It was beneath notice. Having gathered together his various belongings, the captain returned to the shore. He was an odd man.

It is much more agreeable to relate Lieutenant Barney's experiences while a nominal prisoner in the *Emerald.* He was permitted to go ashore at Hampton wherever he liked and to visit friends there for several days at a time. Captain Caldwell seemed to regard the people of the neighborhood with so little enmity that they felt a strong liking for him. At length he confided to Barney that he really ought to call and pay his respects to some of

these friends who had sent him gifts and cordial messages. The courtesies required it.

Barney took him at his word. It could be arranged. The matter was mentioned to Governor Patrick Henry of Virginia, who was good enough to send Captain Caldwell an invitation to a "hunting match" to be held a few days thereafter. The worthy British captain was greatly flattered by this tribute to his humanity, "but," said he, "it is more than I *dare* do, Barney." He sent his excuses to Patrick Henry, who made him a present of an excellent milch cow to be stabled aboard the *Emerald,* with a supply of fodder.

Through April and May, Lieutenant Barney was the unwilling guest of this pleasant captor. No opportunity of exchange was offered. Sir Henry Clinton succeeded General Howe in the chief command of the British armies in America. In June he evacuated Philadelphia in accordance with the plan of concentrating his forces in New York. To this port it was decided to transfer several hundred prisoners held by the British squadron in the Chesapeake. They were crowded into the line-of-battle ship *St. Albans,* and among them was Lieutenant Joshua Barney.

The quarters were cramped, no more than space

to swing a hammock in the gun-room, and he was sorry to leave the comfortable cabin and agreeable hosts of H.M.S. *Emerald*. There was no ill treatment, however, and he was politely greeted by Captain Onslow as a naval officer of distinction whose reputation had preceded him. As soon as the *St. Albans* was at sea and Lieutenant Barney had looked about him, he discovered that for a ship of the line she was very short-handed, no more than three hundred men. The prisoners numbered as many as five hundred. To his active mind it seemed feasible to lead a rebellion and get possession of her.

He worked out his plans in detail. The word was secretly passed among the Americans confined in the hold. Some of them were between-decks, while the officers, Barney among them, were in the gun-room. These latter were to rush the sentries posted near the racks and chests where the small arms, pistols and cutlasses, were kept. Captain Onslow was to be seized and locked in his cabin. Certain of the British marines and seamen on guard were persuaded to join the conspiracy. Those who had been victims of brutal press-gangs were willing enough to turn against their masters. Barney was buoyantly confident of success. It

would be a splendid feat to capture a ship like this majestic *St. Albans* and deliver her to the American navy.

Eleven o'clock at night was the appointed hour. Six bells of the first watch! They heard five bells struck. Half an hour to wait. Just then a squad of marines, with bayonets fixed, charged into the gun-room. In other parts of the ship double guards were posted. The hatches were fastened upon the Americans in the hold. The plot was nipped. The downcast Barney wondered who had betrayed it. He expected to be punished, but no summons came from Captain Onslow until the ship was nearing Sandy Hook. Then the message took the form of an invitation to dine in the captain's cabin.

In the Englishman's eye was a lurking twinkle which seemed to say, "I was a little too cunning for you, my Yankee youngster." Barney watched him with some trepidation, but managed to keep the conversation going. After the wine had been passed, Captain Onslow chuckled and exclaimed:

"Well, Barney, my boy, you were to have pounced on me, it seems. I hope you meant to do me no personal harm."

"Only a little restraint, sir," the blushing youth replied. "In all else I would have treated you as

you have treated me, very much like a gentleman. The cat is out of the bag, I see. Do you mind telling me how you found out our secret?"

"Why, it was one of your new friends that played you false, one of the frog-eating monsieurs that you Yankees have just struck up a partnership with. He came to me at ten o'clock that night and gave away the whole thing. It was a bold scheme, Barney, and a devilish good one. After all, though, what could you have done if you had pulled it off? You could 'nt run away with a big ship like this. Your chief ports are well blockaded."

"Done?" cried Barney. "I should have taken your whole fleet."

"The deuce you would!" laughed Captain Onslow. "Capital, by Jove! Let me hear how you would have managed that, my sturdy Boanerges. You have nothing to lose now, so you may as well tell me how you would have contrived it."

Not at all disconcerted, the audacious American sailor proceeded to outline his plan of operation. "You will admit," said he, "but for the treachery of the scoundrel who betrayed our secret, we could have made ourselves masters of this *St. Albans.* This would have given a ship's company of five hundred of our own men, besides those of yours who might come over to us willingly. With such

a crew and your tiers of sixty-four guns, we could have easily taken the *Virginia* and the other prizes that are sailing in convoy with you. We could have spared men to throw aboard them as a squadron under my flag. Then I intended to return to the Chesapeake. With your private signals to decoy them, what was to prevent me from capturing your two frigates, the *Emerald* and the *Solebay,* and the *Otter* sloop of war? Confound it, sir, I came mighty near being admiral of a fleet! I hope I live to shoot that dirty dog of a Frenchman—"

"Softly, my lad," chided Captain Onslow. "Monsieur is to be taken good care of, and I shall set him at liberty for the good turn he did me."

CHAPTER IV

A DARKER PICTURE OF THE REVOLUTION

IN time of war a perverted sense of patriotism inflames a people to paint its defenders as heroes without exception and the enemy as brutal blackguards to the last man. Evidence to the contrary is usually suppressed. Now, the average run of human nature is pretty much the same under all flags. The policies of government may proclaim doctrines of hate, but the soldier or sailor respects the courage of a worthy adversary and will sometimes confess to a liking for him. This was especially true of the seafaring activities of the American Revolution. The conflict had its amenities, such as have been noted in the experience of Lieutenant Joshua Barney.

The personal equation had much to do with it. English sentiment was by no means united against the rebellion. There were commanders afloat who manifested the sympathetic courtesy of the Hon. George Keith Elphinstone or of Captain Caldwell of the *Emerald*. There were others who seemed to find despicable enjoyment in abusing helpless

prisoners or in destroying the little towns and hamlets of the coast. Until now, young Barney's relations with the enemy had been singularly fortunate. He seemed to have been welcomed as an agreeable diversion. By way of contrast, he was to see a darker side of war, wretched beyond description.

Captain Onslow of the *St. Albans,* who had invited him to dinner instead of putting him in irons for his grandiose plot to take the ship, was not as easy-going as he appeared. The voyage was almost at an end. Sandy Hook was in sight. The prisoners were to be transferred to the prison-hulks in New York harbor, than which no more heartless punishment could have been devised. Their infamy lives in history as a foul blot on the British conduct of the war. They were old men-of-war which had been condemned as unseaworthy. The *Jersey* was the most notorious.

This old ship could have been made a decent, healthful place of confinement for a thousand men. The British officers in charge were so wickedly indifferent to the condition of their prisoners that the hulks became so many pest-houses. In order to avoid the spread of pestilence they were moved from an anchorage near Manhattan Island to Wallabout Bay. One David Sproats, who had charge

of the prison-ships, boasted that he had caused the death of more rebels than all the British armies in America.

Few of these prisoners had been captured in regular Continental cruisers ; most of them were privateersmen or merchant seamen. The enemy offered to exchange them for British soldiers, but the proposal was intentionally unfair, and Washington wrote of it:

> It would immediately give the enemy a very considerable reënforcement and will be a constant draft hereafter upon the prisoners of war in our hands; while the exchanged prisoners, being captured while engaged in private enterprises, would return to their homes.

Lieutenant Barney was thrust into one of these unspeakable hulks and left to rot. He found himself in the midst of a swarm of sick and feeble men who had abandoned hope of rescue. As fast as death thinned them out, new arrivals were herded in to share the hunger and filth and reeking dampness. Barney was the only naval officer among them. This brought him no better treatment than a common seaman, and he took it as a compliment. He had been put where his zeal as a patriot could do no more harm. He exerted himself to be of service to his fellow-prisoners. They respected

his rank and listened to what he said. He was able to enforce a certain order and discipline in dividing the food and water, in cleaning the quarters, in caring for those who were unable to lift their heads.

After some time the word filtered through the hulks that the French fleet of Count d'Estaing had arrived off the coast to attack Admiral Richard Howe. There was high elation among the prisoners because the French force was known to be greatly superior. But Howe cleverly slipped away from Sandy Hook, avoiding battle, and d'Estaing sailed in chase of him. Reinforcements were sent from England under Vice-Admiral John Byron, "Foul-weather Jack," as his sailors called him. Soon after this, Howe left the American station.

It seems like a curious contradiction that Howe had been chosen to command the British naval forces operating against the colonies because of his known sympathy with their cause. He and his brother, Sir William Howe, the general, had been commissioned to make a conciliatory arrangement if possible. And yet the admiral could permit the frightful barbarities of the prison-hulks to exist under his jurisdiction. It may have been sloth and indifference rather than deliberate cruelty.

At any rate, he was in supreme command and officially responsible. There came a change for the

better when Admiral Byron succeeded him. He made a personal visit aboard the hulks only a few days after his arrival on the station. A blunt man was "Foul-weather Jack," and he expressed horror and disgust at what he saw. Promptly he ordered several better ships to be converted into prisons. These were dry and well ventilated. He paid attention to the comfort of the sick, who had been dying without doctors, nurses, and medicines. Rapacious officers who had been pocketing the funds sent the prisoners by their friends were removed and punished. Once every week, Admiral Byron, with his secretary and the captain of his flag-ship, visited the hulks and thoroughly inspected the accommodations and personnel. He listened to complaints and had them noted down. The captive Americans came to regard him as a friend and benefactor. He did all in his power to alleviate their unhappy circumstances. They were prisoners, but no longer victims to be put to the torture.

The case of Lieutenant Barney attracted the admiral's attention. In his opinion there was no warrant for submitting an American naval officer to the indignity of such confinement as this. The lieutenant was therefore taken out to the flag-ship *Ardent* and kept there until he could be exchanged. He had a remarkable facility for winning the con-

fidence of those with whom he came in contact. He was invited to accompany Admiral Byron on his visits to the prison-ships. The captives were more likely to air their grievances and to explain their wants to an officer of their own flag whose acquaintance they enjoyed.

Gradually all of this business was turned over to Barney. He was the prisoner's delegate, or liaison officer, who conferred with them and submitted his reports to the British admiral. Whenever a flag of truce arrived with English prisoners for exchange, the details of arrangement and selection of the Americans to be returned were left in Lieutenant Barney's hands. He was assigned a boat for his own use and permitted to land in New York at his pleasure. The only restriction was that he should return to sleep aboard the *Ardent*.

He was invited one morning to take breakfast in the city with Sir William Twisden, one of the admiral's aides. Mindful of the proper etiquette, he wore the uniform of his rank in the American navy, a blue coat with red lapels and yellow buttons, a red waistcoat, and blue breeches. It was a bold thing to do. New York was in the possession of British troops. The populace that remained was composed of Loyalists eager to show their allegiance to King George. A destructive

fire had broken out during the preceding night, and many buildings were still burning when Barney went ashore. Incendiary patriots were suspected of setting the conflagration. It was an unlucky morning for an American uniform to be parading the smoke-filled streets. Barney was cornered by a furious mob, which yelled its intention of tossing him into the flames.

In the nick of time a British naval officer came running up. Barney explained who he was, a prisoner in the custody of Admiral Byron. The officer took his word for it, but the mob was unconvinced. The leaders argued it hotly. All rebels were liars. At length they agreed to release Barney if the admiral himself should vouch for him. The young man saved his skin, but missed his breakfast engagement with Sir William Twisden.

A few weeks later he said farewell to the *Ardent* and "Foul-weather Jack" Byron. The French fleet had captured the British frigate *Mermaid,* and there was a first lieutenant to be exchanged. Barney was permitted to go to Philadelphia to discuss the terms of his own release. The offer was accepted. He was given his freedom in return for the *Mermaid* lieutenant. Thus ended a period of five months as a prisoner. It had not been

entirely futile. He had been of great service to his hapless countrymen in the crowded hulks.

He found himself without active employment. The little navy had been blockaded or destroyed by overwhelming British sea-power. A few ships were still at large, fighting isolated actions that won honor for the Stars and Stripes, or preying on merchant commerce. But of the fourteen vessels purchased and fitted out as cruisers in 1775, only one, the twelve-gun brig *Providence,* was still in service. Of the thirteen frigates authorized by act of Congress in December, 1775, and built in 1776, only four remained.

This situation condemned Joshua Barney to the waiting list. There was a surplus of officers and a pitiful lack of ships for them. The popular game was privateering, where a man risked his life for dollars as well as glory. Barney went home to Baltimore to visit and recuperate. This was in the autumn of 1778. He was nineteen years old, and he had seen almost three years of war.

He was not a young man to rust in idleness. Instead of sailing in a fighting privateer, however, as did many of his stranded fellow-officers, he chose to undertake a voyage which, to the present writer, seems provokingly unexplained. The theory

is hazarded that there was more to it than appeared on the surface. Ostensibly at the request of a Baltimore merchant, he consented to take command of "a fine little schooner, *armed with two guns and eight men,* and having on board a cargo of tobacco for St. Eustatia." Possibly it was a private errand on behalf of his government, for he was later sent on confidential missions of this kind, bearing papers and instructions of vital importance.

In the memoir prepared by his daughter-in-law, Mary Barney, from his journals, letters, and other documents, occurs this passage:

> We confess we are disposed to look upon the consent of Lieutenant Barney to take command of this humble force as an act that entitles him to great praise, not only as it shows him to have been free from an inordinate elation at the distinction which his services had already gained him, but as it is an evidence of his unselfish, generous zeal and intrepidity in the service of others. It was impossible he could hope to gain honor by such a command, and the idea of emolument must have been still further from his expectations; but he believed that he might be useful, and that was motive enough for him.

This may indicate that he was glad to lend a hand to a trading venture at a time when commerce was stagnant and American merchants at the end of their resources. Good ships were rotting in harbor. Warehouses were deserted. Continental cur-

rency was rapidly depreciating and no funds were coming in from abroad. If such was Barney's motive, to sell a cargo of tobacco for good Dutch gold, it was, indeed, commendable. But the puzzling aspect of it is that he should have dared a hostile sea in an absurd cockboat of a schooner with two pop-guns and eight men. However, he kept his counsel, and because the enterprise failed he may have preferred to forget it.

He was still inside the capes of the Chesapeake when a fast British privateer with four heavy guns and sixty men came driving after him. The little schooner made a running fight of it, blazing away with her two carronades, but was unable to show her heels to the Britisher. Before they closed in, one of Barney's eight men was killed and two others wounded. He had lost nearly fifty percent of his force. Then the privateer boarded him, and there was nothing to do but surrender. For the third time he was captured by the enemy.

The Englishmen took him to be a drudging merchant skipper of no consequence, and they had no desire to burden themselves with prisoners. So they dumped Barney and his seven seamen ashore at Cinepuxent on the eastern short of the Chesapeake and made off with the schooner and her cargo of tobacco. Soon after Barney returned to Baltimore he

chanced to meet his old friend and shipmate, Captain Isaiah Robinson, late of the *Andrea Doria.* This splendid seaman was looking for a first lieutenant, and Barney was the man of his choice. He had an able ship at Alexandria, where she was being equipped for a cruise with a letter-of-marque commission.

Delighted to sail with his old commander, Barney joined the ship at once and took charge of the work. All manner of difficulties caused delay. Cannon, muskets, and ammunition were exceedingly scarce. Sailors had drifted away from this part of the coast to ports more active. A great many of them had been captured. Others had enlisted as soldiers. Barney had to take what he could find, good, bad, and indifferent, and even then was able to recruit only thirty-five men instead of the sixty required for a full crew. As for guns, he had twelve of various sizes.

They sailed for Bordeaux in February, 1779, hoping to obtain proper armament and more men from their French allies. Captain Isaiah Robinson knew when discretion was the better part of valor. He had a cargo of tobacco in his holds and was anxious to deliver it. He was willing to postpone tackling the enemy until his ship was prepared for it. They were only three days out

from the capes, however, when a vessel was discovered in pursuit. The sun went down. The sea was smooth, with a breeze gentle but steady. The moon rose round and red and turned to silver luster as it climbed a cloudless sky.

A beautiful sea picture of the olden time—the two ships lifting tall spires of canvas as they floated in this serene radiance. At eight o'clock in the evening the vessel in chase had come quite close. She ran up the English colors. A voice shouted through a brass trumpet to ask what ship was that. For reply, Captain Robinson hoisted the American flag. He was hailed again and told to haul it down. Lieutenant Barney answered with a broadside from his assorted battery. It cut down the enemy's fore-topsail and made considerable confusion. Presently the fire was returned.

It was a leisurely engagement. The English ship hung about, blazing away every now and then, manœuvering to drop astern and deliver a raking fire without great damage to herself. This kept her, for the most part, out of range of Barney's guns. At midnight he suggested to Captain Robinson that they chop a hole in the stern timbers and drag a six-pounder aft. So the seamen plied their axes and hewed out a square port. The enemy sheered in again to try the same tactics and re-

ceived a nasty surprise. The stern gun, crammed with grape-shot, swept the decks before she could draw away. Thereafter the Englishman hauled off and did nothing more until daybreak.

The Americans could see that she had a large crew, with several officers in uniform. In the moonlight they had counted sixteen guns. Once more she sailed close aboard. Barney stood ready to sight the stern gun himself. Captain Robinson had jumped down to the gun-deck, ready to direct a broadside. When the enemy luffed as though to come alongside, Barney let go with grape-shot. By way of good measure he had stuffed a few crowbars into the muzzle of his gun.

These whizzing missiles, a novelty in sea warfare, disconcerted the foe, besides carrying away his fore-tack and weather-shrouds. He had to wear ship in order to save his foremast from toppling over the side. This ended the contest. Captain Robinson was able to sail away from the crippled privateer. An account of the affair was published in a New York newspaper several weeks later. This stated that the hostile vessel was the privateer brig *Rosebud,* Captain Duncan, with a hundred and twenty men aboard. Of these some forty had been killed and wounded. This sounds like an exaggeration, or else Captain Duncan was

a clumsy, timid privateersman. He had made a sorry mess of the engagement.

It was charged in print that the Americans had been guilty of unfair tactics in loading a gun with crowbars. This was not sportsmanlike. Curious accusations of this same kind were made in the War of 1812. For instance, American seamen were said to wear strips of steel in their caps to prevent cutlasses from penetrating. Another dirty trick was the invention of chain and bar shot and a new kind of grape-shot and canister that played havoc with British sails and rigging. In short, it was n't cricket! That these innovations were adopted by the Royal Navy was no answer to the argument. The Yankees were full of knavish tricks and refused to wage war like gentlemen.

Captain Isaiah Robinson reached Bordeaux with no more excitement. There he was able to mount a new battery of eighteen six-pounders and to recruit his crew to seventy men. In August he sailed for Philadelphia with a cargo of brandy. In mid-ocean he encountered an English letter-of-marque ship, and they fought each other all day, running side by side in a rolling sea with the water washing in the gun-ports or losing sight of each other in heavy rain-squalls. Night came down, and a dead calm. In the morning Captain Robinson

saw the other ship four or five miles ahead. He manned his boats, and they took a tow-line, tugging with might and main to pull their vessel close enough to renew the action. The stranger looked like a fat prize that meant dollars in their pockets.

Their toil was rewarded. The Englishman surrendered with no more powder burned. He had suffered a loss of twelve men killed, several hurt, and his hull and spars were much in need of mending. His force of sixteen guns and seventy men was almost precisely that of the American letter of marque. The latter had won the decision because Isaiah Robinson was an uncommonly efficient commander and First Lieutenant Barney had the spark of true genius in handling ships and guns and men to the best advantage.

At the risk of monotony, this voyage has been mentioned because it typifies and illustrates the kind of adventures that every American shipmaster of the Revolution was likely to encounter. Many of them were not so fortunate. But they sailed and fought and carried cargoes whenever they could get to sea, and took things as they came.

The capture of this English ship was a stroke of luck for Joshua Barney. She turned out to be a prize of great value and was safely taken

into an American port. As second in command, Barney's share of the prize-money was a small fortune in his eyes. This was the time for him to find a lovely girl and fall in love with her, which he proceeded to do. She was the daughter of Gunning Bedford, an alderman of Philadelphia, and was famed for beauty and accomplishments. They were married in March, 1780.

After a honeymoon, the dashing sailor felt it his duty to find a ship. The navy had provided no place for him. The future uncertain, he decided to invest his fortune in a commercial speculation which his friends strongly advised. This would provide for his bride and give him an anchor to windward. In the Delaware town where he was a guest at the time, he borrowed a horse and chaise to go to Baltimore and deposit his precious funds.

It was like a careless mariner ashore to stuff his thousands of dollars in paper currency into a wooden box and toss it into the chaise. He drove like a sailor, hellity-larrup, as far as Chestertown in Maryland, where the packets sailed to Baltimore. Jumping from the chaise, he told a hostler to tie the horse in the stable yard while he went to engage his passage. His box of money was left to

look after itself. It was in the chaise when he returned, and a boy was found to lug it aboard the packet.

Having found lodgings in Baltimore, the young man gazed at the box before lifting the lid. His soliloquy has been faithfully reported. He told it as a great joke on himself.

"Here lies all I am worth in the world. Six months ago I thought it more than I should ever want—but then I was not a married man—now I have a family to provide for—I know I shall have a great many children—that 's not to be doubted! And it is my duty to try to do what I can to keep them from starving after they come into this breathing world. Let me see, shall I risk it all? Or shall I keep something tucked away for a rainy day? No, damn it, that 's a cowardly, beggarly thought. There 's no danger, and here goes for the whole of it."

With this he threw open the lid of the box. Surely it was his box! There were his shirts and cravats. The cold sweat started. Every dollar had vanished. Not a rag of it was to be seen. The lock had been picked while the box had been left in the stable yard at Chestertown. He laughed, but resolved that nobody should laugh at him.

Even his wife never knew it until long after, when he had gathered another modest fortune.

He was, indeed, a married man, almost twenty-one years old, and he felt his responsibilities. Within a fortnight he received orders from the Navy Department to report as first lieutenant of the United States ship *Saratoga,* eighteen guns, commanded by Captain James Young. As a roving young bachelor he would have hastened on board with never a thought in his head. But he now sat himself down to write the following letter:

To the Honorable Delegates of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

The Memorial of Joshua Barney most respectfully showeth that your Memorialist hath served four Years as a Lieutenant in the Navy in the service of America during fifteen months of which time he hath been a Prisoner with the Enemy. That he hath born that Rank on Board a Ship having more than twenty guns and is at present directed to take the rank of First Lieutenant on Board the *Saratoga,* a vessel of inferior force. That by a resolve of your Honours the Pay of an officer is reduced in proportion to his reduction in point of Rank on board the Vessels of inferior force. That two Years' Pay is due your petitioner for his former services, which in the present depressed state of the Currency is not worth his acceptance. That application hath been made to the Board of Admiralty and no Satisfaction can be obtained from

that quarter without an order from your Honours. He therefore prays your Honours would fix his Rank and ascertain the pay he shall receive.

JOSHUA BARNEY, LT.

The memorial was read by the Committee on Naval Affairs, July 26, 1780, and sent to the Board of Admiralty with a favorable recommendation. It was finally disposed of by the following order, issued twelve days later:

The Board of Admiralty to whom was referred the memorial of Lieutenant Barney of the Navy beg leave to report their opinion.

That any Officer who by virtue of his Commission or Warrant, hath served or hereafter shall serve on board any Ship of War of twenty guns and upwards belonging to the Navy of these States, and shall thereafter serve in the same rank on board any other Vessel of War of inferior force, such Officer shall receive the same pay as he was entitled to when serving in a Ship of twenty Guns and upwards, any resolution to the contrary notwithstanding.

(By order)

FRED LEWIS.

Order of Admiralty,
Passed August 7th, 1780.

The young man could not be called mercenary because he wished to obtain his pittance of a salary for his bride. Without any reduction it was only thirty dollars a month in Continental currency.

There is a glimpse of the poverty of the government in the fact that he had received not a penny of his pay in two years. His petition to Congress was somewhat a matter of pride and principle. Leaving his wife in Philadelphia with her parents, he went on board the *Saratoga,* which was rated as a sloop-of-war.

The cruise was brief and sensational. Captain Young had a shrewd knowledge of winds and trade-routes. He plotted a course on the chart to cross the path of the English shipping from the West Indies. His first capture was a large merchant vessel which made no resistance. On the following day he encountered a little squadron, two brigs and a ship, all well armed and sailing in company for protection. Had they acted in concert, they could have whipped the *Saratoga.* But they went blundering off in flight, trusting to speed instead of strategy.

Captain Young hoisted English colors. This pretext enabled him to close in with the ship, which acknowledged the hail and said she was from Jamaica for New York. Up went the Stars and Stripes, the *Saratoga's* gun-ports opened with a clatter, and she fired a smashing broadside. The grappling-hooks were flung through the smoke-cloud, and the ships were fastened together. Lieu-

tenant Barney was first to alight on the enemy's deck, with a boarding-party of fifty men behind him. It was hand-to-hand fighting, stubborn and bloody. The Englishmen had to give ground. They lacked the discipline and cohesion of a naval force. They were penned in the forecastle or driven below until the decks were cleared.

Meanwhile the two brigs were bowling toward the horizon. Leaving Barney in charge of the captured ship, Captain Young pursued the brigs and bagged both of them. The total strength of these three vessels amounted to sixty-two guns and two hundred men. They were laden with rum and sugar, which commanded enormous prices in the United States. The prize-money to be divided was fairly dazzling. Four stout vessels taken in two days! At one stroke, Barney had mended his ruined fortunes and counted himself a rich man. This would be grand news for his bride.

Better than this, he was going home to see her. Captain Young had decided to convoy the four prizes into the Delaware, placing Barney as prize-master in the ship he had stormed and taken. They moved slowly, for Barney's ship was leaking badly from a shot below the water-line, and he had to signal for assistance. On the second day they were discovered by a British ship-of-the-line and several

frigates cruising together. The *Saratoga* was so far to windward that she slipped from the clutches of this overwhelming force, but the four prizes were overhauled and captured one after the other.

A melancholy tale! The nimble Yankee sloop-of-war *Saratoga* and her snowy pyramids of canvas were never seen again. She perished with all hands in some Western Ocean gale and left not a trace.

Lieutenant Joshua Barney was lucky that he had not vanished with the doomed *Saratoga.* Unaware that the brave ship would never again be sighted by mortal eyes, he considered himself a most unfortunate man. Gone were his dreams of wealth in prize-money. And for the fourth time he was a prisoner to one of his Majesty's men-of-war. No more for him the pleasure of playing cards in a British captain's cabin or drinking port with a bluff vice-admiral. His captor on this occasion was a man who detested all American sailors as unmitigated rebels and traitors who deserved hanging from a yard-arm. Such was the amiable disposition of Captain Anthony James Pye Malloy of the *Intrepid* seventy-four.

Barney had reasons for calling him "the greatest tyrant in the British navy." The *Intrepid* was bound to New York. During the passage, in December, the American lieutenant was kept on the

open poop or quarter-deck with no shelter from the weather. The wonder is that he did not freeze to death, as may have been the intention. "In this situation," he indignantly related, "he was exposed to the severities of a snow storm, of several days' continuance, without warm clothing or bedding." All he could do was to pace to and fro or huddle miserably in the lee of a deck-house. His unexpurgated opinion of Captain Anthony James Pye Malloy must have been too vigorous to print.

Vice-Admiral "Foul-weather Jack" Byron had left the American station. One of England's illustrious naval heroes, Admiral Sir George Rodney, had brought his ships to New York in September after trying to corner the French and Spanish fleets in the West Indies. It was by his order that seventy American officers, mostly privateersmen, were put on board the ship of the line *Yarmouth* to be transported to a prison in England. One of them was Lieutenant Barney.

It was a frightful voyage. Man's inhumanity to man has ever been the despair of those who hoped for a world made better and kindlier to live in. Most civil wars have been stained by episodes peculiarly abhorrent. A family quarrel arouses the basest passions. The captain of the *Yarmouth* was an unhanged scoundrel named Lutwidge. He

stowed these seventy American officers in the lower hold, next the keel and the ballast-floor, down beneath five decks, and almost thirty feet below the water-line.

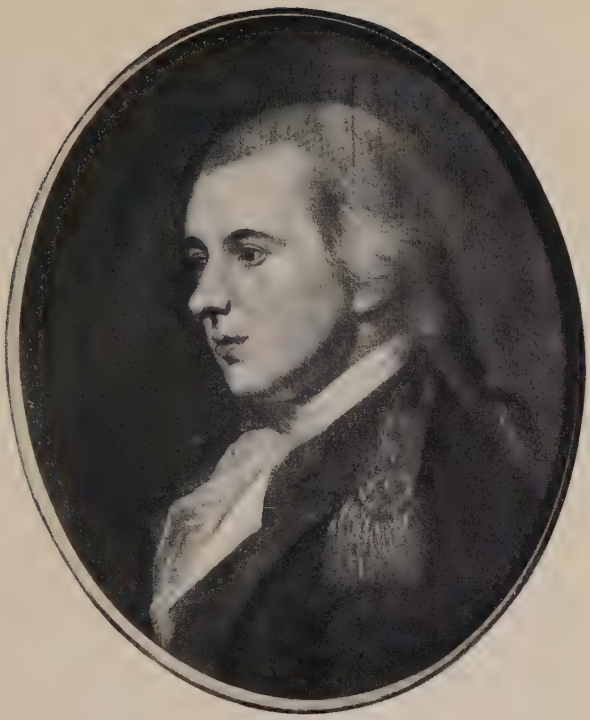
They were squeezed into a room roughly walled of plank, so small that there was no space whatever for moving about. The ceiling was so low that they had to crouch where they were. The shortest man of them was unable to stand erect. They were packed in this kennel like so many bales of merchandise. Not a ray of light could reach them. The air was so damp that the timbers dripped. It was vile with the stenches of bilge-water and refuse. One of these old wooden men-of-war was far less comfortable than a jail for her own seamen. The hardships they habitually endured were amazing. Imagine, then, what it must have been for these seventy Americans in the bottom of the hold!

The food was very bad. There was so little of it that when one of these poor wretches died the others concealed the body until it began to putrefy, in order that his allowance might be added to theirs. These were strong men, toughened by the rigors of seafaring life in the eighteenth century, survivors of the fittest. But they died delirious, one by one, until eleven had perished; and the others envied them. It was a prolonged voyage in the dead of winter,

the *Yarmouth* wallowing to the eastward week after week. Not once were these Americans dragged out to breathe the blessed draft of wind from an open hatch. They rotted in darkness without a visit from the ship's surgeon.

Fifty-three days out from Sandy Hook, the *Yarmouth* dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbor. The prisoners were ordered on deck—a foolish edict because not many of them could walk or stand. The sturdiest of them were like tottering, bent-over, old men. They blinked at the sunlight. It tortured their eyes. They were filthy specters, piteous scarecrows. The intention was to confine them in the Old Mill Prison at Plymouth, but Captain Lutwidge was afraid to let them be seen passing through the streets. They could not walk. He would have to load them into carts. The indignation of the English people at sight of such a tragic procession might have made it unpleasant for this captain of the Royal Navy.

For a time, therefore, the emaciated sufferers were removed to a prison-ship in Plymouth Roads. It was dirty and disagreeable, but like heaven after what they had undergone. They had good air and food enough to give them strength, and they could drag themselves about the decks. No more of them died. Most of them were young men. They could



JOSHUA BARNEY IN THE FLOWER OF HIS YOUTH AS A NAVAL OFFICER

From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

not be killed by the devil and the deep sea. There was mighty little spirit left in Lieutenant Joshua Barney. For once his exuberant vitality and restless contrivance had been snuffed like a candle. He was thankful to be alive and nothing more.

After a while they were able to walk without swaying or locking arms to lean against each other. It was assumed that they would be able to march as far as the prison without dropping in their tracks. Accordingly they were taken ashore by a strong guard of marines. There was a detour to visit the court-room of two frowning Justices of Their Lord the King who were assigned to keep the peace within said county of Devon. After four years of conflict the misguided English Government persisted in calling it a rebellion and not a war. Therefore such culprits as this batch of American mariners were not prisoners of war but criminals who had to be duly committed to jail like any other rogues who had flouted the law. It was this same spirit of silly arrogance which had led an Englishman to write, in 1776: "A strange flag lately appeared in our seas. . . . We learned that the vessels bearing this flag have a sort of commission from a society of people in Philadelphia calling themselves the 'Continental Congress.' "

Joshua Barney and his pallid comrades had to

stand uncovered while the worshipful justices of the peace arraigned them as being "found in Arms and Rebellion on the High Seas in various ships commissioned by the North American Congress." "Yea, they had been taken at sea in the High Treason Act, out of the Realm, being then and there found in arms levying War, in Rebellion and aiding the King's Enemies, and were now landed in Dartmouth in the County of Devon, and were brought before the Justices in the Parish of Stock Demeral, charged with and to be committed for the said offense to the Old Mill Prison in the Borough of Plymouth."

CHAPTER V

CONCERNING PLOTS AND BOLD ESCAPES

THE Old Mill Prison consisted of a group of stone buildings set in a large yard which was surrounded by double walls. These walls were thick and high, with a space of twenty feet between them. The iron gates were guarded by sentries, while other soldiers patrolled the prison or loitered in the yard. At this time, early in 1781, the forbidding inclosure held perhaps three hundred American seamen. In separate buildings were quartered as many more French and Spanish prisoners.

The first impressions of the enfeebled arrivals from the *Yarmouth* were very doleful. They felt themselves to be entombed and forgotten. It seemed futile to dream of escape from these gray walls. In the yard they found old friends and shipmates, restless and unhappy, who had been confined there for a year or more. To be caged like this was especially intolerable to sailormen. They lived in the hope of being exchanged. At the beginning of the war England had refused to discuss such an

arrangement. It had been pressed by the American commissioners in France in a series of letters to Lord Stormont, who had insolently replied, "The King's Ambassador receives no applications from rebels, unless they come to implore His Majesty's mercy."

This attitude was altered when American ships began to capture large numbers of his Majesty's sailors and soldiers. It seemed advisable to strike a bargain and get some of them back. For the American prisoners in England the routine of exchange was long delayed and entangled in red tape. They ate their hearts out while they waited in vain for the word of release. Meanwhile they schemed and plotted to break out, as bold men always will in such circumstances. Stone walls and sentries could not daunt them. Their activity was astonishing, likewise amusing.

As soon as Joshua Barney felt like himself and had found his bearings in the Old Mill Prison, he refused to be downcast. It was a most diverting place. The Americans were allowed the liberty of the yard from eight in the morning until sunset. There they drifted into congenial groups and hatched one ingenious stratagem after another. The interested Barney learned that it was possible to outwit the guards and leg it over or under or

through the walls. The thing had been done more than once. Recapture meant forty or sixty days on bread and water in the Black Hole, but why be frightened of a little thing like that?

In the prison Barney found officers of his own mettle. There was Captain John Manley, for one, He it was who, in John Adams's crochety opinion, had been of more important service to his country than Captain Paul Jones. The verdicts of the bystander are often reversed by the superior court of history. As a tradition and an influence in the navy of the United States, Paul Jones has held an importance beyond all estimate for a hundred and fifty years. This is not to belittle the deeds of Captain John Manley. He, too, did great things in small ships and helped to create the spirit of the naval service.

In 1775, before Congress had authorized a navy, General Washington had issued commissions to a few merchant vessels to cruise in Massachusetts Bay and try to intercept the British transports loaded with supplies and munitions. In the *Lee,* Captain Manley had captured four of these transports whose cargoes were worth their weight in gold to the Continental troops. In command of the frigate *Hancock* he had taken the British twenty-eight-gun frigate *Fox* after a desperate combat. Later, in

the privateer *Cumberland,* he had been forced to yield to the frigate *Pomona,* which had put him and his crew in jail at Barbados. They broke out at night, seized a vessel belonging to the British government, put her company in irons, and sailed her to the United States. Captain Manley was then given command of the fine cruiser *Jason.* She was captured by the swift British frigate *Surprise* in a hammer-and-tongs battle which cost the American ship thirty men dead and wounded. This was how Captain Manley happened to join the exiles in the Old Mill Prison.

In his crew was a captain's clerk named William Russell, who kept a journal of his prison life in England. It is an entertaining record of escapes and alarms and even of jollity among men in profoundly melancholy surroundings. The journal seems worth quoting to this extent:

> Began another hole at the south end of the prison. The dirt was put in our bread sacks which was the occasion of our being found out. The masons were sent for and the hole stopped again. Richard Goss, Jacob Vickary, Samuel Goss, and John Stacy were put upon one half diet and confined to the Black Hole for forty days. . . .
>
> Began upon the same again and though the two sentinels were kept with us all night and two lamps burning, we went on with it with great success. The weather being

very rainy and frost in the ground which thawed just as we were going through, the sentinel marching on his post broke into the hole that ran across the road. Immediately the guard was alarmed and came into the prison, some with guns, some with cutlasses. However we got into our hammocks and laughed at them. One of the prisoners threw a bag of stones down stairs and like to have killed a British drummer. The hole was mended next day and all hope of our escape is at an end. Very bad weather and dark times. . . .

This evening Captain Manley and six others went across the yard into the long prison sink and got over the wall, except Mr. Patten who seeing somebody in the garden he was to cross, was afraid to go down the wall by the rope. He came back and burst into the prison by the window, frightening the sentinel who was placed to prevent escapes. He in turn alarmed the guard, but by this time the rest had got into Plymouth, and being late at night they took shelter in Guildhall. The guard finding a rope over the wall knew that somebody had made their escape. They surrounded Plymouth, made a search, and found Captain Manley, Mr. Drummond, Knight, Neagle and Pike, and put them into the Black Hole that night. . . .

To-day being the anniversary of American Independence, the American prisoners wore the thirteen stars and stripes drawn on pieces of paper on their hats, with the motto, *Independence, Liberty or Death.* Just before one o'clock we drew up in line in the yard and gave thirteen cheers for the United States of America and were an-

swered by the French prisoners. The whole was conducted in a decent manner and the day spent in mirth. . . .

Captain Samuel Gerrish made his escape over the wall into the French prison. He remained there all night and went off about eight o'clock this morning. We were informed that Captain Gerrish got the French barber to dress his hair this morning in the prison. A little while after, Mr. Cowdray [the prison agent] with some French officers came into the yard, and when they retired Captain Gerrish placed himself among them and went out bowing to the agent who did not know him. He has not been heard of since. . . .

This morning Captain Manley communicated to me that he had received a great deal of abuse from Captain Daniel Brown and was determined to have satisfaction by giving him a challenge to fight a duel with pistols, and desired me to load them. Accordingly Captain Manley went into the chamber and took his pistols and ammunition (which he had secreted) and put them on the table and told Captain Brown that he had been ill-treated and desired him to fight like a gentleman or ask his pardon. Captain Brown said he would not ask his pardon and refused to accept the challenge, upon which Captain Manley told him he was no gentleman but a great coward, and bid him have a caution how he made use of his name again. . . .

Made a breach in the wall of the prison, but it was discovered by the sentinel on the other side. The masons were sent to mend it, but at noon-time they left for dinner and two sentinels were placed to prevent our escape.

Eight of our men put on frocks and took mortar and daubed their clothing, going out through the hole as workmen. One of them came back into the yard undiscovered, but the rest were taken or gave themselves up. . . .

This morning Mr. Cowdray turned us all out, and locked the prison. We had a great deal of noise with him. The Agent came into the yard and called for the whole guard, except the officers. We formed a circle around him and had a deal of talk. One of our people threw a stone at him which lodged in his hat whereupon he ordered the soldiers to draw their bayonets and seize the man by the collar. The soldiers did not obey through fear. We laughed and the Agent turned and went out of the yard. We gave three cheers for him and he went into his office and talked from the window, threatening us very hard. He said he would put us on half diet. However, he let the woman come to the gate with the milk. . . .

This morning Mr. Green, White, Brown and Captain Kemp went out with the tubs to get some brandy which they had purchased with the sergeant's consent. When they got back to the prison gate the sergeant told the sentinel to search Mr. White and take away his liquor. He would have taken the brandy from the others but they were too quick for him. Our people threw mud and water at the sergeant and hooted him out of the yard. . . .

Last night our people were digging under the prison wall when the earth broke in and discovered their lantern to the sentinel on the outside who alarmed the guard. A sergeant had his sword broke and the scabbard cut up by our people. An officer's servant, being with the sol-

diers, used high words and threatened to knock us down, whereupon one of our people threw a stone and broke his leg. Mr. Cowdray has debarred us from the privilege of the market to-day and demands two men for digging the hole and a man for throwing the stone, and swears when the Black Hole is full he will put us in irons on the guard ship. . . .

On the whole, these vexatious, uneasy Yankees were treated with a certain rough good humor. They were seldom abused without provocation. One grievance was that their rations were smaller than the Dutch, French, and Spanish prisoners. This was done with deliberate intent and had the sanction of the British Government. Presumably it was because they were rebels. The daily allowance per man was one pound of bread, three-quarters of a pound of meat, a pot of beer, half an ounce of butter or cheese, half a pint of peas, or greens. This was enough to keep a man's soul in his body and something more.

They lacked clothes and money, and Benjamin Franklin in Paris made every effort to send funds to them. One of the agents in England intrusted with his task, Thomas Digges, turned out to be a rascal and diverted several hundred pounds to his own pocket. At a later date Franklin had the sat-

isfaction of reading in a letter from a friend in Dublin:

You will not be surprised when I tell you that Mr. Digges, who had so much of the prisoners' money, is in the same prison. He has been playing the fool in this country [Ireland], but like all other cunning rogues, has shown himself to be a fool, and is now paying severely for his folly and wickedness.

Under date of May 18, 1781, William Russell set down in his journal:

Lieutenant Joshua Barney made his escape over the gate at noon, and has not been missed yet. Mr. James Adams got over the paling into the little yard in order to escape but making too much noise, was discovered by the guard and was obliged to get back.

May 19th. A tailor brought a suit of clothes to the prison for Lieutenant Barney by which means his escape was discovered and we were mustered. The Agent says he saw him at twelve o'clock this day and has ordered us to be locked in the yard all day, dinner time excepted. The way we concealed his escape was when we were counted in the prison, to put a young boy out through the window and he was counted twice. So much for one of our Mill Prison capers!

For three months Lieutenant Barney had been observing these various attempts to circumvent the red-coated sentries. He had declined to join a

party which had gained entrance to the prison sewer. Their experience was distressing. After crawling several hundred yards in filthy slush they had come to an iron grating at the outlet which they were unable to break through. There had been several escapes, however, and the fugitives had somehow evaded capture in Plymouth. This was enough to set Barney's wits at work. He was closely watched. He impressed the sergeants of the guard as being a man of unusual daring and ingenuity. On mere suspicion of concocting one plot they had confined him in double irons for thirty days.

By way of exercise in the yard, the Americans did a good deal of wrestling, boxing, and foot-racing. Leap-frog was also a popular pastime. This gave Barney opportunity to pretend he had sprained an ankle. Two comrades bathed and bandaged it and whittled him a pair of crutches. They perceived the trick but kept it to themselves. It was unwise to let gossip spread. Too many confidants had spoiled more than one good plot.

For a week or two Barney limped about the yard, apparently very lame and unable to do without his crutches. This lulled the suspicions of the sentries, most of whom were thick-headed yokels and rather easily fooled. Meanwhile the wily Bar-

ney was making his plans. Adroitly and patiently he won the friendship of a middle-aged British soldier of the guard who had served in a line regiment in one of the American campaigns. The fellow remembered some kindness that had been shown him in a village he had marched through. He felt a sense of gratitude. One good turn deserved another. The prisoners had found him affable. He had a smile and a good morning for them when he paced his beat. With his gift of reading such a man as this and bending him to his purpose, Barney persuaded him to shut his eyes at the proper moment.

It was also necessary to the scheme to obtain a British lieutenant's undress uniform. This the friendly sentry managed to steal from the officers' quarters of his own company whose barracks were close to the outer wall. It was easy enough to smuggle the bundle in. At noon on May 18 the mess-call sounded and the hungry prisoners swarmed into a long stone building for dinner. Barney slipped into the room where his squad hung their hammocks. Jumping into the British uniform he threw over it the shabby greatcoat which he had been accustomed to wear in the yard.

At the last moment, half a dozen of his companions had been taken into his confidence. They had their several parts to play. A fine unselfishness

was displayed in all these attempts at jail-breaking. It was a game of helping one another. A boy who had been captured in a privateer agreed to crawl out through a window in his room, after the noon roll-call, and respond for Barney, whose company was inspected and accounted for in the yard. Other companions volunteered to divert the attention of strolling sentries. A tall American master mariner with a solid pair of shoulders took a station near the inner gate.

This gate was eight feet high. It was kept carefully locked. Lieutenant Barney, wrapped in his old greatcoat, hobbled across the yard on his crutches. The friendly British soldier was on duty neat the gate. Barney approached the wall near-by. He winked. The soldier nodded. The tall master mariner caught the signal and lounged close to the wall. Barney dropped the crutches and flung aside the greatcoat. A heave and a scramble, and he stood upon the solid shoulders of the shipmaster. He was able to grasp the coping of the wall. A spring and a swing, and he had hoisted himself upon the top of the wall. Lying flat he flung down three guineas in farewell to the obliging British soldier.

Then he peered into the area between the two walls. The outer gate was seldom closed. Barney

waited until the sentry just inside this gate had turned his back. In a twinkling the fugitive had let himself drop to the ground. Picking himself up, he walked in a leisurely manner straight toward the outer gate. He was a spruce young British lieutenant strolling out on some errand in Plymouth. The sentinel glanced at the uniform, came to attention, and thought nothing more of it. Outwardly cool and careless, Joshua Barney turned into the nearest street.

It was not in his mind to wander at random and be picked up by the provost guard. Soon the alarm-bell would clang in the prison tower and a description of him be sent broadcast by means of hand-bills and the town crier. He knew the whereabouts of people who might be willing to shelter him. Many of the English folk of Plymouth were friendly to the American cause. Some of them visited the Old Mill Prison and left money and clothing or bought the trinkets carved by the ingenious seamen.

Twenty minutes after his escape Barney was knocking at the door of the house whose address he had made a note of. The sight of him begging admittance in broad daylight caused some consternation in the family, but they did not hesitate to let him in. It was a courageous thing for them to do.

In the eyes of the law their offense amounted to high treason. This was not the first time, however, that they had risked the displeasure of the king's officers. The house had sheltered other American refugees. It had become suspected, however, and the head of the family surmised that Lieutenant Barney might be hidden more securely elsewhere. After nightfall, therefore, he was led to the dwelling of a venerable clergyman who had been active in befriending Americans and shrewd enough to conceal it effectually.

In this hospitable hiding-place, Barney was delighted to encounter two of his own countrymen from the eastern shore of Maryland, Colonel William Richardson and Dr. Hindman. As passengers in a merchant vessel they had been captured and brought to Plymouth. Non-combatants were not thrown into the Old Mill Prison. These two gentlemen had been cast adrift to shift for themselves. They were prisoners at large because there was no way of taking a ship to cross the Atlantic. They had been feeling very forlorn until Lieutenant Barney joined them. In Maryland he had made himself famous. He was the man to find a way out of the trap.

He had a plan ready. He was to stay under cover in the clergyman's house while the others

bought a fishing-smack and held it ready. They were landlubbers and could be of little use as a crew, but they had a servant who was a handy lad. With his help Barney felt cheerily confident of sailing the smack to the coast of France. Three or four days later, Colonel Richardson and Dr. Hindman reported that they had found a little fishing-vessel and had driven a bargain, money down and no questions asked. Barney was still wearing the British lieutenant's uniform and had his own reasons for not discarding it. He covered this showy dress with a tarry canvas coat tied around his middle with a rope's end, clapped on a tarpaulin hat, and was a fair enough imitation of a Devon fisherman.

They stole through the alleys of the Plymouth waterside and, before sunrise, reached the quay where the smack was moored. This was a bolder enterprise and more hazardous than scaling the wall of the Old Mill Prison. They had to pass Admiral Digby's fleet of men of war at anchor in the harbor. The watch-officers were vigilant. Guard-boats were continually on patrol. England was at war with France, Spain, and the Netherlands. Once clear of Plymouth Sound, there was a swarm of cruisers in the channel to overhaul and question every strange sail.

The smack was favored by an ebb-tide and a brisk

breeze behind her. The landlubbers helped hoist the patched mainsail, and then Barney sent them below. The servant, who also looked the part of a toiler of the sea, managed to set the square topsail and then stood by the sheets. With Barney at the helm, the humble fishing-boat moved close by one frigate after another as she threaded her way through the fleet. Day was breaking. Sleepy midshipmen pacing the lofty decks yawned and cast a careless glance at the clumsy, sea-worn smack and wondered if it had any stout seamen aboard who ought to have been kidnapped by the press-gang.

A lively sea was running outside the sound. Barney poked his head into the little cabin, which smelt most abominably of fish. The two estimable gentlemen from Maryland had lost all interest in the voyage. Stretched side by side, they groaned and made feeble gestures. They earnestly desired to be let alone. Barney cruelly shouted to the servant:

"Jem, ahoy! Go kindle a fire in the galley stove and fry your masters a skillet of fat pork. 'Tis a sovereign remedy in such cases as this."

Alas, Jem had just then collapsed on deck with his head in the scuppers. The crew was lamentably unfit for duty. It made no great difference, said Barney to himself. The wind was blowing fair

to steer for the coast of France. He could sail the smack lone-handed and fetch a friendly port. He was enjoying himself.

A little later in the day he had cause to feel anxious. A vessel carrying a great deal of sail was seen to change her course as if to run closer to the smack. An unwelcome curiosity was suggested.

Surmising that he might have hopped out of the frying-pan into the fire, Joshua Barney kept the smack on the path to France and trusted to the luck that had carried him through so many adventures unscathed. Soon he was certain that the distant vessel had decided to speak him. She came on at a swift pace and showed a row of guns. There was the air of a privateer about her. Apparently the lonely fishing-smack heading across the channel was worth investigating. Instead of sweeping past, the privateer was hove to and a boat lowered. The officer who boarded the smack was a skeptical Guernsey man with a roving eye. In a surly manner he demanded to know what the smack had on board and whither bound. It was his duty to hail and examine any small craft found as far offshore as this. Barney was always at his best in a tight pinch. His wit was ready, his demeanor impressive. He was like a hero of fiction.

"I have nothing on board, and am bound to the coast of France," he answered, with just the right touch of hauteur.

"And what the devil is your business in France?" demanded the other.

"I cannot disclose my business to *you*," said Barney. He untied the rope that held his sea-stained canvas coat together and disclosed the British uniform. It was the bluff magnificent. On some secret errand in his Majesty's service, wearing uniform in order that he might not be taken for a spy! This was the inference. The mate of the Guernsey privateer changed his tune. He touched his hat and spoke politely. In curt accents Barney went on to say:

"My man, I must not be detained. My business is most urgent. You must suffer me to proceed or you may have cause to regret it."

The boarding officer was almost obsequious. He returned to his ship and reported to the captain. Barney was about to let the smack run for France, but the privateer hailed again. The captain wished to make a call. The report had not wholly satisfied him. This looked squally. The captain turned out to be an older man and a deep-sea veteran. His inquiries were awkward to parry. Why was an officer of the British army making for the enemy's

coast without a proper crew and sailing the smack himself?

"I should be very sorry to stop you, sir," said he, "if you are on public business, but if this be the fact, it must surely be in your power to show me some proof of it without disclosing the secrets of government."

The bogus British lieutenant indignantly argued the point. To disclose the nature of his mission or to submit his documents to the scrutiny of every meddlesome privateer skipper was out of the question. Such a silly procedure would endanger the success of his mission to France. He would be betraying a trust to permit such a thing. The affair was delicate and difficult, at best.

The other man's obstinate suspicions had been shaken; this much was evident. Perplexed, he hung in the wind. But he could not rid himself of doubts. It would be a serious matter if he should let an impostor slip through his fingers. And it would be a feather in his cap to take such a one into port. On the other hand, this young British officer, as he claimed to be, carried it off with so much easy assurance and dignity that his deportment was almost convincing. But the smack itself, with two seasick landsmen in the cabin and another sprawled on deck, required a deal of explaining. The master

of the privateer tried to solve his dilemma by announcing:

"Then, sir, I shall be under the necessity of carrying you to England. I 'm damned if I like the cut of your jib. Your trip will not be much delayed. If it 's a blunder, a statement of my case will clear me."

Barney gulped at this, but had one more card to play. As a last resort, he exclaimed:

"Do as you please, but remember it is at your peril. All I have to say is that if you persist in interrupting my voyage I must demand that you take me directly on board Admiral Digby's flagship at Plymouth. By God, you 'll have a hard time stating your case to *him*."

This audacious stroke ought to have erased all suspicion. And, besides, Barney thought the privateer would be afraid of venturing among the fleet lest her best men might be impressed into the Royal Navy. The captain scratched his head and deliberated. Barney suavely complimented him on the neat, sailor-like appearance of his boat's crew. It was of no use. Presently the stubborn privateersman rapped out:

"Aye, I 'll be taking you into Plymouth. We had best leave it to the admiral, as you say. Bide

while I send a mate and a couple of hands aboard the smack to take charge of her."

With a melancholy grin, Barney reflected that this being captured at sea by the enemy was getting to be a habit. This was the fifth time it had happened to him. Presently the privateer made sail, with orders for the smack to follow her to Plymouth. Barney chewed on the idea of recapturing the little craft. Alas, it was too much to attempt with a force of three thoroughly seasick lubbers. Colonel Richardson and Dr. Hindman were in no condition for a rough-and-tumble mutiny with belaying-pins and boat-stretchers for weapons.

They were all night beating back to the Devon coast. Morning found them to the leeward of Plymouth Sound with the wind dead ahead. The privateer decided to anchor in a small bay a few miles distant from the port. It was easier and quicker to man a boat and row in to the admiral's flagship. Also the vessel was tucked away from the sight of the press-gang. To her captain, still cogitating, it seemed wiser to leave his prisoner behind. A report of the circumstances would prompt instant investigation. If the British lieutenant was counterfeit, it would require only half a day to go back and fetch him. If he turned out to be genuine,

he could be released to go his way in the smack without any conspicuous pother. It would be awkward having him curse and scold in the presence of a mighty admiral of the fleet.

In the bay where the privateer swung to her cable was the village of Causen, and there were taverns awaiting thirsty sailors aweary of the sea. With the captain away, they began to slip ashore for a few hours' liberty. Those left on board were snoring in the shade or busy getting dinner ready. Discipline was lax at the end of a cruise. In Joshua Barney's opinion, it was time for him to quit her. He talked it over with his companions, the two Maryland gentlemen. Leaving them in the lurch was furthest from his thoughts.

They urged him to escape if he could. Otherwise he was sure to be lugged off to Admiral Digby's flagship and then turned back into the Old Mill Prison. Their status was different. As civilians, no serious penalties would be inflicted for buying a smack and trying to make a passage to France. The worst they could suffer would be more inconvenience and delay. In fact, it would be more awkward for them if Lieutenant Barney remained in their company.

This was logical enough. The young man's pockets were empty; so they generously provided

him with funds as well as a letter of credit to a banking friend of theirs in Bristol. He idled on deck until the dinner-hour. So careless a watch was kept that all hands disappeared into the cabin and forecastle. One of the privateer's boats floated astern, tied by a long rope to the taffrail. Like an acrobat Barney was over the rail and sliding down the rope. The descent was swift. His palms were scorched, and he knocked the skin from his shin as he tumbled into the boat.

He sculled for the shore, hoping to land not too close to the village; but the wind was strong, and he was blown straight to the beach where the privateersman had gone ashore in the morning. Fishermen were tarring their boats or mending nets. Curious loafers stared at the privateer ship. As Barney jumped out of his yawl, an officer of the coast-guard came walking down to meet him. Luckily a boat-cloak of blue cloth covered the fugitive's army tunic. The garment had been hastily borrowed without the owner's consent. This and the glint of brass buttons at the throat convinced the coast-guard officer that the young man was one of the lieutenants of the privateer.

"Where did you pick up the smack?" Barney was asked. "And what did you find aboard?"

Very anxious to cut the interview short, the

Yankee truant showed his torn stocking and bloody shin and asked where he could find some salve and plaster.

"And pray tell me, sir, where I can find our people from the ship?" he added. "I must keep an eye on the scamps before they get drunk and annoy your peaceful village."

"Most of them are at the Red Lion, if you please, lieutenant, the last house in the street."

"Hearty thanks, and I wish you a very good day," was the polite farewell. Barney soon found that the only road into the country led past the Red Lion. From the open windows came loud laughter and roaring snatches of song. He thought he could pass undiscovered, but a tipsy sailor came running out to hail him. Would the lieutenant join them in a drink? They knew he was all right—an honor to the British army—the captain of the ship had made a ridickilus donkey of hisself—trust these sailors in the Red Lion not to blow the gaff—there was several of 'em ready to man the smack and put the lieutenant across to France.

Barney tried to shake off this sociable Jack Tar, who followed along, full of rum and conversation, until they had left the village behind. Finally Barney suggested:

" I 'm walking all the way to Plymouth. Better come along, for the sake of company."

This made the sailor pause and consider. He had visions of his Majesty's press-gang. Plymouth had a most unpleasant sound.

" 'Ware the bloody crimps," said he, and rambled back in the direction of the Red Lion public house. Barney now limped along at a trot. He was anxious to quit the highroad as soon as possible. After a while he came to the park of a spacious country-seat. He climbed over a hedge and found a path among the stately oaks. Following it cautiously, he approached a mansion, from which he sheered off. Then he wandered into a garden, with lawns and flower-beds beautifully kept. He sat down upon a stone bench to get his breath and ease his leg.

An ancient gardener came doddering along with a sickle in his hand. He was much offended at finding an intruder and wanted to know how he came there. Barney explained that he belonged to a privateer in Causen Bay, that he was walking to Plymouth and had hurt his leg, which pained him very much. He was taking the shortest cut to town. War meant nothing to the ancient one. All he knew was that it was a trespass to enter my Lord

Edgcumbe's garden. Wagging a finger, he said severely:

"That 's all very well, young man, but don't you know there 's a fine of half a guinea for crossing a hedge?"

A matter as important as this had escaped the wanderer's attention. He apologized, cracked a joke or two, and so mollified the old man that he led the way to a gate that opened from the garden to the river-bank. This was a great piece of good fortune. It avoided crossing in the public ferry and entering Plymouth close to the Old Mill Prison. Barney walked along the river-bank for some distance and waited until sunset. Then he hailed a man in a wherry who was carrying two sheep to a butcher. This person consented to put him over the river for sixpence and land him in a secluded spot. Soon after dark, Joshua Barney walked into the house of the venerable clergyman of Plymouth who had bade him God-speed on the uncertain road to France.

CHAPTER VI

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MYSTERIOUS LADY

THE very next day after Joshua Barney turned up, like a bad penny, who should appear but Colonel William Richardson and Dr. Hindman of Maryland with their servant Jem. Here they all were, beneath the benevolent clergyman's roof, precisely where they had started! Misfortune was flavored with comedy. It did not escape their sense of humor. Admiral Digby had informed the privateer commander that his prisoner was most likely a rascally American. Their tricks were infernally clever. Back to his ship in Causen Bay the skipper had hastened, proud of his own astuteness and certain of a reward in jingling gold coin.

The bird had flown. Disgustedly the mariner kicked the Maryland passengers ashore and confiscated the smack. He had no orders to deliver them in Plymouth, and he was thoroughly tired of the whole business. And so they had footed it along the highway in the wake of Joshua Barney. The reunited adventurers were talking things over at the

clergyman's supper-table when the town crier passed just outside the windows. He was swinging his bell and bawling, "Five guineas reward for the apprehension of Joshua Barney, a rebel deserter from Mill Prison." All loyal subjects were urged to aid in his discovery and arrest. He was a dangerous person to be at large. His appearance was described in accurate detail, including the British uniform in which he had walked through the prison gate.

Barney was highly entertained. He mimicked the bellman's sing-song voice and Devon twang and expressed his thanks for the reminder that he had better change his clothes and assume some other disguise. He was already scheming to have another fling at running away from Plymouth. His Maryland friends declined to join him. Once was enough. Their habits were more sedate. Those who followed Barney had to love excitement for its own sake and to shake dice with destiny. His was the fire and versatility of youth.

They smiled dubiously when he announced his intention of touring England as a young gentleman of fashion instead of sneaking on the run and hiding like a confounded pick-purse. He was far safer in London than in Plymouth, and it would be easier to find a passage to the Continent. One of the

clergyman's sons was very near the same height and build. A good tailor took his measure for a handsome suit of clothes. A haberdasher supplied ruffled shirts and silk stockings. The hat of a dandy and a powdered wig were finishing touches. You could trust young Barney to wear them as to the manner born. The usages of polite society were familiar to him at home.

A post-chaise was ordered. In gay spirits he bade his friends one more farewell and rattled away. A sentry halted him at a gate of the town. A lantern was flashed under the hood of the chaise. The soldier was mumbling something about an escaped rebel officer. The orders were to keep a sharp watch. The dapper young gentleman demanded to know what the deuce the fellow meant by such insolence. By jove, he ought to have the sergeant's cane laid across his back. The postilion cracked his whip, and the good horses were off at a gallop.

All night Barney rolled along through the pleasant English country-side in the merry month of May. The present writer can fancy him as in a mood to make the most of it. Forty-five miles from Plymouth the post-chaise stopped at Exeter. There was time for a hasty breakfast at an inn. A stage-coach was about to leave for Bristol. This suited Barney's plans. He was pleased to discover

in the coach a "young female of modest and interesting appearance," as he called her. He gallantly made her acquaintance and confided enough to enlist her sympathy. After this it was easy enough to pose as her brother all the way to Bristol, which helped to baffle pursuit or awkward inquiries. Let us hope he did not leave her heart aflutter.

In Bristol he found the Englishman to whom his Maryland friends had given him a letter of credit. More than this, he was introduced to a Mr. Clifford, who had credentials as an agent of the American Government. The reception was delightfully cordial. As a guest Lieutenant Barney tarried several days to rest and enjoy the comforts of life. Even his buoyant vigor had been impaired by months in prison and one escapade after another. He was advised to go on to London as the next stage of his flight. A friend would be found in the person of an official of his Majesty's Customs who was an American by birth. Mr. Clifford made a wax impression of his own seal, which Barney was to show as a token. It would be enough to identify him as one who was entitled to secret protection and assistance.

On the top of a mail-coach the debonair refugee rode into London and left dull care behind him. He might be a rebel with a price on his head, but

the odds were against any one's finding it out. He presented himself to the official of his Majesty's Customs and showed him the wax seal as a secret passport. This amiable man, who thought it no treason to succor a patriot from across the water, placed himself at Lieutenant Barney's service. Comfortable lodgings were obtained near his own house. They saw the sights of London together, from attending a service at Westminster to boating on the Thames. They watched King George drive to St. Paul's in his gilded coach of state and heard the loyal multitude cheer their gross dullard of a monarch whose policies had cost them an American empire.

At this time Henry Laurens was a prisoner in the Tower. He had been president of the Continental Congress and in 1780 had been sent abroad to arrange a loan of ten million dollars in Holland, and to negotiate a treaty. Off the banks of Newfoundland he was captured by the British frigate *Vestal* and sent to London. Imprisonment seriously affected his health, and the refusal to parole him aroused great indignation in the United States.

Lieutenant Barney conceived the rash notion of gaining admission to Mr. Laurens to pay his respects and perhaps plot an escape for him. The thought did the young man's heart more credit

than his head. He was never noted for a bump of caution. His English benefactor made it clear that many famous personages had found it far easier to get into the Tower than to get out again. And as for attempting to call on Mr. Henry Laurens, it required vouchers and credentials which Lieutenant Joshua Barney was in no position to furnish.

He did venture to call at the house of Lady Grant, who was related to him by marriage. She seemed quite pleased with him until he informed her that he had run away from the Old Mill Prison. This shocked the lady, whose husband was a member of the Tory ministry. She gave the engaging scapegrace a purse of gold and implored him to leave London at once. He kissed her hand, told her how charming she was, and observed that London had begun to bore him.

The likeliest route of departure seemed to be by the mail-packet to Ostend, without disguise or concealment. Accordingly he rode by stage to Margate and there embarked. It was a small sailing-vessel and a rough crossing. Barney preferred the open deck to the stuffy, crowded cabin. His eye was attracted by a very handsome private coach lashed between the deck-houses. Four perfectly matched horses were secured in stalls made of timbers knocked together. Three servants in livery

looked after the equipage. None of the passengers visible was of the sort to travel in such dignified luxury as this. For the most part they were commonplace shopkeepers and artisans. Barney thought it beneath him to question the liveried servants. He decided to look about in the cabin. He owned the lively sense of curiosity that makes life zestful.

The packet was rolling and pitching like a cork. A modern channel crossing has its distresses in a swift, luxurious steamer. It was a hundredfold worse in the eighteenth century. Whether it took hours or days depended on the fickle wind. Accustomed as he was to tragic scenes at sea, Joshua Barney almost wilted as he shoved his way into this suffocating little cabin. Never had he beheld so many people so wretchedly ill at once. Lying prone upon a cushioned locker at the after end of the cabin was a woman whose pallor was so deathly that she appeared to have swooned. She was unattended. The other sufferers were absorbed in their own woes.

A lurch of the vessel threw her to the floor. None of the stricken Britons paid her plight the slightest heed. Barney thrust them aside and went to her aid. Even in these circumstances, so excessively unromantic, he perceived that she was not one of

this common herd. She had beauty and elegance. Feebly she thanked him in French, explaining that she had ventured out of her state-room to find a steward, but her strength had failed her and she had collapsed upon the locker. It was no time for ceremony. Barney picked her up in his arms and carried her into her room. Then he routed out a pantryman and made him mull a cup of wine. This was a remedy favored among seafaring men, well spiced and drunk hot. The pallid lady murmured her thanks and closed her eyes. She was too weak to smile.

After a boisterous night, the packet was tied up at the Ostend pier. The attentive Barney waited to inquire after the fair passenger's health. Although still quite languid, it did not escape her that here was a fine figure of a young man. She leaned on his arm as they climbed to the deck. The liveried servants were engaged in getting the carriage and horses ashore. There was also a great deal of luggage. The lady scolded them for leaving her to a dreadful fate in the cabin. She spoke to them in voluble Italian. Barney was about to make his bow when she graciously invited him to ride with her to the hotel. She was under a thousand obligations. And would he give her the pleasure of his company at dinner?

He was delighted to accept. It was a piquant adventure. Think not harshly of him, with that pretty young bride at home and mourning his long absence. He told her all about it, and was forgiven. He was young, and life was a heady draft. Nothing wrong in his dalliance with this mysterious, fascinating lady in the coach with the crest on the door; but open to misconstruction! At dinner she learned that he was an American sailor. She called him "Monsieur le Capitaine." Concerning herself, she was provokingly evasive. She had been residing in London and was now on her way to Turin. The route was undecided. At Brussels it had been arranged for her to meet a certain person who would have instructions for her.

If Monsieur le Capitaine intended journeying in that direction, why not accept a seat in her private carriage? He was a charming companion, said she, and a valiant protector. The American sailor paid her his compliments in the same coin. He was en route to Amsterdam. Nothing could gratify him more than to accompany her as far as Brussels. And so they set out in the ornate coach and four and made the first stop at Bruges. Here the aristocratic lady was waited upon by an elderly gentleman in the blazing uniform of an Austrian major-general. He greeted madame with profound defer-

ence. For an hour they conversed vivaciously in Italian. At the end of the interview, the obsequious general placed in her hands a sealed packet. He escorted her to her carriage, almost ignoring Monsieur le Capitaine, the American.

The journey to Brussels was resumed. There the lady waited two days. Barney needed no coaxing to delay his own errand to Amsterdam. He was eager to find a clue to the mystery. At length he was asked to accompany her on foot to a certain quarter of the city. They came to a pretentious house with a gold-laced porter at the door. He glanced at a slip of paper handed him and ushered them in. They were stared at in the reception-room by whiskered German officers and sleek Italians who looked like diplomats or gentlemen in waiting. Presently they stiffened themselves as a door opened. The personage who entered was the Emperor Joseph of Austria, who had succeeded Maria Theresa to the throne in the preceding year!

He spoke to the lady in terms of affection and respect. The astonished Barney stood with open mouth. He recovered his poise when he was presented to his Majesty as an American naval officer whose distinguished kindness and courtesy had made a rough road smooth. The emperor expressed his own gratitude to the young man. Then the

monarch of Austria took the lady by the hand and led her into an adjoining room. There they remained closeted for some fifteen or twenty minutes. Then she rejoined Monsieur le Capitaine, and they walked back to the hotel.

She cautioned him that Emperor Joseph was traveling incognito and that she had undertaken to promise for him, Monsieur Barney, that he would keep his knowledge secret. The whole affair was to be dismissed from his memory. With an air of regret she went on to say that it was necessary for her to leave for Italy at once. He had been a most congenial companion and escort. Alas, it had to be adieu! Thus they parted in Brussels, nor did he ever hear of the intriguing lady again. He had been drawn into the orbit of some intimate movement of statecraft and then whirled out again. It was a highly romantic episode, most extraordinary!

He went on to Amsterdam with no more adventures and there introduced himself to none other than John Adams, who was in the midst of successful negotiations for a loan and for the recognition of the United States by Holland as an independent government. He had the powers of a minister plenipotentiary, and had been sent abroad in 1779 in the hope of arranging a treaty of peace and commerce with Great Britain. His efforts failing, Ben-

jamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens had been appointed to coöperate with him.

The name of Lieutenant Joshua Barney was not unknown to him. He seemed greatly interested in the story of the young man's various mishaps by land and sea and was ready to help him. At anchor in the Texel was a fine frigate called the *South Carolina,* in command of Commodore Gillon. In a few weeks she was expected to sail on a cruise across the Atlantic. This would be Lieutenant Barney's best opportunity of reaching home.

This was the frigate, better known to history as the *Indien,* which had been built at Amsterdam under the direction of the American commissioner, Silas Deane. The French Government had supplied the funds and the shipwrights. The *Indien* had been repeatedly promised to Paul Jones, and the story is one of heartbroken disappointment and of sordid jealousies and suspicions that thwarted him at every turn. Month after month he waited in France, begging for a good ship, hoping to be given the *Indien,* until he wrote in passionate protest:

> You know that I have remained in Europe on the faith of commanding that ship, and have lost so much time that I cannot regain!—I have almost half killed myself with grief.

His superb intelligence and intuitive mastery of sea fighting were wasted in idleness while Arthur Lee, the vindictive, mischief-making member of the American commission, did all he could to prejudice the French Government against him. He declared that Paul Jones was a rascal in league with that other rascal, Benjamin Franklin, and predicted that if Jones were allowed to make another cruise he would go over to the enemy. Hopeless of obtaining the fast and splendidly equipped *Indien,* Paul Jones at last found an old East-Indiaman, the *Duras,* at Lorient, and persuaded the American commercial agent at that port to purchase her for him. He armed her with guns discarded by the French and scraped together a mixed crew of American seamen, French peasants, and British prisoners. Her name was changed to the *Bonhomme Richard!* There is nothing more to say!

Meanwhile the stately new frigate *Indien* was awaiting orders at Amsterdam. After many delays she was made ready for sea with ordnance as powerful as had ever been mounted in a ship of her class. The command was given to a certain Commodore Gillon, an obscure and disreputable American, and the frigate was renamed the *South Carolina.* Gillon had spent considerable time in Paris plotting with Arthur Lee and a French official or

two to ruin Paul Jones's reputation and remove him from the service. He was a thoroughly bad egg, with some sort of credentials from the state government of South Carolina. To add to his discredit, he was hand in glove with the crack-brained Captain Pierre Landais who commanded the *Alliance* in Paul Jones's battle with the *Serapis* and was guilty of firing into the *Bonhomme Richard.*

This Commodore Gillon cruised in English waters with the *Indien,* or *South Carolina* as she was now called, but fought no actions worth mention. He left unpaid bills in every port, as one of his unpleasant habits. The frigate was not in the American service. The French Government had lent her for three years to the Chevalier de Luxemburg. This thrifty nobleman rented her to Commodore Gillon, and they were to divide the profits from the prizes captured.

This was the ship in which Lieutenant Joshua Barney expected to return to his native land. He fell in love, at first sight, with the frigate's strength and beauty. He would have given years of his life, as he said, to command her with a roving commission against the enemy. His opinion of Commodore Gillon was much less enthusiastic. Several other Americans were given passage from Amsterdam. Among them was John Trumbull, distinguished as

a painter. His diary described this mismanaged voyage as follows:

The want of funds or credit, and the dread of those who had advanced money on the *South Carolina's* outfit occasioned Commodore Gillon—after she had been permitted to drop down to the Texel—to run her out of the Roads, and to anchor outside, beyond the jurisdiction of the port, at a distance of more than a league from land. Here several of us passengers went on board, and on the 12th of August, 1781, soon after sunrise, the wind began to blow from the northwest, directly on shore, with every appearance of a heavy gale.

The proper thing to have done was to have run back into the Texel Roads, but that we dared not do lest the ship should be seized for her debts. We dared not run for the English Channel lest we should fall in with British cruisers of superior force. The gale soon increased to such a degree that it would have been madness to remain at anchor on such a lee shore. The only thing which could be done, therefore, was to lay the ship's head to the northeast and carry sail.

A fog soon came on, so thick that we could hardly see from stem to stern; the gale increased to a very hurricane and soon brought us to close-reefed topsails. The coast of Holland was under our lee, and we knew that we were running upon the very edge of the sands which extended so far from the shore that if the ship should touch she must go to pieces before we could even see the land, and all hands must perish.

We passed the morning in the deepest anxiety ; in the

afternoon we discovered that we had started several of the bolts of the weather main chain-plates. This forced us to take in our close-reefed top-sails, as the masts would no longer bear the strain of any sail aloft; we were obliged to rely upon a reefed foresail. By this time we knew that we must not be far from Heligoland, at the mouth of the Elbe, where the coast begins to trend northward, which increased our danger.

At ten o'clock at night a squall struck us, heavier than the gale, and threw our only sail aback. The ship became unmanageable, the officers lost their self-possession and the crew all confidence in them. For a few minutes all was confusion and dismay. Happily for us, Captain Joshua Barney was among the passengers—he had recently escaped from Mill Prison in England. Hearing the increased tumult aloft, and feeling the ungoverned motion of the ship, he flew upon deck, saw the danger, assumed command, the men obeyed, and he soon had her again under control.

It was found that with the squall the wind had shifted several points, so that on the other tack we could lay a safe course to the westward and thus relieve our mainmast. That our danger was imminent, no one will doubt when informed that on the following morning the shore of the Texel Island was covered with the wreckage of ships which were afterward ascertained to have been Swedish. Among them was a war ship of seventy-four guns, convoying twelve merchantmen—all were wrecked and every soul on board perished. The figurehead of the ship of war, a yellow lion, the same as ours, was found upon the shore,

and gave sad cause to our friends for believing, for some time, that the *South Carolina* had perished.

Joshua Barney made no reference to this episode in his own journal nor is it mentioned in the memoir. Probably he thought it an unimportant detail. It was all in a seaman's day's work. Nevertheless, there is something conspicuously fine in the concise phrases of John Trumbull, *"he flew upon deck, saw the danger, assumed command, the men obeyed, and he soon had her again under control."* In a black night and a howling gale, with a frigate laboring to fight clear of the deadly Dutch sands, this American naval officer, not long out of his teens thrust aside the craven, incompetent commander and dominated the decks. He knew precisely what to do, and was master of the situation.

The passengers were disgusted with Commodore Gillon. He made it worse by informing them that he had changed his mind about proceeding directly to America. The frigate would cruise to the northward, beyond the Orkneys, and so into the Atlantic. For several weeks she puttered about in quest of prizes and captured only one, a privateer brig, off the Irish coast. Then she wandered into the Bay of Biscay and made a call at Corunna for provisions. John Trumbull goes on to tell us:

There we found the *Cicero*, Captain Hill, an able letter of marque ship of twenty guns and one hundred and twenty men, belonging to the house of Cabot in Beverly, Massachusetts. She was to sail immediately for Bilbao, there to take a cargo on board which was lying ready for her, and to sail to America. Several of us—among whom were Major Jackson, who had been secretary to Mr. Laurens in his late mission to France, Captain Barney, Mr. Bromfield, and Charles Adams—tired of the management of the *South Carolina*, endeavored to get a passage to Bilbao on this ship, and were permitted to go on board the *Cicero's* prize, a fine British Lisbon packet.

The usual time required to run from Coruna to Bilbao was two or three days. We were again unfortunate; the wind being east, dead ahead, we were twenty-one days in making the passage. . . . At the end of eighteen days we fell in with a little fleet of Spanish coasters and fishermen, running to the westward before the wind, who told us that when off the bar of Bilbao they had seen a ship and two brigs which they believed to be British cruisers, and cautioned us to keep a good lookout.

Captain Hill immediately hailed his prize, a ship of sixteen guns, and a brig of sixteen guns which was also in company, and directed them to keep close to him and prepare to meet the enemy. At sunset we saw what appeared to be the force described, and about midnight found we were within hail. The Cicero ran close alongside of the ship and hailed her in English—no answer. In French —no answer. The men who were at the guns, impatient of delay, did not wait for orders but poured in her a broadside. The hostile squadron, as we supposed them,

separated and made sail in different directions, when a boat from the large ship came alongside and her captain, a Spaniard, informed us that they were Spanish vessels from St. Sebastian bound for the West Indies; that his ship was very much cut up in her rigging but happily no lives lost. He has mistaken us for British vessels and was delighted to find his mistake. We apologized for ours, offered assistance, etc., and we parted most amiably.

Soon after we entered the river of Bilbao and ran up to Porto Galette. The disabled Spanish ship, with her comrades, put into Coruna, where it was found that one of our nine pound shot had wounded the mainmast so severely that it was necessary to put in a new one. This was the work of a day and her consorts were detained until the flagship was ready. Meanwhile we had almost completed taking in our cargo at Bilbao, when a messenger from Madrid arrived with orders from the Spanish governmend to unhang the rudders of all American ships in port until the bills for repairs of the wounded ships, demurrage of her consorts, etc. were paid.

When the *Cicero* had cleared herself of this entanglement, she sailed on the long winter voyage to Beverly. "In this port," Trumbull notes, "we found eleven other ships, all larger and finer than the *Cicero*—all belonging to the same owners, the brothers Cabot. Yet such are the vicissitudes of war and the elements that before the close of the year they were all lost by capture or wreck, and the

house of Cabot had not a single ship afloat upon the ocean."

These shipping merchants, who were heavily interested in privateering, urged Lieutenant Barney to enter their employ as commander of an armed ship of twenty guns. The terms were generous, and he would have the utmost liberty of action. He was flattered but declined the tempting offer. There would be no going to sea again until he had clasped in his arms the girl-wife from whom he had been so long parted. Alas, he was snow-bound in Boston. There he had to stay several weeks until the blockaded roads were opened by a February thaw. He hired a sleigh and pair of horses and made a bleak, tedious journey of it as far as Princeton, New Jersey. There the ground was bare, and he deserted the sleigh for a carriage, which toiled through the mud to Philadelphia.

He arrived on March 21, 1782, after an absence of eighteen months. And for the first time he saw his infant son, lusty and handsome, who had been christened William Bedford Barney. A brief interval of rest in the joyous haven of home and he was called to active service. He was unaware that the great hour of his career as a sailor was at hand.

The river and bay of the Delaware were infested by Tory picaroons who used barges and small sail-

ing-craft to plunder merchant shipping and raid the farms and hamlets. They had become an intolerable annoyance. The Federal Government could spare neither ships nor men to exterminate this horde of amphibious ruffians. So serious was the interference with the commerce of the Delaware that the State of Pennsylvania undertook to raise a naval force of its own. The merchants and traders of the city petitioned the General Assembly to this effect, praying for the adoption of measures to protect their property.

In pursuance thereof a law was passed on April 9, 1782, appointing Francis Gurney, John Patton, and William Allibone as commissioners to purchase, man, and equip suitable vessels for the purpose, which armament, in whole or in part, was to be kept in service as long as they might think necessary, or until otherwise directed by the General Assembly. The funds to provide for this armament were: first, the moneys arising from the tonnage of vessels; second, the moneys arising from the impost on foreign goods. Twenty-five thousand pounds were appropriated for the armament, and the commissioners were authorized to borrow to that amount on the faith of the state funds and commercial revenue, and to draw from the collector from time to time the

moneys arising from the duties pledged and to apply them to the repayment of the sum borrowed.

Assured of the passage of the law, the worried merchants of Philadelphia anticipated it by raising cash enough, in personal loans from the Bank of North America, to buy and equip one ship. This was late in March. The most available vessel in port was a merchantman called the *Hyder Ally*. It had pleased the fancy of her owners to give her the name of the formidable Mohammedan ruler and soldier whose prowess had threatened to destroy English power in India. The ship had been loading with flour at a Philadelphia wharf and was ready to go to sea. She was purchased at once.

Joshua Barney was asked to take the command with the rank of captain in the service of the State of Pennsylvania. It was an employment which promised no particular distinction. Running down harbor pirates or the small privateers that flitted around from New York, or dodging the British frigates that cruised outside the capes seemed rather inglorious drudgery such as a naval officer is bound to encounter in the line of duty.

In Barney's code of action every task was worth doing up to the hilt. He took hold of this plodding *Hyder Ally* merchantman and whisked the cargo

out of her. Gun-ports had to be cut in her sides, deck-beams reinforced, quarters provided for a much larger crew, rigging renewed, canvas bent. A hasty job, but he intended to make a sloop-of-war of her, handy and fit in every respect. His battery consisted of sixteen six-pounders, which he realized would be effective only at pretty close range. He drove the work with a diligence and ardor almost incredible.

Thirteen days after he took command of the ship he announced that he was ready to hoist his flag and patrol the waters of the Delaware. He had picked his own officers and recruited a crew of one hundred and ten men such as could be raked together at short notice. They toiled all day and drilled at the guns by the flickering light of battle-lanterns. Even at the wharf Captain Barney managed to indoctrinate them with the spirit and gospel of team-play. There was no time to shake down the crew by means of a practice cruise, nor did he know how the ship would behave.

When, on April 8, the *Hyder Ally* floated out into the stream, her commander had been home from his long exile in Europe only eighteen days. He was not twenty-three years old, and yet more than half his life had been spent as a seafarer. He

had come unhurt through seven years of war, in many crises afloat and ashore. All this experience had been added to a natural aptitude for his calling. It remained to be seen whether, given the opportunity, the spark of genius was in his soul.

CHAPTER VII

HOW A GREAT SEA-FIGHT WAS WON

A FLEET of eight merchant vessels was waiting to be convoyed as far down as the capes. Captain Barney's instructions were to go no farther with them. They would have to run their chances on the open sea. Sailing early in the morning, they had a fair wind all day and hoped to make an offing that night. But the wind hauled ahead while they were still inside Cape May; so an anchorage was found in the roadstead. Captain Barney in the *Hyder Ally* felt a little anxious. It was an awkward place for his convoy to have to linger. The larger British cruisers were usually hanging about the capes.

On the following morning the huddle of anchored merchant vessels was discovered by H.M. frigate *Quebec,* Captain Mason. At a distance he could see that only one small ship escorted them. The channels were shoal and treacherous for a frigate's deep draft, besides which the affair seemed rather beneath her dignity. In her company was a more suitable craft which also flew the ensign of the

Royal Navy. This was the *General Monk,* Captain Rogers, of twenty guns and one hundred and thirty-six men. While the signal flags were fluttering between them, to arrange the plan of attack, three British privateers were sighted, bound to the capes from New York.

This made it seem easily practicable to capture the American merchant fleet like a flock of sheep. The frigate asked the privateers to coöperate. Two of them refused to follow the signals, preferring to operate independently and chase the prizes on their own account. The third, a fourteen-gun ship named the *Fair American,* was willing to take orders from Captain Mason of the *Quebec* frigate. The force seemed amply sufficient for the purpose. The frigate purposed to sail well into the bay and head off escape in the direction of Philadelphia. The *General Monk* and the *Fair American* would engage and whip the American escort ship and any of the merchantmen that dared show their teeth. The two independent-minded privateers could stand on and off to snap up the fugitives as they scattered. In this manner it looked possible to scupper the lot of them.

The reader will infer that Captain Barney in the *Hyder Ally* appeared to have his hands full. Only one of his convoy carried guns worth mentioning.

Her skipper spoke valiant words, but suddenly changed his mind and ran his ship ashore on Cape May. When last seen he was scampering to dry land over the bowsprit, with his crew one jump behind him. It is unfair to call them cowards. They merely listened to the dictates of reason.

In these same waters Joshua Barney, as a stripling, had been left in command of the stranded frigate *Virginia* when his captain had pulled down the flag and jumped into a boat. He must have recalled the episode as he stood on the quarter-deck of the *Hyder Ally* and told the boatswain's mate to pipe all hands to quarters and the drummer boy to beat the long roll. This was to be a very different story.

His duty was to protect the merchant vessels which had been intrusted to his keeping. He ordered them to make sail up the bay and to hamper the enemy's frigate by steering close inshore. They had a chance of eluding her. He would keep in rear of them and engage the attention of the other hostile ships. This declaration put heart into them. Instead of panic flight, hither and yon, they filed away as an orderly squadron. Captain Barney was of the opinion that they would not be seriously attacked until the *Hyder Ally* had been disposed of. This the British force expected to do in short order.

It was known that Barney had an untried ship and a green crew. He was not even flying the colors of the regular navy. The fact was that the *Hyder Ally,* on her first cruise, had been away from her wharf no more than twenty-four hours.

The *Fair American* privateer, a brig, began the action by coming down under full sail and firing a broadside as she passed. It did the *Hyder Ally* no great damage. Barney ignored it. His battery was mute, the gunners set like sprinters on the mark. The tactics of the privateer would be to hit and run. There were too many hard knocks and too little booty in coming to grips with the *Hyder Ally.* The tough work could be left to the king's ship. The *Fair American* tacked off to chase two of the American merchantmen, and ran aground for her pains.

Young Captain Barney was intently watching his real adversary, the *General Monk,* which had the better of him by at least twenty per cent in men and fifty per cent in guns. His expert vision told him that she was smartly handled by a seasoned crew. The captain of the frigate, senior officer of the British force, had sent the *General Monk* in to make a finish fight of it, confident that she was adequate.

There was every reason for this belief. More

guns and men were not the only factor of superiority. The history of the ship and of her commander, Captain Rogers, is important for purposes of comparison. She had been built in an American shipyard and christened the *General Washington* as a privateer under the Stars and Stripes. As one of the largest and fastest of the private armed ships of the Revolution, her career had been brilliant. In several actions her valor had been notable.

The British seamen who had fought against her on several occasions considered the *General Washington* as able as any ship of her own class in the Royal Navy. In 1780 she had been compelled to strike to the squadron of Admiral Arbuthnot. She had been promptly refitted and renamed the *General Monk* and added to the active list of British cruisers.

Captain Rogers had been sixteen years in the service, beginning as a midshipman. On the American station he had been in various ships since 1776. Promotion had been earned by solid merit. He had been mentioned for gallantry against the American forces in the Delaware during General Howe's occupation of Philadelphia and in the siege of Charleston, South Carolina. As a reward Admiral Arbuthnot had given him the command of the *General Monk*. By now he had been in this ship for two

years. During this time he had captured as many as sixty American vessels of one kind or another.

In August, 1781, he had assisted in taking the American frigate *Trumbull,* Captain James Nicholson. This was the Captain Nicholson who had scuttled ashore from the *Virginia,* leaving Lieutenant Barney to hand her over to the enemy. Captain Rogers, then, was an officer of matured experience and proved abilities. He knew his ship and his crew.

To Captain Joshua Barney, on the contrary, his *Hyder Ally* was an unknown quantity yet to be tried out in the ordeal of smoke and flame and thunder. These preliminary facts are stated with some care because of their significance in the annals of American achievement on blue water.

Captain Rogers had in mind a simple plan of battle. Instead of jockeying for position, he would lay his ship alongside the *Hyder Ally* and carry her by boarding. This would dispose of the affair in a few minutes and avoid the risk of having his ship disabled by a prolonged cannonade. He could then put a prize-crew on board and hasten to help round up the fleeing American merchant vessels.

Accordingly the *General Monk* came sweeping down while Barney waited for her. He comprehended that the enemy desired to decide the issue

at close quarters. This was trying to the nerves of a ship's company which had never fought together. With his wonderful gift of steadying men, Captain Barney held them in hand. His decks were quiet. The men regarded him with a certain wistful eagerness and apprehension, but they stood tense at their stations and talked in whispers.

The two ships loomed side by side, no more than a few yards apart. The *Hyder Ally* trembled to the shock of her own broadside. Then Captain Barney jumped to the helmsmen and told them to execute the next command contrary-wise. Whichever way he shouted to turn the ship, they were to swing her in the opposite direction. For all the present writer knows, it may have been an old ruse. At any rate, it was new to Captain Rogers of the *General Monk.*

Presently Barney's strong voice rang out:

"Hard aport your helm! Do you want him to run aboard of us?"

Solemnly the Yankee helmsmen repeated the order aloud and threw her hard over to *starboard.* The captain of the British ship, close enough to hear the order given, was handsomely deceived. "Hard aport!" he instantly told his quartermasters in order to turn with the *Hyder Ally* and so come close enough to make fast to her, broadside on. To

his great amazement, the soaring bowsprit of the *Hyder Ally* surged toward his ship instead of swerving away. It was too late to meet the manœuver. The *General Monk,* forging ahead, came into unlucky collision. Her own jib-boom harpooned the other vessel's fore-rigging. This placed the British cruiser in a position of terrible disadvantage. She was unable to wrench herself free. Her decks were exposed to a storm of grape, canister, and round shot, while in reply she could bring no more than a few guns to bear effectively. It was such quick-witted feats of seamanship that won naval actions in the days of yards and canvas.

Captain Barney's six-pound guns had all the better of the enemy's heavier battery in the position in which the two ships lay. The rapidity of his fire was extraordinary. His gun-crews claimed to have delivered twenty broadsides in twenty-six minutes. They slued several guns around by means of the breech-tackles and swept the *General Monk* from the starboard bow to the port quarter. The Englishmen made a desperate attempt to board the *Hyder Ally,* but were beaten back. The musketry fire was heavy on both sides. Captain Barney had sent his best marksmen aloft. Among them were several backwoodsmen from Bucks County, enlisted in the Marine Corps, who had never been in

a ship before. They had brought their own long rifles and bragged that they could hit a squirrel in the eye. One of them yelled down:

"Hi, Cap 'n, see that fellow in the white hat? Watch him hop!"

The captain watched. The luckless foeman leaped in the air and collapsed on deck.

"That 's the third fellow I 've made hop, cap 'n," the rifleman called down.

Another raw recruit, who was handling one of the ship's muskets, strolled aft to inquire of Captain Barney.

"Say, who made this gun I 'm using?"

He was roughly rebuked and told to return to his station. Unabashed, he repeated the question, with the drawling explanation:

"Wal-l, this 'ere bit of iron is jest about the best smooth-bore I ever fired in my life."

These sharp-shooters were in charge of Lieutenant Scull of the Marine Corps, and they had much to do with demoralizing the crew of the *General Monk*. A brother-in-law of Captain Barney, Joseph Bedford, was stationed with a squad in the main-top and was wounded in the groin by a musket-ball. He stayed at his post until the fight was over and then climbed down to the deck, where he fainted from loss of blood.

Barney himself had taken the most exposed position possible. Not content with directing his ship from the quarter-deck, he stood upon the binnacle. And there he stayed. It was not a mere gesture of reckless bravado. His men were delighted to see him there, and he could overlook every detail of the bloody battle.

He jumped down once, when a round shot struck the binnacle and jarred him from his perch. As he alighted on deck he saw one of his officers pick up the cook's ax and start after a skulker with the zealous intention of cleaving his skull. The officer supposed the commander had been hurt and dropped the ax to help him. This gave the coward a chance for his life. He galloped to join the nearest gun-crew and labored manfully thereafter.

Alas, Captain Barney's new uniform was made unfit for a gentleman to wear. A musket-ball passed through his hat. Another grazed his scalp, and a third ripped off the tail of his handsome blue coat. This vexed him. He was heard to swear a string of deep-sea oaths. From his elevated stand upon the binnacle he observed that Captain Rogers was endeavoring to extricate his ship from her deadly entanglement. Instantly an American lieutenant and a dozen seamen were swarming over the bowsprit of the *General Monk*. Before they

could be forestalled, they had whipped out their sheath-knives or swung their axes. They hacked the fore-shrouds through and cut the running rigging so that the sails could not be handled. Win or lose, the British ship had to fight it out as she was, hooked fast to the *Hyder Ally*.

The British fire slackened after twenty minutes. Barney knew he had her beaten. It would have been a waste of good men to hurl a party aboard with the pikes and cutlasses. With cannon-fire and musketry the *General Monk* had been turned into a butcher's pen. Twenty-six minutes after the first broadside, a British midshipman ran to the rail and hauled down the colors. He was the only officer that had not been killed or wounded. With a smashed foot, Captain Rogers was unable to stand. He had lost his first lieutenant, purser, surgeon, boatswain, and chief gunner. He had gone into action with a crew of one hundred and thirty-six men. Of these twenty had been killed and thirty-three wounded.

It was found that almost every man hit by musketry or rifle-fire had been shot in the head or chest. So much for the accuracy of those lank backwoodsmen from Bucks County!

Captain Barney sent his first lieutenant aboard to take possession. The destruction was horrifying;

splintered boats, deck-houses, gun-carriages; the planks all red and slippery, and groaning men everywhere. Captain Rogers, his injured foot swathed in a shirt, was in a sullen temper. He ordered a servant to fetch from the cabin a costly silver-mounted fowling-piece which he prized highly. This he tossed overboard, ripping out:

"No damned rebel shall ever own that!"

It was a foolish bit of spite, for Joshua Barney would not have dreamed of touching the man's personal property. There was no time to coddle the feelings of the unhappy Captain Rogers. Captain Barney called for a report from his own surgeon. It was astonishing to learn that no more than four of the *Hyder Ally's* company had been killed and eleven wounded. She had almost a hundred men ready to turn to. Thirty of them were sent over to the *General Monk,* along with the surgeon. The American ship had been punished so lightly that she was fit to get under way at once. It was advisable to do so. The frigate *Quebec* was approaching as rapidly as the light wind would permit. His wits still whetted to a keen edge, Barney ran up a British flag on his own ship. From a distance it might be concluded that the General Monk had captured the *Hyder Ally,* as had been so confidently anticipated. The trick hoodwinked Captain Mason of

Capture of the General Monk.

the frigate. Through a glass he could discern the English ensign flying. That the *General Monk* could have been overwhelmed in twenty-six minutes of conflict never entered his head. It had happened much too swiftly for him to have lent any assistance.

The prize-crew was hastily knotting and reeving sheets and braces and making an emergency job of the shrouds they had hacked through. They intended taking the *General Monk* to Philadelphia. Nothing was impossible. And now Captain Barney discovered the private signal-book in Captain Roger's cabin. This was simply immense. He would try to hoax the frigate into letting him alone. Aloft went the bright signal-flags of the British naval code. They told the frigate that all was well, the enemy was captured, and the *General Monk* was able to proceed without assistance. Captain Mason signaled back his congratulations and ordered Captain Rogers, as he supposed, to sail farther up the bay with his prize and anchor for necessary repairs.

In this fashion Captain Barney was able to edge safely past the frigate, the *General Monk* in company with him. Instead of anchoring they made every exertion to increase the distance between them and the formidable *Quebec* frigate. No attempt was made to pursue them. By the time suspicion was awakened they were too far away to

make a stern chase worth while. To crown this great day, Captain Barney overtook six of the merchant vessels of his convoy. They had twisted among channels and inlets unfamiliar to the British privateers and had gained the upper reaches of the river where the enemy was reluctant to venture.

For a young man in his glorious situation, Joshua Barney did a very modest and becoming thing. A triumph awaited his ship at Philadelphia; saluting cannon, a cheering populace, a gala display of the Stars and Stripes. Instead of this, he left the *Hyder Ally* at Chester, twenty miles below the city, and went on in the *General Monk*. The business of his own ship was to take that merchant convoy to sea. This she could do more quickly from Chester. He would return to her as soon as he had turned the *General Monk* over to the commissioners for the State of Pennsylvania and arranged for the proper care of the wounded officers and men.

At Philadelphia he anchored his prize before the splendid tidings had spread through the city. Then he had Captain Rogers carried ashore in a hammock and driven in a carriage to comfortable lodgings in the house of a Quaker dame who was famous as a nurse. There the English captain remained, rather as a guest than a prisoner, until his injured

foot had healed. Having disposed of him, Captain Barney hurried to kiss his wife and baby and tarried only an hour.

Back to Chester he went. His crew had been fairly sober and industrious, a feat remarkable after such a victory. The *Hyder Ally* was ready to sail. Down the river she went to reconnoiter and see what chance the convoy had of slipping past the disgruntled frigate and the hungry privateers. He found it hopeless to make another attempt. The blockade had been considerably tightened and reinforced. The British navy was exasperated. However, he bagged a pest of a Tory schooner with the preposterous name of *Hook 'em Snivey* and so did not return empty-handed. Perhaps Snivey was the captain of this low-browed schooner and he had expected to hook 'em, but was hooked instead!

Captain Barney now sailed on to Philadelphia, where he received the ovation he deserved. Many years afterward, a talkative old gentleman used to sit in the sun on Dock Street with his hands clasped over the head of his cane and tell the neighbors:

"I was quite a lad when the action took place. Curiosity induced me, as well as many others, to go on board each vessel after they had come up

the river and were anchored near each other. The *Hyder Ally* was, as stated, a small ship of sixteen six pounders; the *General Monk,* a king's ship of large dimensions, of twenty nine-pounders. The difference in the size and equipment of the two ships was a matter of astonishment to all beholders. The *General Monk's* decks were besmeared with blood in every direction. Several of her bow ports were knocked into one; a plain evidence of the well-directed fire of the *Hyder Ally.* She was a king's ship, a very superior vessel, a fast sailer and coppered to the bends.

"I was present at a conversation which took place on the quarterdeck between Captain Barney and several merchants of Philadelphia. I remember one of them observing, 'Why, Captain Barney, you have been truly fortunate in capturing this vessel, considering she is so far superior to you in point of size, guns, men, and metal.'

" 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'I do consider myself fortunate. When we were about to engage, it was the opinion of myself, as well as of my crew, that she would have blown us to atoms, but we were determined that she should gain her victory dearly.'

"One of the wounded British sailors was heard to say, 'Captain Rogers told our crew a little before the action commenced, "Now, my boys, we

shall have the Yankee ship in five minutes." And so we all thought, but here we are!' "

The mizzen-sail of the *General Monk* was for a long time on exhibition in a Philadelphia sail-maker's loft. The small boys were never tired of counting the shot-holes in it. Three hundred and sixty-five of them! As they said, Captain Barney had put a hole through it for every day in the year.

In his later career Captain Rogers became sufficiently distinguished to warrant a biography, which was written by the Rev. William Gilpin, prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. The account of the disastrous fight with the *Hyder Ally* runs as follows:

One of the enemy's vessels, distinguished by a broad pennant, made signals to the rest. This ship Captain Rogers was determined to attack and if possible to board. For as his guns were only carronades he had no opinion of their strength and was afraid to trust them in a brisk action. But when he got up to the enemy who stood towards him, he found she was so full of men and so well provided with defenses against boarding that he was obliged to alter his plan and to trust to the event, however unwillingly, to a cannonade.

He soon, however, had a melancholy proof that his fears for his guns were too well founded. As soon as they were heated, they became quite unmanageable, and many of

them overset; by which several of the men were much bruised. The latter part of the action therefore was carried on in an unequal manner by musketry against cannon. The two ships had now continued thus engaged half an hour, close to each other, when Captain Rogers, seeing his deck covered with dead and wounded men, among whom were four officers, himself at the same time severely wounded in the foot, he endeavored if possible to get off. But his braces and his running rigging were so cut that he had no power over the ship.

Finding therefore that he was unable to make any further resistance, and seeing the frigate too far off to expect any succor from her, he was under the mortifying necessity of striking his colours. The misfortune of the day he attributed wholly to his carronades. After the action, he and his men were carried prisoners to Philadelphia where they were very humanely treated. But it was a moving scene to see the distresses of the men.

The desire of Captain Rogers to exculpate himself was natural enough. He had suffered one of the most humiliating reverses that befell the Royal Navy during the eight years of the war. It was sensational, like one of Paul Jones's master strokes in English waters. It had been fought and lost by Captain Rogers with every circumstance in his favor. Supported as he was by the frigate *Quebec* and the privateer *Fair American,* the display of force was enough to have intimidated Captain Bar-

ney's ship before a shot was fired. In preparing for battle, the *Hyder Ally* had been compelled to divide her attention between her merchant convoy and the enemy. Captain Rogers had been able to choose his own time and position. He was the over-confident challenger. His contention that his battery was inferior and unfit reads like a curious lapse of memory. The evidence of many eye-witnesses refutes this. He had cruised in this same ship for two years, during which she had found no trouble with her guns. They had been effective in many engagements. As for their upsetting in the combat with the *Hyder Ally,* such mishaps were common enough. The wooden carriages were secured by block and tackle against the recoil. If a gun kicked over, it could be set on its wheels and run out again.

Moreover, with two ships side by side, Captain Rogers could have ordered the idle guns, a whole broadside, dragged across the deck to replace those that became too hot. The truth is that he was outwitted and outfought from start to finish. And his profound chagrin had to find some extenuation. He was compelled to use crutches for two or three years because of the wounded foot and walked with a limp long after that. In the opinion of the Admiralty he had suffered no disgrace in the loss of the

General Monk. In due course he was promoted and served with much credit in operations against the French, in home waters and in the West Indies. The eulogy of his biographer does more than was intended. It contributes to the honor and glory of Captain Joshua Barney in that he was able to vanquish such a man.

Captain Rogers was, in the first place, a complete seaman, having gone through all the degrees of service under a strict disciplinarian; eminently courageous but never rash; remarkably cool and present to himself, a qualification owing to which he never got into any difficulties with his brother officers; in every business setting the example of exertion, and engaging in an enterprise with his whole soul. To these points of character he added great skill in his profession and was acquainted with every part of it, from the minutest to the most important,—with the quality of a rope and the mechanism of a ship, and could steer her course with judgment as he could form her in a line of battle. He was equally useful in the domestic government of the ship, as in the conduct of her in battle, and was such a favorite that upon one occasion two admirals contended under which one of them he should serve. No officer had more the art than he had of inspiring his men with ardor to follow him; and as he was continually doing acts of kindness to them, they followed him through love as well as confidence. Finally he had a great dislike to the practice of swearing in his ship, and

would often tell his officers and men how foolish and vile a habit it was.

A British sailor of an admirable pattern, even though he did throw his silver-mounted fowling-piece overboard in a fit of passion and break his rule against profanity by calling Joshua Barney a damned rebel! In one of the immortal frigate actions of the War of 1812, there was much to remind us of this duel between smaller ships inside the Delaware capes. Captain Isaac Hull withheld the fire of the *Constitution* until the *Guerrière* was abreast of him and only a few yards away. Within ten minutes the *Guerrière's* mizzenmast was knocked over the side and her hull shattered by the accurate broadsides of the Yankee gunners. Almost unhurt, the *Constitution* moved ahead and raked the enemy's decks before the ships fouled each other. They drifted apart, and then the remaining masts of the British frigate toppled overside and she was a helpless wreck. Captain Hull could truthfully report:

> In less than thirty minutes from the time we got alcngside of the enemy she was left without a spar standing and the hull cut to pieces in such a manner as to make it difficult to keep her above water.

Captain Dacres struck his flag and the American sailors who went on board found the guns dis-

mounted, the dead and dying scattered amid a wild tangle of spars and rigging and great holes blown through the sides and decks. The *Constitution* had suffered such trifling injury that she was ready for action a few hours later. Of her crew only seven men were killed and the same number disabled. She was the larger ship, and the odds in her favor were as ten to seven, reckoned in men and guns, for which reasons Captain Hull ought to have won. The significance of his victory was that at every point he had excelled a British frigate and had literally blown her out of water. His crew had been together only five weeks and could fairly be called green, while the *Guerrière,* although short-handed, had a complement of veteran tars. The British navy had never hesitated to engage hostile men-of-war of superior force and had usually beaten them. Of two hundred fights between single ships, against French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Danish, and Dutch, the English had lost only five.

Captain Barney was weaker in guns and men than his antagonist, and yet his victory, in many of its aspects, was as impressive as that of the *Constitution* and in some respects more so. His crew had been afloat, not five weeks, but less than two days. It was his first experience in command

of a fighting ship. In the noble brotherhood of the sea, his spirit was akin to that of the rugged commander of the *Constitution.* When Captain Dacres was climbing up the side of the American frigate as a prisoner, Isaac Hull ran to help him, exclaiming, "Give me your hand, Dacres. I know you are hurt."

And the Englishman could report:

> I feel it my duty to state that the conduct of Captain Hull and his officers toward our men has been that of a brave and generous enemy, the greatest care being taken to prevent our men losing the smallest trifle, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded.

Matching this picture is that of young Captain Barney leaving his own ship at Chester while he went on to Philadelphia in the battered *General Monk* so that he might give his personal attention to the care of the wounded. And he displayed, to a higher degree, this kind of chivalry when he first carried Captain Rogers to the house of the good Quaker woman in Pine Street before he hurried home for a glimpse of his wife and baby. There was every provocation to feel harshly toward the uniform of an enemy which had subjected him to the brutal torments of the voyage across the Atlantic in the hellish *Yarmouth* when he had been on the road to the Old Mill Prison.

James Fenimore Cooper was an experienced naval officer as well as a great novelist. In his "Naval History of the United States," a work long out of print, he writes:

> This action had been justly deemed one of the most brilliant that ever occurred under the American flag. It was fought in the presence of a vastly superior force that was not engaged, and the ship taken was in every respect superior to her conquerer; the disproportion in metal between a 6-pounder and a 9-pounder is one half, and the *General Monk*, besides being a larger and heavier ship, had the most men. The steadiness with which Captain Barney protected his convoy, the gallantry with which he covered the retreat of his prize, are all deserving of high praise. Throughout the whole affair, this officer discovered the qualities of a great captain; failing in no essential of that distinguished character.

History has vouchsafed Joshua Barney a minor part in the chronicles of the Revolution and the beginnings of American naval achievement and tradition. His name is known chiefly to students of things maritime. One reason for his comparative obscurity is the fact that he fought his superb battle not as a commander in the naval establishment but in the employ of the State of Pennsylvania. He was still a lieutenant of the regular list on waiting orders.

What is the quality and the inspiration that

sets the hero apart from other men? What is the divine bestowal that enabled him to accomplish the impossible? More wonderful, how does he persuade other men, simple creatures dimly realizing what it is all about, to disregard all obstacles and lay aside the fear of death in order to keep untarnished those shadowy figments called honor and duty?

One answer to this is the figure of a Joshua Barney, standing erect upon a binnacle with a ball through his hat and a coat-tail shot away, or a Paul Jones shouting from the quarter-deck of a sinking, rotten old ship with a nondescript, half-mutinous crew that he had not begun to fight! The brave ships have gone long since, and the bones of their reckless seamen are dust, but their heritage glows like a bright and steady beacon that can never be dimmed.

In the memorial hall of the Naval Academy at Annapolis hangs a painting of the action between the *Hyder Ally* and the *General Monk*. It was the work of a French artist and was presented to the secretary of the navy. With the painting went a memorandum written in Captain Barney's own hand, so that the scene might be accurately explained and understood. It was his own brief record and reads as follows:

On the left of the painting appears Cape Henlopen light house, and on the right the point of Cape May. In the centre are represented the *Hyder Ally* and the *General Monk* engaged, the latter in the act of striking her colors. The *Hyder Ally* mounted sixteen guns, six pounders, and had one hundred and ten men—the *Monk* twenty guns, nine pounders, with one hundred and thirty-six men. The former had four men killed and eleven wounded; the latter twenty killed and thirty-three wounded.

The action lasted twenty-six minutes. The frigate in the foreground is the *Quebec* which, not finding sufficient water in the Cape May channel, was obliged to round the shoals called the Over-falls in order to get into the Bay, during which time the action took place. To the right of the ships engaged, the brig *Fair American*, of sixteen guns, after firing a broadside into the *Hyder Ally* in passing her, which was not returned. is seen chasing and firing at one of her convoy which, however, escaped under the Jersey shore. The ship aground on Cape May is an American merchantman, one of the convoy, that in endeavoring to escape by getting to sea, ran ashore, when the crew abandoned her. The brig to the right of the frigate is likewise an American, and one of the convoy. She got aground on the Over-falls and was taken possession of, after some resistance, by an armed boat from the *Monk*. The vessels at a distance in the background are the convoy of the *Hyder Ally* standing up the Bay. The white water between the frigate and the brig aground represents the Over-falls.

CHAPTER VIII

WITH BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN PARIS

ON April 13, four days after the engagement, the Pennsylvania legislature adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, that this House entertains a just sense of the gallantry and good conduct of Captain Joshua Barney, and the officers, seamen, and marines under his command.

Resolved, that the President of the Supreme Executive Council be requested to procure an elegant sword, bearing some device emblematic of the above action, and present the same to Captain Barney, in testimony of the favorable opinion this House entertains of his action.

The sword was duly procured and presented. It was elegant indeed, costing one hundred and twenty-five pounds in specie. The mountings were of chased gold. On one side of the guard was engraved, in delicate outline, the *General Monk* striking her flag; on the other, the *Hyder Ally* with all her sails set. The tracery of the masts, spars, and rigging was greatly admired. It was a work of art.

The gift of the sword was one way of expressing

the gratitude and pride of the people of Pennsylvania. Popular enthusiasm found an outlet in banquets, toasts, and speeches. Printed ballads were hawked in the streets. The best known of them were composed by Philip Freneau, who had been dubbed the poet laureate of the Revolution. Pretty bad doggerel, but they mirrored the emotions of the time and the place. A few sample verses will suffice.

Captain Barney then preparing,
Thus address'd his gallant crew;
"Now, brave lads, be bold and daring!
Let your hearts be firm and true!
This is a proud English cruiser,
Roving up and down the main;
We must fight her—must reduce her,
Tho' our decks be strewn with slain.

"We with our sixteen *sixes*
Will face the proud and daring band;
Let no dangers damp your courage,
Nothing can the brave withstand!
Fighting for your country's honor,
Now to gallant deeds aspire,
Helmsman, bear us down upon her;
Gunner, give the word to fire!"

Then yard-arm and yard-arm meeting,
Straight began the dismal fray,
Cannon mouths each other greeting,

ACTION BETWEEN THE *HYDER ALLY* AND THE *GENERAL MONK*

Belch 'd their smoky flames away;
Soon the lagrange, grape and chain-shot
That from Barney's cannon flew,
Swept the *Monk*, and cleared each round-top,
Killed and wounded half the crew.

All aghast and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall,
And their captain, sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarter call.
Then the *Monk's* proud flag descended,
And his cannon ceased to roar—
By her crew no more defended,
She confessed the conquest o 'er.

Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses!
You have humbled one proud foe;
No brave action this surpasses!
Fame shall tell the nations so.
Thus be Britain's woes completed!
Thus abridged her cruel reign!
Till she ever, thus defeated,
Yields the sceptre of the main!

Here was the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. It is scarcely probable that Britain felt her cruel reign abridged by this episode, but the moral effect, in damaged prestige, was considerable. And the American spirit was just so much more confident of winning its cause. To Joshua Barney the most gratifying recognition was that received from the

United States Government. It was not promotion in rank. On the naval list he was still a lieutenant, and so he unjustly remained to the end of the war. The Pennsylvania commissioners bought in the *General Monk* at public sale as a prize. They placed her in command of Captain Barney as a larger, better ship than the *Hyder Ally*. Then the Federal Government requested the loan of her as a cruiser and a little later purchased the vessel outright. She was one of the very few effective war-ships that still flew the American flag. This gave Barney a peculiar status. He received his orders from the Navy Department, but his rank as a captain in command had been received from the State of Pennsylvania. Pending the purchase of his ship by the United States, he was obliged to execute the following bond:

Know all men by these presents that we Francis Gurney, merchant, and Joshua Barney, mariner, of the City of Philadelphia, are held and firmly bound to Michael Hillegas, Esq., Treasurer of the United States of America in Congress assembled, in the penalty of Twenty Thousand Spanish milled Dollars or other money equivalent thereto, to be paid to the said Michael Hillegas, Treasurer, as aforesaid, or to his successors in office. To which payment well and truly to be made and done, We bind ourselves, our Heirs, Executors and Administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these Presents. Sealed with out

seals, and dated the twenty-seventh day of April in the year of our Lord 1782, and in the sixth year of the Independence of the United States.

The Condition of this obligation is such, that whereas the above bounden Joshua Barney, Master and Commander of the said Ship, mounting eighteen carriage guns and navigated by one hundred and twenty men, who hath applied for and received a commission bearing date of these presents, licencing and authorizing him to fit out and set forth the said Ship and the Officers and Crew thereof, by force of arms to attack, subdue, seize, and take all vessels, ships, and goods belonging to the King or Crown of Great Britain, or to his subjects or others inhabiting within any of the territories or possessions of the aforesaid King of Great Britain, and any other ships or vessels, goods, wares, and merchandizes, to whomsoever belonging, which are or shall be declared to be subjects of capture, by any Ordinances, Acts or Instructions of the United States in Congress assembled, or which are so deemed by the Law of Nations.

If therefore, the said Joshua Barney shall not exceed or transgress the powers and authorities given and granted him in and by the said commission, or which are or shall be given and granted to him by any Ordinances, Acts or Instructions of the United States in Congress assembled, but shall in all things conduct himself as Master and Commander of the said Ship, and the Officers and Crew belonging to the same, and according to the said Commission, Ordinances, Acts, and Instructions, and any treaties subsisting or which may subsist between the United States in Congress assembled and any Prince, Power, or Poten-

tate whatever; and shall make reparation for all damages sustained by any misconduct or unwarrantable proceedings of himself of the Officers and Crew of said ship, and shall not violate the Law of Nations or the rights of Neutral Powers, or any of their subjects, then this obligation be void, otherwise to remain in force.

Signed, Sealed, and Delivered
in the presence of us,

FRANCIS GURNEY.

These were the customary terms of a privateering commission. In this instance, the document was no more than a formality because the vessel was immediately taken into the service of the United States. Joshua Barney flung himself into the congenial task of repairing and equipping the shattered ship for active duty. She ceased to be the *General Monk*. Restored to her own country, she was once more called the *General Washington*. The rebaptism of fire had purged her of the shame of being held by the enemy.

In five weeks she was ready and waiting for orders. Her commander had been home from Europe just eight weeks, during which he had converted the *Hyder Ally* into a man-of-war, fought a desperate battle in her, and made the *General Washington* like a new ship. This time his crew was carefully selected. Prime seamen were flock-

KNOW all Men by these Presents, That we Francis Gurney Merchant, and Joshua Barney Mariner both of the City of Philadelphia, are held and firmly bound to Michael Hillegas Esq; Treasurer of the United States of America in Congress assembled, in the penalty of Twenty Thousand Spanish milled Dollars, or other money equivalent thereto, to be paid to the said Michael Hillegas Treasurer, as aforesaid, or to his successors in that office. To which payment well and truly to be made and done, We bind ourselves, our Heirs, Executors and Administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these Presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated the twenty seventh day of April in the year of our Lord 1782 and in the sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

THE Condition of this Obligation is such, that whereas the above bounden Joshua Barney is Master and Commander of the said Ship called belonging to mounting eighteen carriage guns, and navigated by one hundred and twenty men, who hath applied for and received a commission, bearing date with these presents, licencing and authorizing him to fit out and set forth the said Ship in a warlike manner, and by and with the said Ship and the Officers and Crew thereof, by force of arms to attack, subdue, seize and take all ships, vessels and goods, belonging to the King or Crown of Great-Britain, or to his subjects or others inhabiting within any of the territories or possessions of the aforesaid King of Great-Britain, and any other ships or vessels, goods, wares and merchandizes, to whomsoever belonging, which are or shall be declared to be subjects of capture, by any Ordinance of the United States in Congress assembled, or which are so deemed by the Law of Nations. If therefore the said Joshua Barney shall not exceed or transgress the powers and authorities given and granted to him in and by the said commission, or which are or shall be given and granted to him by any Ordinances, Acts or Instructions of the United States in Congress assembled, but shall in all things govern and conduct himself as Master and Commander of the said Ship and the Officers and Crew belonging to the same, by and according to the said Commission, Ordinances, Acts and Instructions, and any treaties subsisting or which may subsist between the United States in Congress assembled, and any Prince, Power or Potentate whatever; and shall not violate the Law of Nations or the rights of Neutral Powers, or any of their subjects, and shall make reparation for all damages sustained by any misconduct or unwarrantable proceedings of himself or the Officers or Crew of the said Ship then this obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in the presence of us,

Fran. Gurney

BOND GIVEN BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA BARNEY UPON TAKING COMMAND OF THE *GENERAL MONK* AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY HIM

ing to sail with him. He had the pick of them. Of the one hundred and twenty men mustered on deck when he read them the Articles of War, ninety-six were deep-water bullies who could reef, steer, and heave the lead.

He was hoping to cruise independently against the enemy, but his friend Robert Morris, who was at the head of the Navy Department as well as the Treasury, had other plans. Barney hid his disappointment and realized that it was an honor to be assigned a secret mission of difficulty and importance. He received his sealed orders from Robert Morris himself. With them was the following letter from the Pennsylvania commissioners, who exercised a nominal authority, pending the completed transfer of the ship to the ownership of the United States:

Philadelphia, 18th May, 1782.

Captain Joshua Barney:

Sir,—Immediately on receipt of this, you will take the first prudent opportunity of proceeding to sea with the ship under your command. The packet which accompanies this is not to be opened until you get about forty leagues to sea, keeping as much to the eastward as circumstances will admit, always keeping the sealed packet slung with weights sufficient to sink it in case of your falling in with an enemy of superior force. To this matter we re-

quest *you will pay particular attention* as the despatches are *of the utmost consequence.*

When you are clear of the land the distance above mentioned, you will then open such packages as are directed to yourself, among which you will find instruction from the Hon 'ble. Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance for the United States of America, whose directions and orders you are as strictly to observe and obey as if they were from us.

We flatter ourselves that every exertion will be used on your part to render this business effectual, and should you be fortunate enough to succeed in this matter, it cannot fail of reflecting great honor on yourself. Should you be in want of any necessaries or supplies while abroad, you will draw on us for the amount.

We wish you a great deal of happiness
And are, Sir,
Your most humble servants,
JOHN PATTON,
FRANCIS GURNEY,
WILLIAM ALLIBONE.

The *General Washington* sailed in company with a dozen other vessels, most of them letters of marque or armed merchant vessels. Captain Barney had the responsibilities if not the rank of a commodore, as this fleet was under his orders until they scattered at sea. Upon reaching the capes, however, three British frigates were sighted in the offing. Disregarding signals, the fleet turned back,

unwilling to run the risk of stealing out at night on their several courses. Barney had no more time to bother with them. He tantalized the three frigates all one day, led them inshore in chase of him, and then eluded them in the darkness. Making to the eastward, as directed he opened the sealed orders, which read as follows:

Marine Office, 18th May, 1782.

Sir,—I expect that when you open these instructions you will be clear of the Capes, and I hope with a prospect of escaping from the enemy's cruisers; but should you unfortunately be taken, you must sink your despatches, which you will keep in readiness for that purpose. You are to proceed directly to Cape Francois in Hispaniola, and if the French and Spanish fleets should not be there, you must proceed to the place where they may be. And when you shall have found them, you are to deliver to the French and Spanish admirals the inclosed letters.

I expect that in consequence of these letters a frigate will be ordered to convoy you to the Havana, and thence to America. You will go to the Havana where you will deliver the inclosed letter to Robert Smith, Esquire, Agent for the United States at that place. You will also inform all persons concerned in the American Trade that you are bound for such port of the United States as you may be able to make, and you will take on board your ship, on freight, any moneys which they think proper to ship, but no goods or merchandise of any kind. For the moneys you are to charge a freight of two per cent, one half of

which you shall have, the other is to be applied towards the expense of your voyage.

If a frigate is granted by the French admiral to convoy you, the captain of her will be instructed by the admiral to receive any moneys which it may be thought proper to put on board of him. I should suppose that by dividing the risk, or shipping a part on board of each, there will be greater safety than putting all in one bottom.

You are to stay as short a time as possible at the Havana, and then in company with the frigate make the best of your way to some port of the United States. This port or Baltimore would be the best; but you must be guided by your own descretion, together with such information as you may be able to procure.

It is not improbable that a stronger escort than one frigate will be granted, in which case you will find a greater security; and a division of the money among many will multiply the chances for receiving it. You are on no account to risk your ship or delay your voyage by chasing vessels, making prizes, or engaging, unless in the last necessity; and then I am confident you will do your duty, so to command again the applause of your country.

I wish you a prosperous voyage and a speedy return, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
ROBERT MORRIS.

The waters of the West Indies were, in this year, the theater of naval movements of momentous significance to the warring powers of Europe. Holland had been drawn into the conflict because of

her open encouragement of the cause of the American colonies. England had taken mortal offense because, in the words of Lord North, the Government at the Hague had "suffered Paul Jones, a Scotchman and a pirate, acting without any legal authority from any acknowledged government, to bring British ships into their ports and to refit there." Holland had been irritated to the breaking-point by the capture of Henry Laurens and his imprisonment in the Tower of London while he was voyaging in an American merchant vessel to arrange a treaty of friendship and commerce between the two republics.

The news that Great Britain had declared war reached Admiral Sir George Rodney at Barbados in January, 1781. He at once attacked and captured the wealthy Dutch island of St. Eustatia, possessing himself of fabulous booty in merchandise and one hundred and fifty trading-vessels. He had some trouble in clearing himself from charges in Parliament that he was more interested in his plunder than in hunting the French fleet.

Admiral Count de Grasse was permitted to slip away to the American coast, where he coöperated with the army of General George Washington in compelling the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. In February of 1782, Rodney returned to

the West Indies after a brief visit to England and found de Grasse cruising again in that same area. The French admiral had with his fleet a convoy of transports carrying five thousand troops. His plan was to join the Spanish fleet at Cap Français (now Cape Haitien in Haiti). The combined force was to undertake the capture of Jamaica.

Rodney spoiled all this by smashing the French fleet in the great sea-fight of April 12, 1782, near the coast of Dominica. De Grasse had been at Fort Royal, Martinique, and was putting out to meet the Spanish squadron expected from Cuba, when Rodney found him and forced the engagement. It was a memorable British victory. With thirty-three line-of-battle ships, the French fleet was thrown into confusion and disorder. De Grasse was captured in his flag-ship, the *Ville de Paris.*

This battle was fought five weeks before Captain Joshua Barney sailed for Cap Francais with private despatches for the French and Spanish admirals. Even with the slow and uncertain communication of those days, it seems extraordinary that the tidings should not have reached the United States Government. The request for French naval coöperation, the advices to the Spanish admiral of the same nature, the private accounts of the situation of the American forces, were all so much

waste-paper when Barney received the sealed packet in Philadelphia. At one blow, Rodney had deprived the United States of any further help by sea.

Cheerfully unaware of all this Captain Barney cracked on sail to make a fast passage. The *General Washington* showed a turn of speed that delighted him. Regretfully obeying his instructions to make no detours in search of trouble, it consoled him a little to sight a hostile privateer brig, off Turk's Island, running in the same direction. They made a thrilling race of it, but there was no getting away from the *General Washington.* The British privateer had sixteen guns and a master with a heart of oak. Unable to escape, he luffed and banged away with his broadsides. Things were going very badly with him when his gunners put a nine-pound shot in the main-mast of Barney's ship and a moment later cut off his mizzen-top-mast.

Away went the plucky privateer for dear life, having saved her bacon. Barney had to heave to and mend his spars while the other chap vanished hull down and under. The joke was on the man who had whipped the *General Monk.* He had a passenger whose behavior both pleased and amused him. This was a quiet, clerkly person from

Baltimore, whose name was James H. McCulloch. When the guns began to roar he was told to go below and stay out of danger. This he resented in tones courteous but firm. He was seen to saunter over to the arms-chest and inspect the muskets until he found one that seemed to please him. Then he slung a cartridge-box over his shoulder, tied a red handkerchief around his head like a buccaneer, and took his stand beside Captain Barney on the quarter-deck. When the musket missed fire, he sat down, took a knife from his pocket, and picked the flint. Bullets whistled over him, heavy shot kicked the rail to pieces, but Mr. McCulloch, from Baltimore methodically rammed down his charges and pulled trigger. His demeanor indicated that this was the sort of thing a man might expect.

Arriving at Cap Français, Barney found a fugitive remnant of the magnificent French fleet, a few ships in command of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. The Spanish squadron had managed to evade Rodney and was waiting for it knew not quite what. Things were at sixes and sevens. However, Captain Barney delivered his despatches and found a dock-yard which supplied him with a new mainmast and mizzen-topmast. Setting his own tribulations aside, the French admiral, in compliance with the request from Robert Morris, gave

Barney an escort to Havana, the big sixty-four-gun ship *Eveille.*

At Havana the *General Washington* took on board six hundred thousand dollars in specie, on private account. It was a dazzling amount of hard money, the accumulated funds of American merchants in the West Indies who had been afraid of the hazards of merchant voyages to the United States. After only six days at Havana Barney sailed in company with the French frigate. His instructions were to choose his own home port, and he determined to run the blockade of the Delaware and deliver his precious cargo to Robert Morris at Philadelphia.

The two ships had almost reached the capes when they were descried by a British line-of-battle ship and two frigates. It was a ticklish hour for the six hundred thousand dollars in specie. Barney was lucky enough to shoot away the fore-topmast of the nearest pursuer while the French man-of-war diverted the other two. They were finally shaken off inside the capes. The Frenchman turned away to cross the ocean, and her crew gave three cheers for the *General Washington.* Captain Barney pressed up the river all night and vigilantly walked the deck. At three in the morning he saw a number of vessels dimly clustered dead in his course.

With the eye of a hawk he suspected them to be no honest merchantmen. Very quietly his crew moved to battle quarters.

The *General Washington* plowed straight into the thick of them and let go an anchor. Presto, and her guns were spattering grape-shot into the flotilla of Tory or "Refugee" barges, cutters, and schooners. These outlaws had been emboldened by the absence of Captain Barney. Now he punished them by sinking one sloop with sixty men on board, capturing several other craft, and retaking five American coasters which had been plundered a few days earlier.

With profound relief Robert Morris welcomed the bold sailor who had accomplished the round voyage in thirty-five days. Such celerity was unheard of, to Haiti, Havana, and home. It was the talk of the town. This was the first of Barney's fast passages in the *General Washington,* which were never equaled until the Atlantic packets of half a century later made new records. There is no doubt that he had a remarkable ship for her era, but his own consummate craft as a seaman must have been a large factor. Moreover, he had an uncommonly large crew to handle sail, and he could drive her to the limit.

While waiting for further instructions from

Robert Morris, he called several times to see his foeman, Captain Rogers, who was still an invalid in the Quaker household on Pine Street. They learned to like each other and could discuss the war without bitterness. Thrilling rumors were in the air. The long, exhausting struggle for independence was nearly over. Hostilities lagged wearily on land and sea. With the surrender of Cornwallis, England was ready to consider preliminary articles of peace. No errand of greater moment could have been intrusted to the master of a ship than the conveyance to the American commissioners in Paris of the advice and stipulations of their government with respect to these negotiations.

Joshua Barney's performance of the confidential mission to the West Indies was its own recommendation. The instructions for his next voyage were these:

Marine Office, 7th October, 1782.

Sir,—

With this you will receive sundry letters which you will make up in such manner that in case of capture they may be sunk before you strike your colors. I hope, however, that you may meet a happier fate. You will make the first port which you can arrive at in Europe. France will be better than any other part. The various letters which may be directed to private individuals you

will put in the Post Office, but the public letters you yourself will take charge of and proceed with all possible expedition to Paris, where you will deliver them. Inclosed are letters of introduction. Any necessary expenses for the ship will be defrayed by Mr. Barclay, the American consul, to whom you will apply for that purpose. If you arrive at L'Orient, you will probably find him there. You will take Mr. Franklin's orders after you get to France for your departure and destination. He may perhaps direct you to call at some port in the West Indies, in which case he will give you ample instructions.

As your safe and speedy arrival is of great importance, you will take care not to chase any vessel, but to avoid as much as possible everything which can either delay or endanger you.

I hope your expenditures in Europe may be moderate, for we can ill afford any which are unnecessary, and I trust your continuance there will be but short. You will show this letter to Mr. Franklin when you see him, and he will probably be able in some short time to determine your future movements. Should you return to America immediately, I think it will be safest, as the enemy are now about to evacuate Charleston, and it will be in midwinter when you arrive, that you should fall in to the southward and run up the coast into the Chesapeake, but of this you will determine according to your own discretion, and be directed by circumstances as they arise.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

ROBERT MORRIS.

Captain Barney, of
the ship *General Washington.*

Seventeen days out from the capes, Captain Barney took on a French pilot off Lorient. He gave himself the pleasure of no brisk skirmishes with the enemy. To have had the guns silent during a whole voyage must have seemed odd. He drove his ship across a stormy ocean and learned to know her ways in foul weather as well as fair. The secretary of the French ambassador was a passenger. *Mon Dieu,* this boyish American captain was a devil of a fellow to carry sail! When it blew away, he laughed and hoisted a new one.

Away sped Joshua Barney from Lorient to the village of Passy near the king and his court at Versailles, where Dr. Benjamin Franklin so snugly resided. Together with John Jay and John Adams, he had drafted the tentative articles of a peace treaty which England was in a responsive mood to discuss. The lowering clouds were almost lifted.

The wise and benevolent Dr. Franklin could afford to forget all the quarrels and intrigues and backbiting that had beset his enormously difficult task of winning and holding the active support of France. No other American was ever so idolized by foreigners. The French people worshiped him as the personification of liberty. In the shops of Paris you could find two hundred different kinds of portraits, medals, and busts of him. His minia-

ture was set in rings, watches, snuff-boxes, and bracelets. Franklin at Passy, with his friends, their gardens, and their wit, was a subject of interest and delight to the civilized world. His humor and philosophy, his rustic dress, his simple manners, were like a glimpse of the Golden Age. Sated with luxury and magnificence, with much intelligence and culture even among the middle classes, there was no novelty that pleased Frenchmen more than something which seemed to be close to nature.

Even John Adams, who had his violent disagreements with Franklin, and who bestowed any praise grudgingly, was moved to write:

> His reputation was more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire, and his character more esteemed and beloved than any or all of them. . . . His name was familiar to government and people, to kings and courtiers, nobility, clergy and philosophers, as well as plebeians, to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a valet de chambre, coachman or footman, or a scullion in a kitchen who was not familiar with him, and who did not consider him a friend to human kind.

No wonder Joshua Barney felt abashed at presenting himself to the great Dr. Franklin at Passy. It meant intruding in company too grand for a sailor on business bent. He would deliver his let-

ters, punctiliously pay his respects, and await orders in Paris. He was unprepared for the fatherly affection with which Franklin laid a hand upon his shoulder and exclaimed:

"No, no, my gallant young man! You are my prisoner for the rest of the day. I cannot let you go until we see what my old cook can dish up. So sit down and take dinner with me. There will be no other guests."

Barney drew a chair to the fire while his host read the despatches and glanced up to say that Mr. Robert Morris had recommended Captain Barney "to his particular notice and attention as an active, valiant officer who had already behaved well on many occasions, and whose conduct he knew would do honor to those by whom he was patronized and introduced." "It would be a pity," said Dr. Franklin, "to return to the ship without enjoying a few days of recreation in Paris." Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay would be desirous of showing some hospitality. Mr. Henry Laurens had joined them after his long imprisonment in the Tower of London. Joshua Barney blushed at this and confessed to his mad scheme of gaining access to Mr. Laurens during the flight from the Old Mill Prison. There were also French friends of distinction, pursued Dr. Franklin, with whom he wished to make his guest

acquainted, Count Rochambeau, Count d'Estaing, and the Marquis de Lafayette and others who had served in the United States.

Then with his mellowed appreciation of the adventures and the splendor of youth, Franklin drew the young man on to talk about himself and all he had been doing. They chatted by the fire until late at night. The jovial doctor chuckled over the escape from the English prison. It was like a piece of fiction. He rummaged through a disordered desk and brought to light several letters which had been sent him from the American seamen incarcerated at Plymouth and elsewhere in England. Homesickness and hopes deferred had tormented them more than the hardships of the life. To this Barney could bear witness, and it affected him even now to read such an appeal as this:

Sir,—

Having been buoyed up with the hopes of an exchange for six or seven months, we began to surmise the reason why it was so long delayed was owing to a nonconformity on the part of the British Ministry. Yet they disclaim the charge, alleging that they have complied with every requisite on their part, and that the completion of it rests wholly with you. Yet, as we put no great confidence in them, we wish to hear the truth from yourself, which will give us infinite satisfaction. The re-

membrance of our sufferings last winter not being yet erased from our minds, raises great anxieties in us as the ensuing winter aproaches. We wish not to be continued another winter, if terms for our relief can be accommodated. We, the subscribers, are therefore commissioned by the rest of our brother prisoners, (officers and men) in the name and behalf of the whole to address you on this (to us) very interesting subject, humbly begging a speedy and official answer, as also your speedy interposition if anything can be done to relieve us from our most disagreeable situation.

Most of these poor exiles had been sent home. It was another of the burdens which had been lifted from Franklin's sturdy shoulders. His vigorous protests and persistent correspondence with the British Government had been effectual.

For a week or two Joshua Barney might have been seen in the society of ministers, generals, and noblemen at Passy and in Paris and was quite the rage among the ladies. It was the desire of the amiable Dr. Franklin that his sailor hero should be presented at the court of Versailles, and this was readily arranged. More used to rolling decks than the marble floors of palaces though he was, Captain Barney's manners were graceful in any company. And if he did feel any awe at meeting that apathetic, futile monarch, Louis XVI, and his fair young queen, Marie Antoinette, there at his

side was the homely, genial Dr. Franklin to whom all men were alike.

Marie Antoinette, with a whole brilliant world waiting obsequiously on her glance, with her masquerades, theatricals, and Little Trianon, with her flirtations and scandals, her bright boudoirs and gilded parlors, all soon to be engulfed in utter darkness! The light-hearted frivolous foam of her existence and of her kind was to vanish in a vast, turbid tide of destruction, in the upheaval of millions of gaunt, unwashed creatures in woolen blouses, with copper-studded girdles and high sabots, who brandished bloody pikes and danced the "Carmagnole"!

Benjamin Franklin, with his doctrines of liberty and equality, with the spirit of democracy which he lived as well as preached, was powerfully aiding to pull down the pillars of the house of Bourbon and the French aristocracy. They were fatuously unaware of it. And so, as a marked favorite at court, he trudged into the presence of the king and queen to make them acquainted with his latest American guest, Captain Joshua Barney, a naval officer whom France should be proud to welcome. An attractive young man, thought the maids of honor, with his level glance and weather-browned complexion and mirthful lips.

Marie Antoinette was of the same opinion. It was not her hand that Barney kissed, but her damask cheek. The young man was reticent about it, but there is a legend in the Barney family to the effect that the winsome maids of honor showed pique and had to be consoled in the same fashion, to the amused approbation of Dr. Franklin.

"And now, my young hero," said the elderly philosopher, "you must go back to Lorient with your accustomed speed. You will have a large sum of money to carry home, which our good friend, the king, has lent us, and you must be on board your ship to receive it. Au revoir and God bless you."

Barney waited six weeks at Lorient nor succumbed to the temptation to see Paris again. A letter from Dr. Franklin failed to clear the sailing date of uncertainty.

Passy, Dec. 5, 1782.

. . . I have kept the express, hoping to have sent you by him our final letters. But the answer of the Court being not yet obtained, and the time when we may expect it being from some present circumstances very uncertain, I dismiss him and shall send another when we are ready. In the meantime it may be agreeable and of some use to you to know that though peace between us and England is not yet concluded (and will not be until France and England are agreed) yet the preliminary articles are signed, and you will have an English passport. *I acquaint*

you with this in friendship, that if you have any little adventure on your own account, you may save the insurance, *but you will keep it to yourself for the present*. Hold your ship ready as we know not how soon we may be ready to dismiss you. With great regard, I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,
B. Franklin.

It was like the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac" to insert the thrifty bit of advice that if Barney had any mercantile speculation or "adventure" in hand he might save himself the extra cost of war risk insurance.

The preliminary articles of peace had been signed on November 30, eight days before this letter was written. It was of the greatest importance to send the news to the United States, but Captain Barney was kept waiting almost a month longer. The American peace commissioners had tactlessly offended the French court in a manner indicated by Vergennes, the minister of foreign affairs, who wrote to Franklin:

I am at a loss, Sir, to explain your conduct and that of your colleagues on this occasion. You have concluded your preliminary articles without any communication between us, although the instructions from Congress prescribe that nothing shall be done without the participation of the King. . . . You are wise and discreet, Sir; you

perfectly understand what is due to propriety; you have all your life performed your duties. I pray you to consider how you propose to fulfil those which are due to the King.

When Vergennes wrote this letter Franklin had already sent the apologetic note which the occasion rendered necessary. He pointed out that nothing had been agreed upon contrary to the interests of France, but readily confessed that, in not consulting Vergennes before signing, the American envoys were "guilty of neglecting a point of *bienséance*." For this he presented all the excuses that occurred to him.

The matter went no further. France was not seriously irritated, and this was most fortunate, because the United States was at this moment applying for another grant of money. To apologize successfully for unfriendly conduct and to obtain a further advance of funds were two difficult things to do simultaneously. To Franklin, naturally, it befell to perform both these feats. He had been long used to borrowing money from France ; and his acquaintance with Vergennes, and the almost affectionate esteem had for him by that minister, made him the member of the American commission to whom the others looked to pull them out of the scrape in which they had insisted on falling. Frank-

lin had not wished to proceed without the knowledge of France, but Adams and Jay had overruled him.

This was the awkward situation which kept Captain Joshua Barney waiting at Lorient. The French loan was delayed until the urbane Franklin had soothed the ruffled dignity of Vergennes and the court, and had won approval of the negotiations with England. At length, the kegs of gold and silver coin came trundling down the quay, with a guard of French infantry, and Barney stowed the fortune in his strong-room.

On November 29, Henry Strachey, one of the British peace commissioners, had written to Townshend, the secretary of state:

> That the Treaty may be safe transmitted to America, it is proposed that you should send to Mr. Oswald a pass for the American Packet, the *Washington*, Capt. Barney, and that the Commissioners here should furnish you with an American pass for one of our Packets.

Therefore among the final papers delivered to Captain Barney by a messenger from Paris was a passport bearing the seal of the kingdom of Great Britain. This was the first American vessel to sail with his Majesty's safe-conduct. And Barney grinned when he noted that the document was made out in the name of the cruiser *General Wash-*

ington! An unpalatable coincidence for some grumpy official of the Foreign Office! Franklin sent a farewell note of caution. The ship was to avoid meeting British men-of-war. Notwithstanding the passport, "the large sum of money he had on board might persuade them to detain him."

It was early in January, 1783, when the ship was finally cleared for the United States. Furious weather swept the Bay of Biscay. Half a dozen stanch American merchant vessels refused to venture out of Lorient Harbor. Barney thrashed into it, impetuous to reach home with the great news he bore. It was all hands tack or wear ship most of the way across the stormy Atlantic. Decks and yards covered with ice and sleet, canvas stiff with frost, the *General Washington* battled through a voyage of fifty days. On March 8 she crept into the Delaware, where the British frigates still kept watch and ward. To give them the slip was playing an old, familiar game. Four days later Captain Barney was in the office of Robert Morris, with his precious packet of letters and state documents.

Peace was a blessed fact, but it was not officially proclaimed by Congress until April 11, a month later. In deference to the sensibilities of France, public action was deferred until the arrival of a copy of the preliminary treaty in a French sloop-

of-war, with the friendly sanction and indorsement of the court of Versailles. Meanwhile Congress was discussing the intelligence and arranging for the formal suspension of hostilities.

The tidings brought by Captain Barney soon spread through Philadelphia. The unofficial excitement and jubilation were tremendous. Post-riders dashed off to the north and south. The bells in the steeples and the cannon on the green informally proclaimed it.

Joshua Barney was invited to meet the members of Congress, who interrupted a secret session to ask him a hundred eager questions. His impressions of affairs abroad, his audience at the French court, the conduct of the negotiations, the rumors of peace between England and France, all this and other gossip and information was keenly interesting to men wholly out of touch with the European world.

CHAPTER IX

SHIPMATES WITH CAPTAIN PAUL JONES

WHEN peace came to the weary, impoverished union of American States and the armies were disbanded, the navy ceased to exist. Burdened with debt, made helpless by dissensions, the federal authority was incapable of thinking in terms of national defense. The predominant opinion regarded the maintenance of a fleet or any army as "an entering wedge of a new monarchy in America, after all the bloodshed and suffering of a seven years' war to establish a republic." No longer bound together by the stern compulsions of war, the several States were like so many petty powers, each seeking its own commercial advantage against the other by means of taxes and other restrictions. A navy implied coöperation for the common good. This doctrine they had laid aside for the time.

The few remaining ships that had flown the flag were sold or allowed to rot. Only one of them was kept in commission. This was the *General Washington,* Captain Joshua Barney. It happened,

therefore, that for more than a year his ship was the United States Navy and he was the only commander on the active list. Incidentally his regular rank was still that of lieutenant, precisely the same round of the ladder upon which he had set foot in 1776. He was a captain merely by courtesy and by virtue of his employment by the State of Pennsylvania in the *Hyder Ally*. It was an incongruous situation which Fenimore Cooper attempted to explain in his naval history.

> There is no question that Captain Barney ought to have been presented with the commission of a captain in the American Navy, for the capture of the *General Monk*, and it is probably owing to the state of the war, then known to be so near a close, and the general irregularities of the service that he was not.

This oversight failed to dampen the young man's spirits. He was only twenty-three years old when the war ended. Prize-money and the customary percentage for transporting specie in a war-vessel had made his circumstances comfortable. He had been an actor in many dramatic events and had come through them with a whole skin. In Philadelphia and Baltimore he was a social favorite. He enjoyed the confidence of the most influential men in the government. He had

youth, good looks and charm, and a record of distinguished achievement. All the gifts the gods bestow were his.

During the last year of his service in the *General Washington* he was sent abroad on official missions. He had a monopoly of this congenial activity. He was the American Navy. In June, 1783, he sailed for France and England with despatches and several passengers, General Duportail and Colonels Gouvain and Lermoy of the French army, and Major Jackson, one of George Washington's private secretaries. The ship's log-book for the voyage has been lost, but in his journal Captain Barney set it down that he made the passage from the Delaware capes to a landfall on the English coast in *fourteen days*. His records of fact have been found to be so accurate that there seems no reason to doubt his word in this instance. It was far and away the best run ever made by a ship before the nineteenth century.

The first port of call was Plymouth. This was a grand holiday for Joshua Barney. From his deck he could see the hateful gray walls of Old Mill Prison. On Plymouth Hoe and at the citadel were the red-coated British soldiers who had hunted him through the town. Yonder was the basin in

which he and his Maryland friends had found the fishing-smack in which they had dodged through Admiral Digby's anchored men-of-war.

He would heap coals of fire upon the heads of these damned Englishmen! First, however, he went to find the gentle old clergyman in whose house he had found shelter and comfort. It was like a family reunion. Barney was relieved to find that no suspicion had been directed against his benefactor for harboring him and aiding his flight to London as a brisk young gentleman of fashion. In his own large-hearted manner the commander of the *General Washington* set about repaying these favors.

In the clergyman's honor he gave a dinner and entertainment on board the ship. The large party of guests included "the most respectable inhabitants of Plymouth," not only the clergyman's friends and parishioners but also civic officials and leading merchants. Those who were unreconciled to dining with a recent rebel and traitor could not resist their curiosity. Barney had been a notorious character as a prisoner of war. The ship was gaily decorated with bunting. After dark the illumination was brilliant. Regardless of expense the Plymouth shops had been raked clean of lanterns to hang in the rigging and to festoon beneath the awnings.

There was music and dancing on deck, and lashings of punch for the thirsty. The affair was sensational. With his boyish enthusiasm, Joshua Barney jotted in his journal, "This was one of the happiest days of my life."

He had fought it out with the foe and was ready to lay grudges aside. The British naval officers of the station paid their calls, mindful of the formalities. They may have appeared bored and reluctant, but the stiffness soon vanished. The verdict was that the Yankee captain was a gentleman and a jolly good fellow. Hearing these good reports, the admiral in command paid the ship a visit and complimented her for the smartness of discipline and immaculate order. He even tried to persuade Barney to enter the British service, with intimations of quick promotion.

Even more entertaining than this was a stroll through Lord Edgcumbe's park and gardens, where he had come flying over the hedge to secrete himself from the main highway. And there he found the same ancient gardener, puttering about with sickle and shears, who had let him out by the back gate that led down to the river. The old man straightened his back and ambled over to the stone bench upon which the fugitive had sat down to rest himself. It required some talk to make it clear

that this trim, upstanding officer in naval uniform was the same Barney who had skulked through the garden in a British lieutenant's coat, with a dusty, haggard face and a bloody stocking.

"A fine of half a guinea for crossing a hedge, you told me, grandsire," chuckled Barney. "I came to square the account, with two guineas more for interest."

And now, for a coincidence, the old man disclosed the fact that he was the father of the sentry who had connived at the escape over the prison wall and had made it possible. The soldier's part had been undiscovered. He had confided in his father some time after the event, and so they learned that they were tarred with the same brush. Guilty of high treason, the pair of them! This revelation so tickled Joshua Barney that he left his purse, instead of two guineas, with instructions to divide it with the soldier son and to tell him to make his way to America, the land of the free.

A week at Plymouth and, to use his own words, Captain Barney "took leave of his dear, good friends with reluctance and two days afterwards arrived at Havre." There he left the ship in charge of his first lieutenant and went to Paris to await his orders from Dr. Franklin. This brief sojourn

was happily described in the memoir which Mary Barney penned almost a hundred years ago:

His introductions at this gay capital but a few months before had not been forgotten, and he not only found ready access to the best society, but soon became one of the favored guests at all the *réunions* and *petit soupers* of the *élite*. A number of American ladies had joined the society which he had left at Paris the previous November, and our honored countryman found his services in constant requisition, as *cicisbeo* and escort, to the thousand places of amusement which offered their daily and nightly attractions to the sojourners in this *Paradis des Plaisirs*. But he did not permit the pleasures of Paris and its throngs of gay idlers to seduce him from the calls of duty. The moment Dr. Franklin announced his readiness to despatch him, he returned to Havre.

In the meantime Mr. Laurens, one of the Commissioners, arrived at Havre, with permission of the minister to take passage in the ship to England. They sailed on the following day and forty-eight hours afterwards Mr. Laurens was landed at Pool. During the two days he remained on board the captain took occasion to mention to his distinguished passenger the fact of his having been in London while he was in the Tower, and the reasons that prevented him from calling to pay his respects. Mr. Laurens smiled and remarked that the captain had acted wisely in refraining from the visit, since it was certain that he would have been recognized and probably made to suffer severely for his temerity; "but," he continued, in a tone

of patriotic exultation, "times are changed with us both, Captain Barney. We are no longer proscribed rebels but the honored of our country; and let us never forget that we are indebted to the persevering bravery and untamable spirit of that country, and not to the forbearance of our enemy, that we live to look back at our sufferings."

The *General Washington* was twenty-eight days on the return voyage to Philadelphia, an excellent record for a passage to the westward with a deal of head wind. The Government held her in idleness for three months, and then Captain Barney was ordered to carry Paul Jones to France. The two men had never met or crossed each other's paths since that first naval expedition of the war, under Commodore Ezek Hopkins in 1776, when Lieutenant Paul Jones had hoisted the American flag on the *Alfred* and the little ships had steered to attack New Providence in the Bahamas.

Paul Jones was now going to France to try to collect the large sums in prize-money owed the officers and crew of the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Alliance* and which had remained unadjusted ever since 1779. He was an unhappy man who brooded over the ingratitude and neglect of a country in whose behalf he had done great deeds. One cruel disappointment had followed another. After intolerable delay and indifference to his pleas,

Congress had granted him the command of a splendid ship-of-the-line, the *America,* which had been building at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He had spent many months in supervising her construction. She was ready for launching at the end of the summer of 1782 when a squadron of French men-of-war, commanded by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, came into Boston Harbor, and one of them was wrecked on a reef. As a generous gesture toward a loyal ally, Congress offered the new *America* as a gift to France to replace the lost ship. Paul Jones felt so deeply wounded that he wrote to Robert Morris:

I have met with many other humiliations in the service that I have borne in silence. I will just mention one of them. When the *America* was presented to His Most Christian Majesty, I presume it would not have been inconsistent with that act of my sovereign if it had mentioned my name. Such little attentions to the military pride of officers are always of use and cost nothing. In the present instance it could have been no displeasing circumstance, but the contrary, to a monarch who condescends to honor me with his attention. I appeal to you, sir, whether, after being unanimously elected to command the first and only American ship-of-the-line, my conduct after more than sixteen months while inspecting her building and launching had merited such cold neglect. When the *America* was taken from me I was deprived of my

tenth command. Will posterity believe that out of this number the sloop-of-war *Ranger* was the best I was ever enabled by my country to bring into actual service? If I have been instrumental in giving the American flag some reputation and making it respectable among European nations, will you permit me to say that *it is not because I have been honored by my country* with either proper means or proper encouragement.

Another hurt that rankled was the failure of Congress to correct the arrangement of rank adopted in October, 1776, by which Paul Jones had been superseded by thirteen officers who had entered the service after his appointment. The jealousy of his own colleagues was so venomous and their political influence so strong as to thwart all efforts to reward his merits with promotion. A fair idea of the nature of this opposition is conveyed in a letter to a fellow-officer from the Captain James Nicholson who had lost the frigates *Virginia* and *Trumbull* to the enemy. He said, in part:

. . . The Chevalier [Jones] ever since his arrival in this city has devoted his time, privately, by making personal application to the individual members of Congress to give him rank at the head of our Navy. And after interesting (by being an accomplished Courtier) every member who was weak or of his own stamp, in his favor, hands into Congress a Narrative of his services from the beginning of time containing the best part of a quire of

paper, and attended with a modest petition setting forth the injustice that had been done him in the establishment of rank and desire of redress, etc. Congress was upon the point of taking the report up, and I have much reason to believe would have gratified the height of this ambition had we not by the greatest accident discovered it. As soon as I was informed of it I took my hat and with very little ceremony waited on the President of Congress at his house and informed him what I had heard. He received me politely and told me my suspicions were just. I therefore desired as my right that Congress might delay determining on it until Capt. Read and myself in behalf of ourselves and the absent brother officers equally concerned should have an opportunity of being heard. . . . That day Capt. Read and myself threw in our remonstrance to Congress, the consequence of which was the Committee was ordered to reconsider it. We had a good deal of conversation with the Committee. I said many things pretty severe of the Chevalier's private as well as public character, too odious to mention and yet unnoticed. Upon the whole we acquitted ourselves well.

Such cruel irritations as these are mentioned because they help to explain the moods and the disposition of Paul Jones as they revealed themselves to Captain Joshua Barney during their voyage across the Atlantic in the *General Washington*. The other passengers offered a curious contrast. They were two Frenchmen. One was Major L'Enfant, to whom all good Americans are grateful to

this day for having laid out the plans for the city of Washington as the new capital of the nation. His errand to France at this time was in connection with the Society of the Cincinnati, of which Joshua Barney himself was a member. His compatriot on board ship was a French consul, M. Oster. These two were light-hearted and loquacious. For hours on end they played *piquet* or *tric-trac* in the cabin, a bottle of wine between them. Vainly they coaxed Captain Paul Jones to join them. He was polite, but they could not unlock his reserve. A man of natural spontaneity, he had become solitary and abstracted.

He preferred to walk the deck far into the night, indifferent to the weather. At first he had not much to say to young Captain Barney, but gradually they became congenial companions. Their professional interests and experiences were closely akin. Barney had remained detached from the hostile naval clique and was uncolored by their prejudices. On the contrary, he displayed an ingenuous admiration for the intellect, seamanship, and chivalry of Captain John Paul Jones. "He knew how to appreciate his eccentricities," was a not unkindly comment made after the voyage.

Night after night they paced the quarter-deck together, or found a seat upon a hen-coop, and

talked as sailors do, of the ships they had sailed and fought and the men who had served with them. When Paul Jones fell into one of those black, silent moods of his, Barney left him to himself. The instructions were to land him at any port of Europe which he might designate. To Barney's amazement, he announced that he wished to be set ashore in England, wherever might be most convenient for the ship to touch. This seemed like sheer madness. Denounced as a pirate by the English Government, his American naval commission was a worthless passport even though war had ceased. The humiliations which he had inflicted upon the British flag would not soon be forgiven. Popular opinion had been artfully inflamed until the very name of Paul Jones was detestable. This was how it appeared to Joshua Barney, familiar as he was with English sentiment. The argument made no impression on Captain Jones, who doggedly replied:

"As to that, I shall probably be in Paris before you, but it is of infinitely more importance to me to see a certain person in England; and I am too well acquainted with every foot of it, and know too well how to steer my course, to apprehend any personal danger. Put me ashore wherever you can make the coast. I shall leave my baggage with

you, and it will not be the first time, if I have to traverse all England with the bloodhounds upon my track."

The name of the certain person in England was not disclosed. Barney asked no questions. As he said, the man was beyond the reach of friendly sympathy. Whatever private reason Jones had for wishing to transact some business in England, he may have changed his mind after getting ashore. In the journal which he kept for the pleasure of his patron, Louis XVI, he states, "that the *Washington* was forced through contrary winds to enter the harbor at Plymouth, and that he was charged with public despatches of importance, he took a post-chaise direct for London and travelled so rapidly that he was in Paris five days after he landed at Plymouth."

Captain Barney received this letter from him:

Paris, Dec. 16th, 1783.

Dear Sir,—

Two days after I reached this city I was happy to hear you had safely arrived at Havre. I am sorry, however, that you decline to come here where I should have taken sincere pleasure in contributing to make your hours pass agreeably. Mr. Franklin has just informed me that he writes you by this Post, to forward the articles by the Diligence that you have brought over for

him. I must pray you to favor me by forwarding my little trunk that I left in your cabin, and a small case that is in the care of Mr. Fitzgerald, by the same conveyance with those articles for Mr. Franklin. Mr. Fitzgerald will oblige me by putting cards on them directed as follows—"A Monsieur Paul Jones, Maison de M. La Chapelle, Boulevard Montmarte à Paris." At the same time you will oblige me by a letter of advice that I may know when and where to send for them. I expect immediately to be presented to the King, and after that ceremony, when I have had some conversation with the Ministers, I will write to Mr. Fitzgerald respecting the Prize Money. I pray him to take care of my cot and bedding.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

PAUL JONES.

The excellent Major L'Enfant was anxious to take his friend Captain Barney along to Paris with him, but the explicit instructions were to "wait at Havre."

"Mais que diable ferez vous ici?" exclaimed the major, with an eloquent shrug. "Vous n'avez qu' à dire au bon Franklin que——"

But it was all to no purpose. Barney insisted that he could amuse himself in Havre for two or three weeks, to which the major said, "Bah!" and started for his dear Paris. Even Dr. Franklin could not move the dutiful sailor, although he wrote

from Passy, "If you come to Paris I have a room and bed at your service and shall be glad if you would accept of them."

As soon as the despatches were received on board, the *General Washington* was homeward bound. This was her last voyage in the government service and as the American Navy afloat. Barney took her up Chesapeake Bay and anchored at Annapolis, where Congress was in session. Then he went overland to report to Robert Morris in Philadelphia. He was told to carry the ship up to Baltimore as soon as the ice in the river permitted and place her out of commission. A certain melancholy interest attaches itself to the final rites and formalities by which the naval forces of the American Revolution became totally extinct. The obituary was written by Robert Morris, in a letter to Captain Barney:

Marine Office, 11th May, 1784.

Sir,—

Inclosed is a copy of a Resolution of Congress directing the ship *Washington* to be sold—also a copy of the Advertisement which has been published in the several newspapers of this city in consequence of that Resolution. By the latter you will perceive that a person is to be appointed to attend the sale at Baltimore to receive the sum she may sell for, and deliver possession to the Purchaser.

As you have been for a considerable time the commander of the ship, I have concluded to commit the business to your care, persuaded that your wishes to promote the interests of the United States will stimulate your endeavors to have her sold, conformably to the advertisement for as high a price as possible. I conceive that it would be best for the public interest to sell the lead and iron now on board the *Washington* for specie previous to the sale of the ship. You will therefore advertise those articles to be sold on the tenth day of next month at the Coffee House in Baltimore. You will also cause a proper inventory of the ship's material and stores to be exhibited at the Coffee House previous to and at the time of her sale, transmitting to me a copy thereof as soon as may be.

The Certificates to be taken in payment for the *Washington*, besides those which have been issued from the different Loan Offices of the United States, must be those of the commissioners for settling the accounts of the several states with the United States, and those appointed to adjust the accounts of the quarter-master's, commissary's clothing, hospital, marine and army departments.

The enclosure No. 3 exhibits a list of the commissioners above referred to, with the states and departments to which they have been appointed.

When the sale of the *Washington* is completed, the people who have been retained to take care of her are to be discharged, and you will as soon as possible exhibit at this office all your accounts which relate to her.

In this prosaic manner Joshua Barney quitted

the stage of his seafaring exploits with the armed forces of the war for independence. From November, 1775, to May, 1784—eight and a half years of it! He had displayed the first flag of the American union at the recruiting rendezvous in Baltimore, when as a lad of sixteen he had joined the sloop *Hornet* as second in command. Now he hauled down the Stars and Stripes from the masthead of the last ship of a navy, feeble in fighting-power and hastily extemporized, which had lived its glorious moments and whose traditions were enduring.

At the final settlement of accounts, Joshua Barney was stirred to the depth when Robert Morris said in his measured, dignified accents: "I will not consent, my young friend, that all connection shall be dissolved between us because the United States have no longer occasion for your services. I need not tell you that you have honorably and nobly sustained the good opinion which I formed of you eight years ago. I then told you that if your conduct continued to be what it had been, you should always find in me a friend happy and ready to serve you. These were not mere words, Captain Barney, and I should now be doing violence to my own feelings and principles were I to refrain from acknowledging that I owe you a debt of friend-

ship which I am anxious to pay. Tell me how I can best serve you—you cannot have laid by much money, for yours has been more a service of honor than of profit—and any business in which you may determine to engage will be the more prosperous if founded upon a good capital. Tell me frankly, do you want a few thousands to begin with? My credit, my experience, my lasting friendship and good wishes are all yours—use them as you please."

With tears in his eyes, Joshua Barney thanked the great and stainless patriot who had been a sheet-anchor of the Revolution. His offer of financial aid was declined. With his buoyant optimism the young man was confident of establishing himself in business. After thirteen years at sea he felt inclined to live ashore. He knew more about shipping than anything else. A knowledge of foreign commerce gained at first hand and friendly connections already made in England, France, and Holland would be valuable assets. Baltimore was his native town, and he therefore moved his family from Philadelphia—there were two babies by now—and bought a comfortable home.

Henry Laurens arrived from England and was at Bristol on the Delaware when Captain Barney

wrote to urge him to pay a visit on his way through to South Carolina. This pleasant letter came in response:

Aug. 23, 1782.

Dear Sir,—

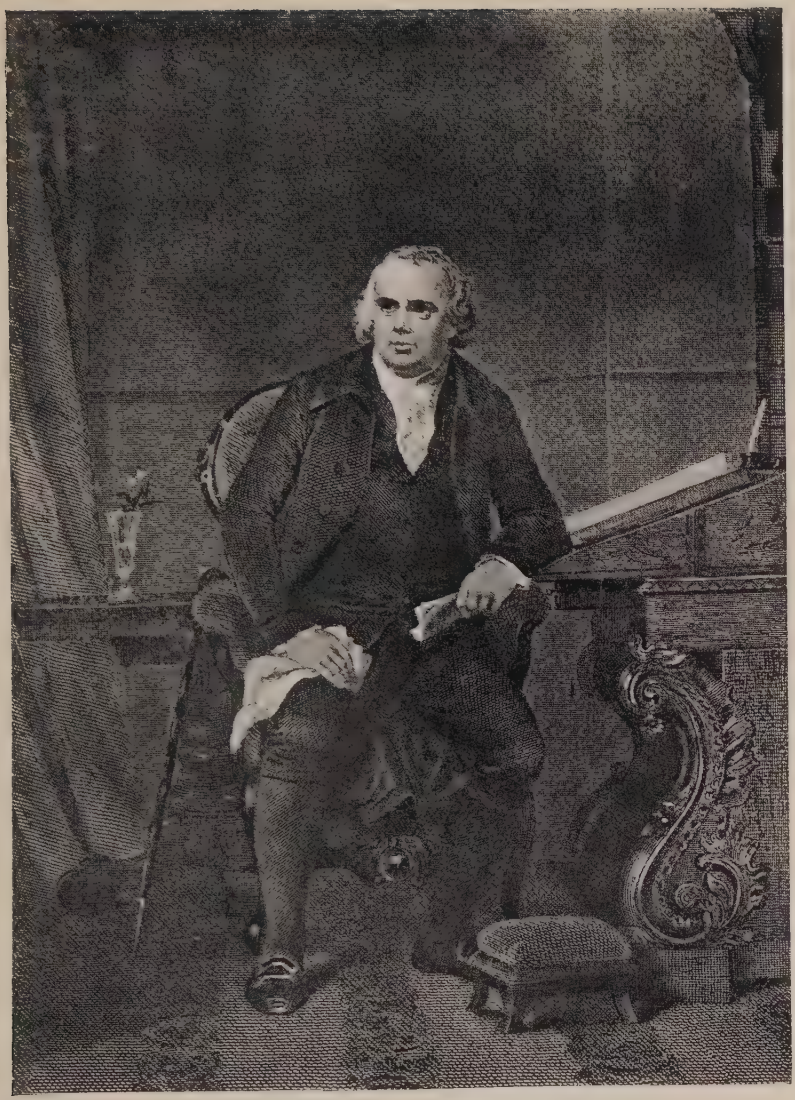
The day before yesterday I was honored by the receipt of your obliging letter of the 14th inst. which probably had been days lying in the Post Office where my son found it.

Accept my best acknowledgments for your kind congratulations and polite invitation to your house in Baltimore—the regard I have for Captain Barney will, barring unforeseen accidents, induce me to go miles out of my way to pay my respects; but my family and company will probably be so large as to forbid an acceptance of a convenience to myself which would be troublesome to a friend.

My health, thank God, has been pretty good since the beginning of May last, but the weakness which a two years' attack of the gout brought upon my nerves remains, and I have no hopes of recovering my strength by increasing age, nor am I anxious on that score.

I shall be in Philadelphia the latter end of this week and shall call on Mr. Bedford for the carriage; the trunks perhaps are as well with you for the present, but should I want them you shall be informed in due time.

Your discharge from the service of the public, an act of necessity and with your own approbation, cannot obliterate the honor you acquired nor wither the laurels which you gained in that service. The plough-share now



ROBERT MORRIS, SUPERINTENDENT OF FINANCE AND HEAD OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

Engraved from a painting by Chappel

is preferable to the spear. You are on shore making a better provision for a rising progeny of Barneys than you could hope for from being a peaceable shipmaster. Otherwise I am persuaded you could not remain a day unemployed in that branch.

With every good wish to yourself and family, in which my son desires to join, I have the honor of assuring you that I am

Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

HENRY LAURENS.

CHAPTER X

THE SHIP THAT VISITED MOUNT VERNON

IT was one thing to drive ahead and triumph over obstacles as a mariner, but quite another to win success as a merchant. This Joshua Barney had to find out for himself. The tricks of trade, of buying cheap and selling dear, of matching wits with the other fellow, were unknown to him. He had a host of friends, and Baltimore was very proud of him, but the wise old codgers in the counting rooms wagged their heads. Young Captain Barney was a fish out of water. He was too easy, generous, and confiding to make money in the shrewdly calculating game of commerce. All he was good for, said the croakers, was to go as master of a ship.

He formed a partnership with a man related to his wife and furnished most of the capital. Impatient of being shackled to the routine of a desk, Barney left the management of affairs largely in the hands of the partner. Life was too entertaining to be grubbing in ledgers and invoices or rummaging in dusty warehouses. Shipping ventures were highly speculative and demanded the most

vigilant attention. A few errors due to poor judgment or faulty information might be ruinous. One cargo of merchandise, for instance, was sent to Havana and sold at an enormous profit. The agent at that port who received the payment in specie salted it away for his own use and unblushingly declared himself a bankrupt. There was no way of bringing him to book for it.

This and other disasters caused Joshua Barney to admit, rather ruefully, that he seemed to be progressing stern foremost and that his funds were in a sinking condition. Anxious to protect his wife and babies, he had a gleam of prudence and withdrew enough money to purchase a vast tract of land in the Kentucky wilderness for a few cents an acre. This could not slip through his fingers. His career as a Baltimore merchant dragged along for three years, a lucky gamble now and then, followed by a wrong turn of the cards. His bright dreams of wealth were dimmed. In a fit of disgust he went roaming to Kentucky to explore his tract of virgin forest and meadow.

This restored him to a blither humor. He was no man to be penned up in a town. He passed the winter of 1787-88 on the far side of the Alleghany Mountains and learned to be a woodsman. His companions were pioneering settlers in log huts

who trapped and hunted and fought Indians. He was again a leader among men. Blazing a trail was like charting a course on the trackless ocean. The winter winds roared through the forest like the gales that made a ship's rigging sing its own wild song. He became an expert shot with a rifle and was boyishly proud of it. The whole experience was a sort of revolt against an existence in which he failed to fit. He returned to Baltimore very brown and hard and bright-eyed and resolved to follow his natural bent, which was a ship upon the sea. As a landsman he was a failure. It meant exile from home and dear ones, but he had tried his best to adjust himself to conditions for which he had not been trained and prepared.

For one reason or another, however, he delayed the departure for some time. He became absorbed in the struggle to ratify the Constitution of the United States. The convention at Philadelphia had finished its task on September 17, 1787. The Constitution had been submitted to the several States for approval or rejection. Maryland was a battle-ground between Federalist and anti-Federalist. The contests of delegates, for and against, to the state convention were carried on with a violence that tore asunder social ties and relations.

In Baltimore town meetings were held every

night, and the tide of feeling ran like a small civil war. The people were in a state of agitation difficult for posterity to comprehend. Stump speakers and pamphleteers raved and ranted that the new Constitution would destroy the sovereignty of the States in its most precious parts. The form, indeed, of a republican government was guaranteed to each by express words; but any one who would read the instrument carefully, and not suffer his understanding to be clouded with a multitude of fine phrases, could see that it was the form, and not the substance, that was promised. Either the Union, cemented with so much blood and treasure, would go down in a bitter struggle, or the sovereignty of the States would be gathered by silent encroachments into one huge aristocracy. Not only could the Congress overawe the States, under this baleful Constitution, but it could reach down and lay hold on the life, the liberty, the property, of the humblest citizen in the land.

The Federalists, in their turn, pointed to the names of the signers of the Constitution, a Washington, a Franklin, a Hamilton. It was ridiculous to suppose for a moment that men whose patriotism had been tried by the hardest of all tests and never found wanting would on a sudden turn traitors. The name of Washington alone was enough to carry

conviction to the mind of every honest Whig who hated tyranny and whose blood boiled at the thought of an autocratic government. "Go with him into Valley Forge and see him sharing the hunger, the cold, the fatigue, of every soldier in the camp. Follow him to the field of battle and see him first in danger and last out of it. Was there ever such fortitude in adversity, such moderation in the hour of victory, such tenderness at all times for the civil power of the land? Behold him at Annapolis in 1783, when he gave up his commission, laid his sword at the feet of Congress, and took up the simple life of a farmer on the banks of the Potomac. Where was the villain black-hearted enough to say that Washington was recommending a constitution destructive of the liberties he had done so much to secure?"

With might and main Captain Joshua Barney plunged into this conflict of phrases and passions and prejudices. He had fought for the Union, not for the State of Maryland, and the starry ensign that had rippled above his ships was the symbol of his allegiance. His own experience had shown him the weaknesses of the Confederation, the pathetic futility of the Continental Congress, and the need of a genuine national government if the young republic was to be saved from chaos. His

speeches were delivered with the crisp and forceful air of command in which long habit had trained him. He strode the platform like a quarter-deck.

This angered the opposition. They threatened to mob the dauntless sailor who talked straight from the shoulder. A body-guard of his friends escorted him from one meeting to another, but a rascal with a loaded cane managed to get close enough to strike him over the head. It was a vicious blow, and he carried the scar to his grave. He was not an easy man to knock out, however, and he was up and about again when the state convention passed a resolution adopting the Constitution without amendments. The political feuds were buried. The warring factions joined in a grand parade through the streets of Baltimore.

The most conspicuous feature of this pageantry was a full-rigged, three-masted ship, fifteen feet long, which had been built under the direction and at the expense of Joshua Barney. It was no flimsy, make-believe contrivance, but a little vessel complete to the last rope and spar and ready to take the water. For the parade it was mounted upon wheels and drawn by four horses. On board was Captain Barney with a crew of three veteran shipmasters and a boatswain's pipe to trill the commands. To the delight of the crowds, these very

able seamen set the topsails, hauled the main-braces, and reefed down as if they were jamming her across the Western Ocean. Behind the ship marched all the captains, mates, and sailors of the vessels which happened to be in port at the time.

Without stranding or starting a rope-yarn, the packet *Federalist* was navigated to a rise of land near the water which was thereafter known as Federal Hill. There she cast anchor and popped a salute with her little brass cannon. Four thousand people cheered her as they sat down to a prodigal barbecue.

What did Captain Barney do a few days later but launch his miniature ship in the river and fit her for a coasting voyage, as he called it, by way of continuing the celebration! Mount Vernon was to be the final destination. The ship was to be presented to George Washington, "in the name of the merchants and shipmasters of Baltimore, as a memorial of their gratitude, respect, and veneration for the great achiever of their country's liberty and independence." A very pretty bit of sentiment, and one likes Joshua Barney for it! At thirty years of age, he still had the heart of youth. And any normal boy will envy him that voyage in Chesapeake Bay and on the Potomac in the full-rigged ship that was only fifteen feet long.

Annapolis was his first port of call. He received all the honors of a visiting man-of-war. It was gorgeous fun. Governor Smallwood and his staff went down to the wharf to greet the ship and her commander. The artillery fired the national salute. The stately old town, whose hospitality was renowned, celebrated with a round of banquets, balls, and tea-parties. Governor Smallwood declared a formal embargo on the *Federalist,* forbidding her to sail for one week. Captain Barney was in danger of being killed with kindness.

From Annapolis he followed the shore of the Chesapeake and entered the mouth of the Potomac, and presumably, from force of habit, he kept a weather-eye lifted for British cruisers. It goes without saying that his ship would have given a good account of herself. At Mount Vernon he was welcomed with the most gracious cordiality and appreciation. Even the august father of his country could chuckle with pure enjoyment over such an entrancing toy as this. He had been a two-fisted, adventurous boy himself. Captain Barney had to cruise up and down the river while Washington looked on from the lawn.

The sailor guest was persuaded to spend a week at Mount Vernon and was treated as informally as a member of the family. It seems a pity that

he wrote no detailed account of the visit, merely referring to Washington's attitude toward him as "easy, unceremonious, and affectionate." At his departure he was intrusted with the following letter:

To William Smith and Others, of Baltimore.

Mount Vernon, 8th June, 1788.

Gentlemen:

Captain Barney has just arrived here in the miniature ship called the *Federalist*, and has done me the honor to offer that beautiful curiosity as a present to me on your part. I pray you, gentlemen, to accept the warmest expressions of my sensibility for this *specimen of American ingenuity*, in which the exactitude of the proportions, the neatness of the workmanship, and the elegance of the decorations, which make your present fit to be preserved in a cabinet of curiosities, demonstrate that Americans are not inferior to any people whatever in the use of mechanical instruments and the art of shipbuilding. The unanimity of the agricultural State of Maryland in general, as well as the commercial town of Baltimore, expressed in their recent decision on the subject of a general government, will not, I persuade myself, be without its due efficiency on the minds of their neighbors who, in many instances, are intimately connected not only by the nature of their produce, but by the ties of blood and habits of life.

Under these circumstances, I cannot entertain an idea that the voice of the Convention of this state, which is now in session, will be dissonant from that of her nearly

allied sister, who is only separated by the Potomac. You will permit me, gentlemen, to indulge my feelings in reiterating the heartfelt wish that the happiness of this country may equal the desires of its sincerest friends, and that the patriotic town of which you are the inhabitants and in the prosperity of which I have always found myself strongly interested, may not only continue to increase in the same wonderful manner it has formerly done, but that its trade, manufactures, and other resources of wealth may be placed permanently in a more flourishing situation than they have hitherto been in.

I am with respect, etc.,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Temporarily Joshua Barney's restless mind had been diverted from the idea of mending his fortunes on the sea. It was still in the back of his head; but his business affairs took a better slant, and he could not plead necessity as the reason for the long absences from home and family. He was pulled two ways. Thus he drifted along into the summer of 1789. George Washington had been unanimously elected the first President of the United States. Amid a mighty outpouring of popular enthusiasm and devotion he had journeyed from Mount Vernon to New York for the ceremonies of inauguration in Federal Hall. It suited Mrs. Washington better to avoid the tumult and join him a few weeks later. She tarried in Baltimore

while passing through in her coach, and Captain Barney called to pay his respects to the first lady of the land.

He must have made a flattering impression during his visit at Mount Vernon. It is safe to say that he always pleased the ladies. He had kissed the cheek of Marie Antoinette, and now Martha Washington paid him the honor of inviting him to accompany her to New York as a member of the small traveling-party. His rôle was to be that of escort and cavalier. Possibly the matron of Mount Vernon felt diffidence at facing so many ovations and reception committees along her route. As a social aide-de-camp and buffer the gallant Captain Barney was an admirable choice.

At Gray's Ferry, near Philadelphia, the party was met by Governor Mifflin at the head of a swagger troop of militia cavalry. "A splendid collation had been prepared for the occasion, at which the principal citizens of Philadelphia were present to welcome the arrival of the President's lady." She was then escorted into the city by the governor and his troop and remained several days in order to accept all the attentions arranged for her. Mrs. Robert Morris joined the party and went on to New York with them. Captain Barney was made a personal guest of President Washington and

given a room in his house. While there he made the acquaintance of Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, who asked him to submit a plan for the creation and operation of a revenue cutter service. Captain Barney complied and received this acknowledgment:

> The ideas contained in your letter appear to me solid and judicious. As far as my reflections have gone, they coincide very much with the views you entertain of the matter. At present nothing more can be done than to collect the information for some proper plan to be submitted to Congress at their next meeting; no power being at present vested anywhere for making the requisite arrangements. Let me request you to continue to furnish me with whatever hints may occur to you relating to the security of the Revenue.

Two months later Tench Coxe wrote to say that Secretary Hamilton wished to station a cutter or two in Chesapeake Bay and that if Captain Barney would consider the command his name would be recommended to the President of the United States. For lack of a navy, this was the only appointment that could be offered him in the service of his flag. Barney saw fit to decline. He was restless for wider horizons than this. His friends in Baltimore, and there were many of them, secured for him the lucrative position of vendue-

master, or public sales agent, but he soon turned this over to a partner.

What he had in mind was a tight little brig and a cargo of merchandise to be sold in the ports of the Caribbean. It was an excuse to be roving again. He was not old enough to settle down ashore. As he said, a few years of it had put the dry rot in his timbers. A dutiful husband and father, he could not be called really domesticated. Some men find tranquil contentment at a hearthstone. Their world is between four walls. Others hear the voices and echoes of far-off things and must return to them.

The tight little brig sailed in June, 1790. Barney had come back to his own. He did not know that he was to spend the next eight years of his life in the voyages and adventures of a Yankee Ulysses while his lonely Penelope plied the distaff or rocked the cradle with no more than an infrequent glimpse of him. He steered his brig for Cartagena, that golden Spanish treasure port on the northern coast of the South American mainland. Its wildly romantic history kindled his imagination. Its mighty walls and forts guarded the lofty, ornate galleons of the plate fleet when they gathered for the annual voyage to Spain with the tonnage of massy gold ingots and silver bars from the mines of

Mexico and Peru. In an earlier century Francis Drake and his tall Devon lads had stormed Cartagena with the naked sword. Thereafter its defenses were strengthened until they became impregnable.

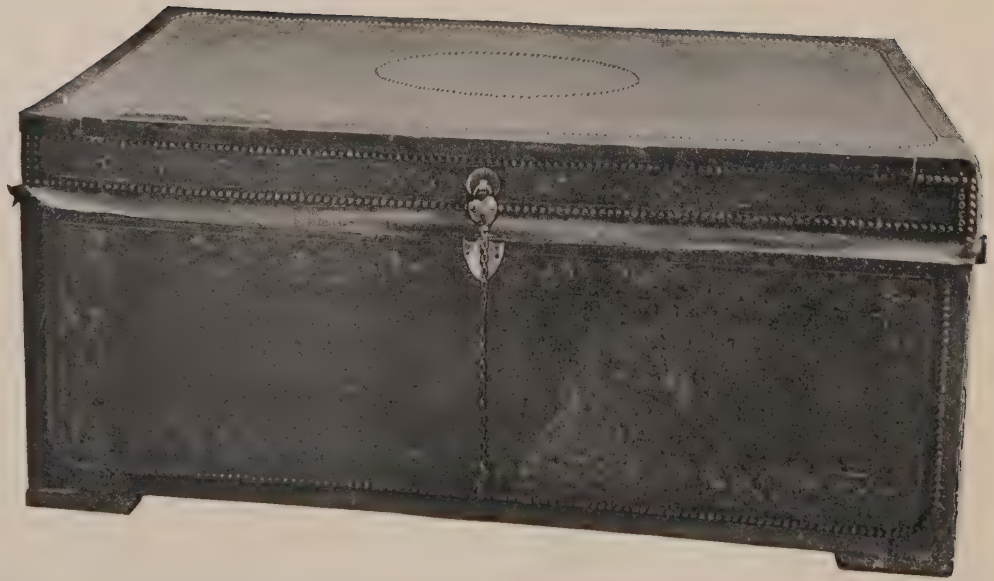
There were aged men in Baltimore who, in their youth, had volunteered to join the contingent of Maryland troops which had sailed with Admiral Vernon to attack Cartagena in 1749. Under him was one of the most powerful fleets that England had ever assembled, besides an army in transports. They had found Cartagena too hard a nut to crack and had to retire defeated, while the blazing heat and the yellow fever slew the poor soldiers and sailors by thousands.

Alas for Joshua Barney's colorful anticipations! He dreamed of fat Spanish merchants with gold chains around their necks who were ready to buy his cargo at his own price. Money was as scarce in Cartagena as in the United States. Spain had bled her colonial empire white. Poverty and filthy streets, a grandeur already beginning to decay, a sickly climate that menaced the foreigner with death, were Captain Barney's disillusioned impressions. He therefore made sail for Havana, which he pleasantly remembered. There was no trouble in selling his merchandise at a handsome profit.

Once more a seagoing optimist he bought in

Baltimore a fine copper-bottomed ship of three hundred tons, the *Sampson,* and cruised on trading ventures among the islands of the West Indies, Guadeloupe, Martinique, St. Eustatia, and Hispaniola. Instead of trusting his affairs to agents, he was acting for himself, and, by costly experience, his quick and eager mind had learned the rules of the game. He took flour and provisions from Baltimore and bought wines, coffee, sugar, and molasses among the islands. There were many risks and uncertainties, but he brushed them aside with his old audacity and energy and looked forward to being a wealthy man.

His ship was at Cap Français in 1792 when he found himself in a bloody swirl of the revolt of the blacks against their French masters in Haiti. Half a million slaves had been in submissive bondage to forty thousand whites until the flaming breath of the French Revolution blew across the island. When the Assembly proclaimed that all colors and races under the French flag were entitled to freedom and a voice in affairs, Haiti was thrown into wild turmoil. Robespierre was bawling from his rostrum in Paris, "Perish the colonies, then, rather than depart, in the case of our colored brethren, from these universal prin-



JOSHUA BARNEY'S SEA CHEST. A RELIC TREASURED BY HIS DESCENDANTS

ciples of liberty and equality which it is our glory to have laid down."

Under French rule, Haiti had made great advances in civilization and prosperity. Marshes had been drained, forests cleared for the planting of coffee, roads opened along the coast and far into the mountain valleys, and handsome villas built upon the hills and headlands. In the cities, as at Port au Prince and Cap Français, churches, hospitals, aqueducts, and fountains had been constructed. Slave labor did all this, under French colonists who held the power of life and death.

In a hideous, convulsive war of massacre and extermination all this material advancement was destroyed. As a grotesque imitation of a republic, Haiti relapsed into African barbarism, while the jungle crept over the ruins of its civilization.

Captain Joshua Barney was taking coffee and sugar aboard at Cap Français when the black hordes came pouring down from the mountains, committing dreadful atrocities on the way. They swept the plantations with fire and sword and gave no quarter to white men, women, or children. One band carried as its standard the body of a French infant impaled upon a pike. Their leaders were such monsters as the gigantic Jeannot, who bathed

his hands in the blood of his victims or drank it, shouting: "Oh, my comrades, how good and sweet is this draft: Let us guzzle it while we may."

The slaves of Cap Français joined their frenzied comrades from the mountains. The streets were obscured by the smoke of burning buildings. French merchants and planters, fleeing from their devastated warehouses and estates, fought savagely in hand-to-hand combats. The wives and children were sent off to the ships in the harbor, as many of them as had escaped death and worse. Naval officers led French bluejackets in furious assaults, It was not warfare but carnage insensate. In the town it was possible to make a stand, with the guns of the war-vessels and armed merchantmen to intimidate the black rabble. In the interior of the island more than two thousand French men, women, and children were butchered, the élite of the colony, and a thousand coffee and sugar estates laid waste.

Captain Barney took refugees on board the *Sampson* until his decks were crowded. Then he decided to go ashore and obtrude himself into the mêlée. It was no affair of his. The situation was frightfully confused. It was not entirely black against white. There were Frenchmen, gone mad with the virus of French republicanism, who fought on the side of the slaves in the name of liberty

and fraternity. Joshua Barney was not quixotic enough to fling his life away in such an indescribable riot as this, but he was ready to lend a hand if he saw an opportunity, and he had a motive less altruistic. Several thousand dollars in specie belonging to him was in the store-room of a merchant to whom he had sold part of his cargo. He proposed to get it. He armed a boat's crew with muskets and cutlasses and led them into the smoke and din. Men were always ready to follow him in any perilous enterprise. These were merchant sailors, it may be noted, who had not signed articles to go plunging into a hellish chaos.

In compact formation they swung their blades and chopped a way through, pausing to fire a volley whenever there was elbow-room and the smoke drifted clear. Barney surged a little ahead of them. He was clad in a shirt and canvas trousers, a cartridge-box slung over his shoulder. In one hand was a musket, in the other a sword. He would have told you that he liked it better than a pleasant home in Baltimore and a daily walk to the office. Where two streets intersected, progress was jammed. There was no surging through. A band of black murderers was standing fast under the leadership of a huge mulatto in a French uniform whose great straw hat flaunted several plumes.

He aimed his musket at Barney, fired, and missed him. It was unfortunate for the towering mulatto. Barney tucked his sword between his knees, whipped up his own musket, and put a bullet precisely where the white cross-belts met on the Haitian's brawny chest. The fellow dropped upon his face and was instantly dead. Barney dashed forward, ignoring the heavy fire, and snatched the cross-belts for a souvenir. It was pure vanity. He was proud of the skill he had acquired among the sharp-shooting pioneers of the Kentucky wilderness.

With the big mulatto down, the mob wavered and broke. Barney and his seamen charged through and found that the flames had spared the storehouse. The specie had been overlooked, and they shouldered the iron-bound boxes and trudged back to the beach, picking up a few wailing refugees as they went. The damages were inconsiderable, a chipped ear, a slash or two, and a graze from a bullet. Nothing for a husky tar to growl about.

Captain Barney and many other shipmasters in port concluded to shift to the harbor of Limbé, not many miles distant, which had been spared the unholy commotion. They had their hands full with the distracted women and children on board, hundreds of them, whose men-folk had been slain or

were still fighting or hiding in the mountains. After a time they sailed back to Cap Français, from which the slaves had departed with their loot. Several of the American vessels cut their voyages short and returned to the United States with ship-loads of these pitiable French people. Captain Barney carried his share of them to Baltimore, where they were generously cared for.

He had no more adventures in the West Indies until the following year. In July, 1793, he sailed to the southward with one of his usual cargoes of food-stuffs and eighteen thousand dollars in cash. The course of events at home and abroad had made the high seas very dangerous for any honest American trader. It is a chapter of our national history at which we look back with emotions of anger and chagrin. Outrageously abused, plundered, and insulted by England and by France, the infant republic had to submit to its wrongs because it lacked force with which to redress them. Might made right, and treaties were scraps of paper.

England regarded the French Revolution as a deadly menace to all established governments in Europe and was determined to stamp it out by fair means or foul. Neutrals had no rights which the British flag felt bound to respect. Ships of other

nations were forbidden to trade with French ports in any sea and were searched and confiscated on the flimsiest pretexts. Hysterical sympathy for the cause of the French republicans permitted French privateers to be fitted out in American ports and Citizen Genêt to defy law and usage with his intolerable impertinences. This increased the hostile, bullying contempt of England for the protests of the United States. American commerce was fair prey. France found excuses to pursue the same kind of robbery. Spain joined in. It was easy enough to issue decrees and edicts and orders in council to justify the depredations. Any poor devil of a Yankee skipper could be trapped in some snare of red tape. It was all dirty, ugly business, not a whit better than legalized piracy. A few first-class American frigates could have put a stop to it.

English cruisers were bidden to seize French property found in the holds of neutral ships, to bring into English ports all vessels laden with food, wherever bound, and to search all American merchantmen for English-born sailors. The War of 1812 was already brewing within a decade after the treaty of the American Revolution. The governor of every British island in the West Indies

was an admiralty judge. Some of them were ignorant, other blazingly dishonest.

When an English fleet and army captured Martinique, squads of marines boarded every American ship in port. Their sails were unbent. Their colors were torn down. The seamen were dragged, without so much as a change of clothing, to the deck of a man-of-war, hastily examined, and sent to the dingy hold of a prison-ship near-by. There two hundred and fifty of them were shut up for three days. When at last they came out, their tongues were swollen from thirst, their bodies weak from hunger. Meanwhile their brigs and schooners had become worthless wrecks. Some had been moored so close together that they had chafed through and sunk. Some had broken from their moorings and drifted out to sea. Others had stranded on the shore and bilged.

At Basseterre, St. Kitts, as many as thirty-five American sail were libeled at one time. If the captain applied to the judge to know for what reason he was detained, he was dismissed with a surly answer or told to ask the privateer that had brought him in. If he went to the privateer's owners, they sent him back to the judge, who laughed in his face. The consul at St. Eustatia sent

a list of one hundred and thirty American vessels condemned by the British court. Those luckless enough to be carried into Bermuda or driven there by stress of weather were confiscated without a hearing. Passengers were stripped of their personal baggage and dumped ashore. The crews were kicked into British privateers as pressed men. The ships were tied to the wharves and gutted from truck to keel.

Such was the state of affairs when the good ship *Sampson,* Joshua Barney master, was compelled to heave to in the Caribbean by three privateers cruising in company. Two of them hailed from Jamaica, the third from New Providence in the Bahamas. The Jamaica captains could find no flaw in the ship's papers, in her cargo or her destination. Here was one vessel that seemed proof against seizure. It was amazing. There was a grain of decency in these two sea-rovers, and they were inclined to let the *Sampson* go. The Bahama ruffian was harder stuff. He could see no reason why any Yankee vessel should escape his clutches.

Ah, ha, he found a damned suspicious piece of evidence! That iron chest in the cabin, with the specie in it. No American ever had iron chests of dollars aboard. French property! He would strike a bargain, being a soft-hearted man by

nature. Give him the eighteen thousand dollars in the iron chest, and he would allow the ship to proceed. Otherwise he felt compelled to take her as a prize, dollars, iron chest, and all. His arguments won over the two Jamaica captains. They were easily persuaded.

Captain Barney stormily refused to surrender the iron chest and demanded to see the privateering commissions of his captors, whom he told to their faces were no better than pirates. They cursed him for a rebel rascal and a Yankee traitor and threatened to blow out his brains. All the muddy epithets and hatreds of the Revolution were hurled at him. A prize-master and eleven men were put on board the *Sampson,* and most of her own crew removed to the Bahama privateer. Captain Barney was allowed to remain, with his carpenter, boatswain, and cook. As prisoners they were helpless while the greedy freebooters rifled the cabins, broke open lockers and chests, and drank their fill of wine and brandy.

This was not apt to improve the temper of Joshua Barney, but he bode his time and begged the prize-master to take the ship into a Jamaican port, as the nearest British island. There was a better hope of fair play than at New Providence, whose admiralty court was as infamous as that of Ber-

muda. The prize-master refused to listen. He would take the ship where she was certain to be condemned and the swag divided among the privateersmen. He swore and ranted and was altogether a most impossible person.

Facing the loss of his ship and cargo, not to mention the insults with which he was bombarded, Joshua Barney concluded that he had been too generous in forgiving and forgetting the war with England. His animosities were rekindled, nor were they ever again extinguished. This episode strongly influenced his later career. For the moment, however, he was primed to lead a rebellion of his own. It was the same Barney who as a shipmaster of fifteen years had glowered at the Sardinian soldiery of Nice and had refused to knuckle under to circumstances.

On the evening of July 19, five days after the British crew had taken possession, he managed to have a confidential chat with his boatswain and carpenter. The cook appears to have been left out of it. His was not a valorous vocation. Sea-cooks are worthy men whose patience is often tried, but in the old, rude days they were much handier with a frying-pan than a cutlass. In the boatswain and the carpenter, however, Barney had a trusty pair

of comrades who were ready to follow him through hell and high water. There were three of them, then, against the prize-master, two mates, and nine sailors.

The boatswain imparted that he had concealed a musket and bayonet in his bunk. The sagacious carpenter had done likewise. Captain Barney had tucked away a small brass blunderbuss and a broadsword. Given the auspicious hour, they were sanguine of creating a serious disturbance, even though the odds were three against eleven. The wind blew hard next morning, with a rough sea. The British crew, unfamiliar with a ship as large as the *Sampson,* and short-handed at that, was kept busy handling sail and snugging things down. The prize-master and his two mates were unwilling to leave the deck at noon ; so they had dinner fetched aft and ate it on the quarter-deck. The sailors sat in a group upon the forecastle roof with their cups and pannikins, leaving one man at the helm.

Captain Barney nodded to the boatswain and the carpenter. They understood. He himself sauntered into the roundhouse and speedily came out again. In his hands was the cocked blunderbuss. Under his arm was the naked broadsword.

His two comrades had jumped below to snatch their muskets. They were right at his heels as he ran at the three privateer officers.

The prize-master was a courageous scoundrel. He attempted to run in under the blunderbuss and grapple Barney around the waist. In the quick scuffle, the piece was discharged. The privateersman staggered back, his right arm crippled by a charge of buckshot. Barney jumped past him and swung the broadsword. It slashed the head of one of the mates who was trying to free a pistol from his belt. The other mate bolted for the scuttle and tumbled into the cabin. The quarter-deck was no place for a nervous man.

At the loud report of the blunderbuss, the seamen upon the forecastle-head had scrambled inside to find their arms. This was stupid of them. Already the Yankee boatswain and carpenter were racing forward to seize the opportunity. They catapulted against the forecastle-house, slammed tight the doors, and closed the hatch; and there were the British sailors cooped in and locked fast, every mother's son of 'em, barring the frightened helmsman, who was only too glad to be left alone to steer the ship.

Joshua Barney, breathing a little hard but with composure unruffled, saw to it that the wounded

prize-master and mate were bandaged and tucked in their cabins. Then he permitted the seamen to emerge from the forecastle one by one. And as they came out every fellow was stripped of his pistol, cutlass, and musket. The weapons were piled on deck until the boatswain could throw them overboard. Captain Barney addressed them with a few brief remarks. They had taken his vessel and abused him because they were the stronger. Now the tables were turned. By their own villainous code of action, he was justified in putting them to death. However, if they would agree to work the ship to Baltimore, he would pay them wages and discharge them in that port. If they hung back, he would set them adrift in a boat, with provisions and water.

The unlucky seamen discussed it among themselves and decided to knuckle under. Thereupon they were warned that any man caught speaking to one of the British officers, or communicating in any way, would be instantly shot. They were a very humble, anxious group of privateersmen. A similar spirit of repentance was manifest in the cabin. That charge of buckshot had been wholesome medicine for the prize-master. It was due to Captain Barney's deft nursing that he did not lose his arm. He was moved to apologies and

to acknowledge that he had been given the dose he deserved. The mate with the cutlass wound over the ear was doing well. He must have had a head like a teak-block.

The ship's course was changed to head for Baltimore. Captain Barney never left the deck by night or day. When he had to rest he sat in an armchair, his pistols ready at hand. He caught short naps in the daytime, with the boatswain or the carpenter on guard beside him. The cook took his turn as sentry, and marched to and fro with a musket. He might lack the headlong initiative required to recapture a ship, but he was not to be sneezed at when on watch. No British seamen was permitted to come abaft the mainmast unless summoned on an errand of duty. Atogether, it was a trying voyage to Baltimore.

CHAPTER XI

CAUGHT AND TRIED FOR PIRACY

THREE weeks after staging his brisk little rebellion, Joshua Barney sailed up the Chesapeake, feeling the worse for wear, but with the eleven kidnapped Britishers still under his thumb. They were not prisoners of war. Their status was peculiar, to say the least. The seamen were paid their wages and discharged, according to promise. Barney offered to turn the officers over to the British vice-consul in Baltimore, demanding that he be responsible for their appearance in any proceedings brought by the Government of the United States. This the consul refused to agree to, and they were therefore lodged on board a revenue cutter pending the disposal of the case.

It was Barney's contention that the alleged privateers had been cruising without lawful commissions and were mere salt-water burglars. To meet this charge, the prize-master and his mates put their heads together and were able to show the British consul what they swore was a *copy* of the

document requested. This was farcical evidence but good enough for the consul, who promptly absolved and released them. Captain Barney forwarded his own report to Thomas Jefferson, then secretary of state, who sent a strong protest to England. As usual, the grievances of the American republic were tossed into the waste-basket by the officials of Downing Street.

Convinced that his own Government was too weak to offer him either redress or protection, Barney decided to look after his own affairs. His voyage in the *Sampson* had been rudely interrupted and his commercial transactions left at loose ends. He had expected to visit San Domingo in order to collect thirty thousand dollars owing for merchandise delivered, and the matter could not be trusted to agents. He therefore prepared to sail to the southward again, but not as the prey of privateering vagabonds. He increased his crew to thirty men and mounted a battery of sixteen guns in the ship. With Barney in command, this was force enough to discourage most of the sea vermin that plagued the Caribbean.

Unmolested, he arrived at Cap Français and later called at Port au Prince. His fortunes took on a rosy hue. The outstanding accounts were paid in drafts on the French consul in Philadelphia.

The cargo was sold at very high prices, after which the ship was loaded with cotton, sugar, coffee, and indigo to the value of fifty-five thousand dollars. In December, 1793, the *Sampson* turned her bowsprit toward Baltimore. Two days out from Haiti, she was chased by a British frigate. Barney tried to keep out of her way, but his ship was not fast enough. A shot from a bow gun compelled him to heave to.

Presently a boat filled with armed bluejackets came alongside. A haughty young lieutenant climbed on board and ordered Captain Barney to accompany him to "His Majesty's frigate *Penelope,* Captain Rowley." Argument was useless. With what grace he could muster, Barney took his ship's papers and went along. The scene on the frigate's quarter-deck is described, with a natural indignation, in Mary Barney's memoir.

> This British officer and gentleman, Captain Rowley, scarcely condescended to look at the ship's papers—whether he had previously known Captain Barney or had been excited by having recently heard his name in connection with the recapture of the *Sampson*, does not appear—but his reception of Captain Barney was accompanied by a flood of vulgar abuse and scurrility which would have disgraced the deck of a fish-boat. Provoked beyond the patience of his temper, Captain Barney

instantly retorted with as much severity of language as he could command—he told Captain Rowley that he was a coward to use the advantage of his situation to insult a man whom he would not dare to meet on equal terms on sea or shore—that the opportunity might come for retaliation, when he should remember the poltroon who commanded the English frigate *Penelope*. Captain Rowley did not suffer him to finish his reply, but ordered him between two guns and placed a sentinel over him, to whom he gave orders if the damned Yankee spoke or attempted to quit the space allotted to him, to "*blow the rascal's brains out.*" He next took out all the crew of the *Sampson*, and the passengers, and ordered the ship to Jamaica whither he followed with the frigate.

Captain Rowley may have been a poor specimen of a naval officer, but his personal animosity toward American seamen was shared by many of his cloth. It was a lamentable obsession, which a second war with England was required to wipe out. The contemptuous attitude displayed in the case of Joshua Barney was one of numberless episodes of the kind which were to be magnified in affronts far more serious as one year followed another. They were to culminate in such indignities as that offered the United States frigate *Baltimore* in 1798, when the naval ensign once more flew on the high seas. She fell in with a heavy British squadron, which impressed fifty-five of her seamen after calling a

muster-roll to take the pick of them. These men were dragged aboard the flag-ship *Carnatic* to be flogged if they so much as dared to open their lips in protest. Captain Phillips of the *Baltimore* was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service for what was called his "culpable course of non-resistance," but his was not the blame so much as that of his country, which had ignored the necessities of self-defense.

Of sterner stuff was Captain Thomas Tingey, commanding the American twenty-four-gun ship *Ganges.* He was boarded by a boat from the British cruiser *Surprise* for the purpose of impressing all seamen who happened to be without American "protection papers." Captain Tingey refused to permit his ship to be searched and told the British boarding-officer:

"A public ship carries no protection for her men but her flag. I do not expect to succeed in an engagement with you, but I will die at my quarters before a man shall be taken from the ship."

The crew was then sent to quarters and the guns manned to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" on the fife and drum. The British cruiser sailed away without robbing Captain Tingey of a single man.

Joshua Barney, prisoner in the frigate *Penelope,* was in the dark as to the intentions of his cap-

tors, nor was he certain of the nature of his crime. Captain Rowley's outburst of wrath had hinted of trouble more serious than trading with a French island of the West Indies. Arriving at Kingston, Barney was roused out in the middle of the night and taken before the sleepy clerk of the admiralty, who straightway committed him to prison. The marshal, a Mr. Frazier, who was commanded to take him into custody, was a man of manners and feelings who perceived that he had no ordinary merchant skipper on his hands. This Jamaican official was so much more colonial than English that he could even like an American. Instead of putting Captain Barney in jail he invited him to his own house, requiring no more than his word of honor that he would await trial by process of court.

It was at the marshal's advice that Barney sued out a writ of habeas corpus, petitioning that he might be removed to Spanish Town, then the capital of Jamaica and the residence of the chief justice. At a hearing before the learned judge he was admitted to bail, which was furnished by the mercantile house of Balentine & Fairly. Alas, he could do nothing toward regaining his ship and cargo! She was tied at a wharf, where an admiralty agent emptied her of all that valuable cotton, sugar, coffee, and indigo which the expectant crew of the

Penelope frigate already regarded as so many dollars clinking in their pockets!

Shortly before the regular session of the Admiralty Court the grand jury found two bills against Captain Joshua Barney of the ship *Sampson*: the first for piratically and feloniously rescuing and bearing off a ship and cargo, which had been seized at sea, while under his command; the second, for firing upon, with intent to kill, and wounding a prize-master. The first charge, then, indicted him for piracy. He had reason to feel mortal uneasy. In the sight of God and man he had been justified, as he believed, in retaking his own ship from the scurvy privateersmen that had sought to pillage him. It was another thing, however, to convince a trial jury of subjects of the British crown.

The case attracted unusual attention. The court-room was packed to the doors. Many of the audience were unlucky American shipmasters either stranded or awaiting condemnation of their vessels and the loss of their property. The attorney-general, in the opening address, denounced the defendant as a piratical American who had attempted to murder one of his Majesty's mariners in cold blood. The advocate who had been employed to assist in the prosecution was even more scathing. The prisoner at the bar was a bloodthirsty Jacobin, an out-

law, who had welcomed the fraternal embraces of the vile nest of *sansculottes* in San Domingo. He had been guilty of the most abominable insolence toward the commander of a frigate of the Royal Navy, whose great humanity alone had prevented him from saving the jury the trouble of this trial, by a summary sentence of death upon such an old and hardened offender.

The chief witness was the prize-master who had stopped a load of buckshot from the brass blunderbuss. His testimony was loud and impassioned, but it carried no weight. His looks were all against him. He was quite obviously a drunken dog, and the truth was not in him. His two mates made an impression little better. The prosecution having finished its case, the prisoner's counsel arose to speak for the defense. At this, the foreman of the jury requested to be heard. In behalf of the eleven other good men and true, he desired to inform the honorable court that no further argument was necessary. The jury had made up its mind. It would be a waste of time to listen to the defense. "Not guilty," was the verdict. The judge was heard to mutter that such was his own opinion. To Captain Barney he said, "Sir, you are at liberty to withdraw."

Thereupon the prisoner and the jury wended

their way to the best tavern in Spanish Town, along with other impromptu guests, and enjoyed the finest dinner and wines that could be provided. There were as many as sixty captured American merchantmen then in Kingston Harbor, scooped in by the drag-net of the British orders in council of June, 1793. And you may be sure that these forlorn shipmasters joined the convivial party and forgot their woes while the bottle went round. The sympathy shown Captain Barney and the extraordinary manner of his acquittal led them to hope for leniency toward themselves. False hopes! Almost every one of these sixty ships was confiscated by order of the Admiralty Court, with the outrageously unjust neutrality edicts as the excuse.

The honorable chief justice may have felt pleased that he did not have to hang Captain Barney as a pirate, but there his mercy ended. When it came to the fate of the *Sampson,* she was condemned along with the rest of the Yankee vessels. Joshua Barney had lost his ship and cargo and the splendid profits he had expected to reap.

His dramatic acquittal in court was, in a way, a triumph of personality. There was another tribute to his qualities even more impressive. As a story of friendship it is very remarkable. Several weeks had elapsed between the time of his

indictment and the session of the court. He had been able to send home a statement of his case which was placed before the United States Government. The secretary of state presented an emphatic remonstrance to the British minister at Philadelphia. President George Washington went so far as to threaten retaliation if Captain Barney should be convicted of the charges of piracy.

In Baltimore a number of Barney's friends chartered a fast pilot-schooner and sailed for Jamaica. They took it for granted that his vessel had been confiscated. They would bring him home. And they had money for him, and letters from the British minister to the governor of Jamaica, and their own sturdy loyalty that stuck to a comrade through thick and thin. The American Government had placed a strict embargo upon the shipping in its own ports as a measure of retaliation against Great Britain's high-handed policies, but President Washington granted the pilot-boat a special permit to sail on its chivalrous errand.

It was a terrific voyage. The little schooner was dismasted by a hurricane in the Gulf Stream. Instead of putting back to refit, these loyal Argonauts devised a clumsy emergency rig of broken spars. They made such slow headway that they manned the long sweeps and so rowed the pilot-

boat a good deal of the distance to Jamaica. A haggard, exhausted party of friends they were when they tottered ashore at Kingston to find Joshua Barney.

They were too late to be of any service in the court proceedings, but the letters they brought seemed to thaw the disposition of his Excellency, the English governor of Jamaica. He invited Captain Barney to dine with him, professed his ignorance of the predicament in which he had found himself, and was profuse in apologies. This was pleasant enough, but it failed to restore the good ship *Sampson* to her lawful owner.

Barney found some small diversion in inviting Captain Rowley of the *Penelope* frigate to meet him ashore with whatever weapons the challenged party might prefer. For some reason, Captain Rowley was unwilling to make an engagement. However, his nose was pulled by proxy, as you might say. Strolling into a coffee-house, Joshua Barney overheard a lieutenant of the *Penelope* damning him as a rascal whom it would be a great pleasure to horsewhip. He was unable to finish his oration because Barney's strong fingers gripped him by the beak and turned him around. Aim adjusted and sights set, Barney kicked the young man through the doorway into the street. To his

surprise, several other British naval officers in the group stepped up to congratulate him and were lavish in buying drinks. They made it clear that they failed to approve of H. M. S. *Penelope*.

New masts and sails were found for the battered pilot-boat from Baltimore. Captain Barney took his officers from the *Sampson* and as many of his crew as room could be found for. His gallant party of friends from home made it a very overcrowded vessel ; but some slept on deck, and they took it all cheerily and so reached the capes of the Chesapeake in May, 1794.

With abundant provocation and personal knowledge, Captain Barney now became a leader in the agitation for enforcing the embargo as a temporary weapon and preparing for war with England as the ultimate necessity. Non-intercourse, even for a few months, would, in his opinion, compel Great Britain either to abandon her West India colonies or repeal the offensive orders in council. Jamaica and her other islands would starve if deprived of the provisions imported from the United States. At his own expense Barney had hand bills printed and broadcasted in Philadelphia, calling a meeting of all the masters and mates then in port. They came flocking to the Harp and Crown tavern of

Barnabas McShane, from the brigs, sloops, and snows anchored in the river.

Captain Barney told them his own experiences ; he related the misfortunes of many other mariners and asked them to sign an agreement not to go to sea for ten days after the expiration of the Embargo Act. After cursing Congress, they finally resolved to hold their vessels for ten days and made a solemn pledge that if one of their number was discharged in consequence none of the others would fill his berth, and ended by urging the pilots to take no ships down the Delaware for the same space of time.

President Washington had proclaimed the embargo in response to popular clamor directed against England, against the Barbary corsairs, against the other flags which were despoiling American commerce. Newspaper comment boiled over in such language as this:

> Lay an embargo. Let it be general and cover every ship in our port save those of our good allies, the French. Then shall we lie on our oars, and the Algerines of Africa and the Algerines of India be disappointed of getting our ships. Then shall we cease to feed those who insult us. Then shall we fairly meet the question, Are our sailors to be maltreated, our ships plundered, and our flag defied with impunity?

The embargo had its temporary results, but the country was in a temper to adopt ways and means more aggressive. Anger veered first against England and then against the Dey of Algiers, who had been ruthless in harrying American ships and throwing their seamen into slavery. A new maritime nation had sprung into existence, and this despot proceeded to extort an annual tribute. The one nation of whom these pirates had a real fear was England. Her flag and her passes were respected, and it was under English Mediterranean passes, forged or purchased, that most of the American ships sailed.

It was when a fleet of eight Algerine cruisers sailed out into the Atlantic for the purpose of capturing American shipping that President Washington presented the facts to Congress in a special message and asked for instructions. It was voted to send a naval force against the pirates and also to negotiate a treaty. Money was voted to lay down six first-class frigates. Three of these were completed, the *Constitution,* the *Constellation,* and the *United States.* In 1795 the American Government and the Dey of Algiers came to an understanding and a very shameful one. The republic, which boasted so proudly of its freedom and independence and which had fought so stubbornly

to win these priceless enjoyments, consented to pay tribute in money and other gifts to the Algerian nest of cutthroats. The blackmail thus extorted amounted to a total of a million dollars.

The three fine frigates then uncompleted were sold for what the timber and copper would fetch, but the *Constitution,* the *Constellation,* and the *United States* lived to write their names in the naval annals of the nation. When the naval bill had been passed, in 1794, the captains selected to command the six new frigates were, in this order: John Barry, Samuel Nicholson, Silas Talbot, Joshua Barney, Richard Dale, and Thomas Truxton. All these men had been conspicuous in the seafaring conflicts of the Revolution. Captain Barry had been one of the ablest and most daring commanders, in the *Lexington,* the *Raleigh,* and the *Alliance.* Richard Dale had been first lieutenant of the *Bonhomme Richard* in her glorious battle with the *Serapis.* Captain Samuel Nicholson [1] had made a fine record in the cutter *Dolphin* and the frigate *Deane.*

Joshua Barney received notice of his appointment in a letter from General Knox, secretary of war, which contained this disturbing line : "it is

[1] This was not the Captain Nicholson who had deserted the frigate *Virginia* when she lost her rudder and was captured in Delaware Bay.

to be understood that the relative rank of the captains is to be in the following order." Captain Barney had no objection to being listed after John Barry and Samuel Nicholson, but he most strenuously protested against being superseded by Silas Talbot. Here was one of those situations which may seem to a layman like a tempest in a tea-pot, but which is of vital concern to a naval officer. His position on the list does more than affect his prospects of promotion. It often involves questions of authority. The senior captain of two or more ships in company, for instance, may give orders to his juniors on the list.

This purely professional aspect was not what made Joshua Barney balky. He refused to admit that Silas Talbot had any real right to be called a naval officer at all, even though he had been given a captain's commission during the Revolution. As a matter of fact, Talbot had been an army man, a soldier who had done much of his fighting afloat. His bona-fide rank was that of lieutenant-colonel. His career had been most unusual. Enlisting under Washington, he was made a captain of infantry and soon gained promotion. But he had been a merchant mariner from boyhood and soon grew restless with the Continental troops. He was given an odd assignment. As Colonel Talbot he selected

sixty infantry volunteers, most of them seamen by trade, and led them aboard the small sloop *Argo* in May, 1779 to punish the New York Tories, who were equipping privateers against their own countrymen and working great mischief in Long Island Sound. So serious was the situation that General Gates found it almost impossible to obtain food supplies for the northern department of the American Army.

Silas Talbot and his nautical infantrymen promptly fell in with the New York privateer *Lively,* a fair match for him, and as promptly sent her into port. He then ran offshore and picked up and carried into Boston two English privateers headed for New York with large cargoes of merchandise from the West Indies. But he was particularly anxious to square accounts with a renegade Captain Hazard, who made Newport his base and had captured many American vessels with the stout brig *King George.*

On his second cruise in the *Argo* Silas Talbot encountered the perfidious *King George* to the southward of Long Island and riddled her with one broadside after another, first hailing Captain Hazard by name and cursing him in double-shotted phrases for the traitorous swab that he was. Then the seagoing infantry scrambled over the bulwarks

and tumbled the Tories down their own hatches without losing a man.

With no very heavy fighting, Silas Talbot had captured five little vessels and was keen to show what his crew could do against resolute foemen. He found them at last in a large ship which seemed eager to engage him. Only a few hundred feet apart through a long afternoon, they briskly and cheerily belabored each other with grape and solid shot. Talbot's speaking-trumpet was shot out of his hand, and all the officers stationed with him on the quarter-deck were killed or wounded. His crew reported that the *Argo* was in a sinking condition, with the water flooding the gun-deck, but he told them to lower a man or two in the bight of a line, and they pluckily plugged the holes from oversides. There was a lusty huzza when the Englishman's mainmast crashed to the deck, and this finished the affair. Silas Talbot found that he had trounced the privateer *Dragon* of twice his own tonnage and with the advantage in guns and men.

Men fought and slew each other in those rude and distant days with a certain punctilious regard for the etiquette of the bloody game. There was the Scotch skipper of the *Betsy,* a privateer whom Silas Talbot hailed as follows, before they opened fire :

"You must now haul down those British colors, my friend."

"Notwithstanding I find you an enemy, as I suspected," was the dignified reply, "yet, sir, I shall let them hang a little longer—with you permission —so fire away, Flanagan."

In the summer of 1780, Captain Silas Talbot, again a mariner by title, was given the private cruiser *General Washington,* the same ship which Joshua Barney later pounded into submission as the *General Monk.* Silas Talbot was less fortunate with her than when afloat in the tiny *Argo* with his sixty Continentals. Off Sandy Hook he ran into the British fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot, and, being outsailed in a gale of wind, he was forced to lower his flag to the great seventy-four *Culloden.* For a year he was confined in the Old Mill Prison at Plymouth. Joshua Barney met him there, and they were the best of friends. There was no shadow of personal grudge or jealousy between them.

Barney was obdurate, however, and refused to accept the commission as a captain. He had never hesitated to speak his own mind, and his criticisms reached the ears of Secretary Knox, who wrote him a letter on June 5, 1794, which said in part:

Since the nominations to the Senate were made known, it has been said that you would not accept the appointment, on the ground that Captain Talbot was junior in rank to you during the late war. That the reverse of this is the case will fully appear, by the enclosed resolve of Congress creating Col. Talbot a captain in the Navy on the 19th of September, 1779; whereas it appears from the lists that you continued a lieutenant to the end of the war. Respect to the justice of the President of the United States requires that this circumstance should be mentioned.

Barney's reply to this was that he had been appointed captain of the *General Washington,* a ship of more than twenty guns, by Robert Morris, president of the Marine Committee, in 1782, and had been addressed as Captain Barney in all official communications until the end of the war and thereafter. This was besides the rank and command conferred on him by the State of Pennsylvania. His responsibilities had been such as were never thrust upon a lieutenant. This was another proof that the naval lists of the Revolution were thoroughly unreliable. On the other hand, Silas Talbot, for all his merits, had never once been employed as a captain in the navy. It had been an honorary rank, for he had seen no active service at all after his release from the Old Mill Prison. A resolution of Congress passed in May, 1781, had rescinded the

early commissions and issued new ones in their stead. The name of Silas Talbot did not appear on this later list, and he was therefore a lieutenant-colonel of the Revolutionary army.

So much for Captain Barney's argument. His pride was undoubtedly hurt, but he was also contesting for what he believed to be the integrity and stability of the service. His motives and his state of mind were much like those of Paul Jones in the matter of a similar grievance. Jones had written for Robert Morris, in 1783, a statement of his case for presentation to Congress.

I became captain by right of service and succession, and by order and commission of his Excellency Ezek Hopkins, commander-in-chief, the tenth day of May 1776, at which time the captain of the *Providence* was broke and dismissed from the Navy by a Court Martial. Having arrived in Philadelphia with a little convoy from Boston soon after the Declaration of Independence, President Hancock gave me a captain's commission under the United States, dated the 8th day of August 1776. I did not at the time think that this was doing me justice, as it did not correspond with the date of my appointment by the commander-in-chief. It was, however, I presume, the first naval commission granted under the United States. And as a resolution of Congress had been passed on the 17th day of April 1776 that the nomination of captains should not determine rank, which was to be

settled before commissions were granted, my commission of the 8th of August must by that resolution take rank of every commission dated the 10th of October 1776.

My duty brought me again to Philadelphia in April 1777, and President Hancock then told me that new naval commissions were ordered to be distributed to the officers. He requested me to show him the captain's commission he had given me the year before. I did so. He then desired me to leave it with him a day or two, till he could find a leisure moment to fill up a new commission. When I waited on him the day before my departure, to my great surprise he put into my hands a commission dated the 10th day of October 1776, and number 18 on the margin. I told him that this was not what I expected, and requested my former commission. He turned over various papers on the table, and at last told me he was sorry to have lost or mislaid it. He paid me many compliments on the service I had performed in vessels of little force, and assured me no officer stood higher in the opinion of Congress than myself, a proof of which he said was my late appointment to the command of secret expeditions, with five sail and men proportioned, against St. Kitts, Pensacola, St. Augustine, and so forth.

He also assured me that the table of naval rank that had been adopted on the 1st of October had been drawn up in a hurry and without well knowing the different merits and qualifications of the officers; that it was the intention of Congress to render impartial justice, and always to honor, promote, and reward merit; and to myself that I might depend on receiving a very agreeable appointment soon after my return to Boston, and until I was

perfectly satisfied respecting my rank, I should have separate command.

The suave, diplomatic John Hancock soothed Paul Jones with these promises in order to get rid of his importunities. The injustice was never remedied. The greatest of early American sea-captains summed up the whole question in the admirable phrase, "Rank opens the door to glory."

CHAPTER XII

A COMMODORE OF THE FRENCH NAVY

HIS stubborn sense of professional pride having deprived him of the opportunity to command one of the new frigates, Joshua Barney returned to his own maritime affairs. For one thing he had drafts to the amount of thirty-five thousand dollars on the French consul-general in Philadelphia which had been given him in San Domingo for merchandise delivered. In so far as payment by the consul-general was concerned, the drafts appeared to be so much waste-paper. The confused, unstable condition of the Revolutionary Government in France was given as an excuse.

Barney therefore decided to go to Paris, investigate for himself, and press his claims in person. The merchant ship *Cincinnati* was ready to sail, and he expected to embark as a passenger, but the owners paid him the compliment of asking him to take command for the voyage outward bound. It happened that James Monroe had been appointed minister to France and was sailing in the *Cincinnati.* He expressed his pleasure and con-

fidence at finding so famous a seaman as Captain Barney in charge of the vessel.

Monroe was succeeding Gouverneur Morris, who had been sent to Paris by Thomas Jefferson, secretary of state. Shocked at the enormities perpetrated in the name of liberty, Morris had spared no pains to help the unfortunate and soon brought upon himself the hatred of every republican in France. More than once rumors were afloat that he had been guillotined, that his house had been sacked, that he had fled for his life. His enemies accused him of fomenting a counter-revolution, of giving American passports to British incendiaries, and when Washington demanded the recall of Citizen Genêt, the French Government demanded, in turn, the recall of Gouverneur Morris.

When James Monroe reached Paris, the retributive guillotine had sheared off the head of Robespierre, and the gutters no longer ran red with blood. The new American minister was received with effusive cordiality. He was an eloquent friend of the Republic. On August 14 his credentials were referred to the Committee of Public Safety. The National Convention promptly decreed that "the said Minister should be introduced into the bosom of the Convention, and the President should give him the fraternal embrace as a symbol of the friend-

ship which united the American and the French peoples."

Mr. Monroe then addressed the Convention, assuring them that his countrymen desired the freedom, prosperity, and happiness of the French Republic and that the Congress of the United States had instructed him to convey these sentiments. To this the president of the Convention, Citizen Bernard, replied, as quoted in a French newspaper :

> The French people have never forgotten that they owe to the Americans the inspirations and the precepts of liberty. They admired the sublime insurrection of the American people against haughty Albion now fallen so low in disgrace. They sent their armies to assist the American patriots, and in strengthening the independence of that country, the French at the same time learned to break the scepter of their own tyranny and to erect a statue of liberty on the ruins of a throne which had been founded upon the corruptions and crimes of four centuries. The President proceeded to remark that the alliance between the two republics was not merely a diplomatic transaction but a sincere union of friendship. He hoped it would be indissoluble and prove the scourge of tyrants and a safeguard of the rights of man. How differently an American ambassador would have been received in France six years ago by the royal usurper of the rights of the people! How much merit he would have claimed for having graciously condescended to take the United States under his protection!

At this day it is the sovereign people as represented by its faithful deputies that welcomes the ambassador with sincere attachment. He longed to crown it with the fraternal embrace. "I am charged," said he, "to give it in the name of the nation. Come and receive it and let this scene destroy the last hope of the impious coalition of tyrants."

It was melodramatic in the extreme. Captain Joshua Barney accompanied the American minister on this occasion. He was selected to present the American colors to the Convention. The Stars and Stripes were to hang on the wall beside the flag of France. The world had been turned topsyturvy since the day when the gallant young Barney had kissed the cheek of the lovely Marie Antoinette amid the gilded follies and mummeries of Versailles. In the minutes of the National Convention the ceremony was described as follows :

The discussion on the organization of the several committees was commenced, but the deliberation was soon after interrupted by the arrival of the Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States. He was conducted into the center of the hall and a secretary read the translation of his discourse and credential letters, signed by George Washington, President of the United States, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, at Philadelphia, the 28th of May. The reading of this was accompanied by repeated shouts of "Vive la Republique"—"Vivent les

Republiques"—and universal acclamations of applause. The President gave the fraternal kiss to the Minister and declared that he recognized James Monroe in this quality.

It is also decreed that the colors of both nations should be suspended at the vault of the hall as a sign of perpetual alliance and union. The Minister took his seat on the mountain on the left of the President and there received the fraternal kiss from several of the deputies.

(*The President.*)—"A letter in English has just now been delivered to me announcing that the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America sends a stand of colors. It is brought by an officer of the United States."

The Convention orders him to be admitted. The American officer enters the bar amidst fervent shouts of applause. He carries a standard the colors of which are the same as those of our own banner of liberty, the difference being a blue field spangled with stars. The officer presented the following addresses which were read by a secretary:

(*The Minister of the United States of America to the President of the National Convention.*)

"Citizen President. The Convention having decreed that the colors of the American and French republics should be united and stream together in the place of its sittings, as a testimony of the union and friendship which ought to exist forever between the two nations, I thought that I could not better manifest the deep impression which this decree has made on me and express the thankful emotions of my constituents than by procuring their colors, carefully executed, and in offering

them in the name of the American people to the representatives of the French nation.

"I have had the colors made in the form lately decreed by Congress and have entrusted them to Captain Barney, an officer of distinguished merit who has rendered us great services by sea in the course of our own Revolution. He is charged to present and to deposit them on the spot which you shall judge proper to appoint for them. Accept, Citizen President, this standard as a new pledge of the sensibility with which the American people have received the sympathy of their allies, and of the pleasure and ardor with which they grasp every opportunity of cementing and consolidating the good understanding between the two nations."

(*Speech of Captain Barney, bearer of the colors.*)

"Citizen President. Having been directed by the Minister of the United States to present to the National Convention the flag requested by your body, the flag under the auspices of which I have had the honor to fight against our common enemy during the war which has assured liberty and independence, I discharge the duty with the most lively satisfaction. Henceforth displayed by the side of the flag of the French Republic, it will proclaim a union that will last as long, I hope, as the freedom which has been so bravely acquired and so wisely consolidated."

(*A deputy.*)—"The citizen who has just spoken at the bar is one of the most distinguished sea officers of America He has rendered great service to the liberties of his country and he could render the same to France. I request that this suggestion be referred to the consider-

ation of the Committee of Public Safety, and that the fraternal embrace be given to this renowned officer, Captain Barney."

(*Several voices.*)—"The fraternal embrace." (Decreed.)

The American officer advances to the chair of the President and is embraced amidst unanimous applause.

(*Citizen Mathieu, a deputy.*)—"One of our colleagues, in rendering homage to the talents and services of Captain Barney, has informed you that he could be usefully employed by the Republic. I second the request that this matter be referred to the Committee of Public Safety."

The idea of accepting a commission in the French naval service made a strong appeal to Barney's restless and adventurous temperament. There was in his mind, no doubt, a sense of dissatisfaction with the treatment he had received under his own flag. In a way, it was akin to the disappointment which had influenced Paul Jones to exile himself as an admiral of the Russian Navy. Joshua Barney had an additional incentive. This was the bitter hatred he felt toward England and all her works. The losses and insults he had suffered during his shipping ventures had revived a bitter hostility which his chivalrous nature had been willing to forget. Cruising in the French service, he could hope to wipe out the score. Moreover, the French had flattered and honored him.

He resolved to set his affairs in order as rapidly as possible and to accept a command if it should be offered him. The National Convention undertook to adjust his claim against the administration of Haiti and passed a special decree for this purpose. Without delay the minister of marine urged him to take command of the *Alexander,* a seventy-four-gun ship of the line recently captured from the English. This he declined, hoping to get a cruising frigate in which he might be more active against the enemy. The line-of-battle ship would be attached to a fleet and subject to an admiral's orders.

Private business detained him in Paris until the elaborate pageantry in honor of the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose remains were solemnly deposited in the Pantheon. An enormous multitude of citizens were assembled in the Tuileries. The streets of Paris were crowded as never before. An imposing procession escorted the urn containing the ashes of Jean Jacques. The American flag was carried by Captain Barney with a guard of honor composed of the orphan sons of Revolutionary soldiers, *"Les élèves de la Nation."* These youths, several hundred of them, were dressed in blue jackets and trousers and scarlet vests. The procession moved from the Palace of

the Tuileries down the principal avenue of the gardens to the Place de la Revolution, thence by the boulevards through the Rue St. Honoré to the Pont Neuf and so to the Pantheon. The windows, the galleries, the pavements blossomed and burgeoned in the tricolor of France.

To the impressionable Barney, France had emerged from her hideous chaos and had established herself as a republic fighting for existence against a Europe determined to crush her. His sword was at her service. Soon he was persuaded to accept a commission as *capitaine de vaisseau,* or post-captain, and was ordered to proceed to Holland to take over certain captured men-of-war. These ships were found to need such extensive repairs that the Ministry of Marine concluded to abandon them.

There followed a long period of delay during which Barney's impatience grew until it had to find an outlet. Held on waiting orders and unable to get to sea himself, he bought and equipped at his own expense a privateer, *La Vengeance,* of twelve guns and a hundred and twenty men, and sent her out to cruise against the British. The orders to the French naval lieutenant in command were that under no circumstances were American vessels to be molested. On the contrary they were

to be given aid and assistance whenever possible.

Within a few weeks *La Vengeance* had captured fifteen prizes, which were sent into Dutch and Danish ports.

Barney had reason to feel that "he was enjoying the satisfaction of ample retaliation for the barbarous and cruel treatment of himself and the unjust and illegal condemnation of the *Sampson* and her cargo." He increased his privateering activities by fitting out two more armed vessels which operated from Flushing and Havre. One of these he named the *Revenge* as an indication that he had not attained a state of forgiveness. This business employed him until March, 1796, when he was promoted to the rank of *captaine de vaisseau du premier* with special duty afloat as a commodore or *chef de division des armées navales.*

At Rochfort he hoisted his pennant on the handsome new frigate *La Harmonic* of forty-four guns and three hundred men. The other frigate of his squadron was *La Railleuse.* They sailed in company with a large fleet bound to the West Indies. Commodore Barney's destination was San Domingo, to which he was carrying an artillery force and large amounts of munitions and stores. As a comment on the poverty of the French Government, the capture of an English brig provided the

seamen with clothing in place of the rags they wore. The prize contained a cargo of dry goods, jackets, trousers, hats—one hundred and twenty bales and trunks of them. The French blue-jackets plied needle and thread and shears and fitted themselves after a fashion, but the results must have dismayed the fastidious Barney, who liked smart ships and smart crews.

They fell in with one of those salt-water tragedies common enough in those day and now mere stuff for fiction. A brig in distress was sighted, partly dismasted and leaking. A boarding-party found a crew, mostly Spaniards, who told a plausible tale of losing the captain overboard in a storm and of trying to work the vessel into port. Certain circumstances, as reported to Commodore Barney, aroused his suspicions, and he visited the brig himself. From those uneasy, guilty Spanish seamen he soon extorted a confession. They were searched, and sewn in their belts was found gold coin that amounted to seven thousand dollars. Led by the mate, they had murdered the captain during a voyage from Malaga for Gibraltar. Thence they had made for the Cape Verde Islands, where they had divided the swag and enjoyed a frolic ashore. Fearing capture, they had steered to hide in the West Indies with the intention of turning pirates after their money

CAPTAIN JOSHUA BARNEY

In the uniform of the French Navy, in which he held important rank from 1798 to 1802.

was gone. Foul weather crippled the ship and spoiled their plans. Commodore Barney took them aboard his frigate, stripped them of the blood-stained gold, and put them in irons to be delivered to the authorities of San Domingo and properly hanged all in a row.

On arrival he was given a third man-of-war, a converted transport carrying thirty-six guns, which turned out to be slow and clumsy. With this and the two frigates he cruised for some time in quest of a rich merchant fleet due to make the voyage from Jamaica to England under convoy. He failed to find them, managed to elude a powerful British squadron far too heavy for him, and almost lost his frigates in a hurricane off Bermuda. It was preceded by a day of singular calm and beauty. The ocean was so quiet that an American merchantman floated within speaking distance for several hours. Her skipper came aboard *La Harmonic* for a chat, and Barney wrote a lot of letters to send home by him.

It began to blow about sunset. The two frigates were stripped to battle for their lives. The transport had already parted company with them. At daybreak next morning they saw *La Railleuse* go reeling off to vanish from their sight in a wild welter of spray and mist and foam. Apparently

she was doomed to perish. Aboard *La Harmonic,* Commodore Barney was employing every resource of a veteran seaman whom no crisis could daunt. The great seas were roaring across his decks. The ship was running under bare poles.

In the afternoon a monster billow reared and crashed over the vessel's quarter. It swept the decks of boats, houses, everything that could be torn up and splintered. Barney was washed under a quarter-deck gun and jammed there. When the half-drowned French officers dragged him out they found that his thigh was fractured. He refused to let them carry him below for some time. They lashed him fast until the surgeon took it into his own hands and defied the stubborn Yankee commodore. No sooner had he been lugged into his cabin than the three masts of the frigate tumbled over the side. As a sodden hulk she wallowed in the trough of the sea, and for a wonder did not roll keel up and founder.

From his bunk Barney issued the orders to cut away the wreckage and throw overboard the quarter-deck and forecastle guns to lighten the vessel. She labored frightfully but stayed afloat. The upper works were gone. The magazine and storerooms were full of water. Several officers and sixty men were disabled by bruises or broken bones. The

hurricane subsided suddenly. Barney with his fractured thigh had himself carried on deck and lashed to a cot. He had been very proud of the beauty and stately grace of this crack frigate. The forlorn wreck that he now beheld was enough to bring tears to his eyes.

Somehow he inspired those exhausted, battered, hopeless Frenchmen to do and dare. Within four days they had fashioned a jury-rig of spars and odds and ends of canvas, and *La Harmonic* was limping in the direction of San Domingo at three or four knots. Another miracle was vouchsafed when off Turk's Island a sail was sighted and it proved to be the lost *La Railleuse,* which had escaped with a shattered bowsprit. The two frigates safely made port together, and Joshua Barney was taken ashore at Cap Français for his fractured thigh to mend. He was disabled for many weeks but could direct the refitting of his frigates. Meanwhile his own privateer, *La Vengeance,* which had first cruised out of French ports, was using Martinique as a base. She touched at San Domingo to report to her owner, and he was pleased to learn that his share of her prize-money amounted to sixty-five thousand dollars, which he forwarded to his partner in Baltimore.

He sent the lucky privateer out again, although it

involved him in a situation that had its awkward aspects. The relations between France and the United States were rapidly drifting toward unofficial war afloat. In the memoir already mentioned, Mary Barney finds it necessary to explain:

> We take occasion here to advert again to the private instructions of Commodore Barney to the masters of his private cruisers, and the effect of them upon American commerce. The maritime decrees of the French Republic made it lawful to capture all American shipping bound to or from an English port, and the Government agent at Cap François, in the several visits of *La Vengeance* to that port, had given positive orders to her commander to lose no opportunity of enforcing these decrees; but this officer regarded the private orders of his owner and employer as of paramount obligation, particularly as there was a penalty attached to the slightest breach of them, which he knew would be rigidly enforced, to wit, the loss of his command.
>
> In the course of his cruise he boarded twenty-nine American vessels, all from Jamaica, and all lawful prizes to French cruisers, the aggregate value of which was more than six hundred thousand dollars. He dismissed them all with a "bon voyage" and they carried their treasure home unmolested. The commodore's share of this property, had it been captured, would have amounted to nearly half a million of dollars. And yet he has been accused of not loving, not respecting his country.

This hints that Barney's course was censured by

his own friends and countrymen. It did arouse much bitter criticism and active hostility, as will be seen later in this narrative. His own conscience appears to have been clear, and he thought it unnecessary to elaborate a defense.

For some time longer he remained at San Domingo in command of the French naval forces of the colony. It was a singularly picturesque experience. At this time, in 1796, the hideous anarchy which had raged through the island of Haiti had burned itself out. The black revolt had been successful in achieving liberty and independence after destroying most of the civilization that had been so arduously created by the ruling class of white colonists.

From the ruins emerged one great man, negro though he was, who won a place among the immortal leaders of mankind. This was Toussaint Louverture. He was the son of an African chief who had been taken in war and sold into slavery. Born in 1793 on a plantation near Cape Haitien, he had taught himself reading, writing, a little geometry and Latin; and when he became of age he was promoted from the field to the position of coachman by the overseer, M. Bayou de Libertas. During the murderous uprising in 1791, Toussaint hid the overseer and his family in the jungle, kept them in food

at the risk of his life, and eventually guided them to the coast, whence they escaped to the United States. After their flight, with no ties to bind him longer to the whites, he joined the negro bands.

Toussaint's superior knowledge and some skill with medicines and surgery soon made him influential. He won his way to the chief command of the armed mobs and mitigated their ferocity. Declaring himself lieutenant-governor of the colony, he resolved to break all political ties with France and wrote the Directory, "I guaranty, on my personal responsibility, the orderly behavior and the good will to France of my brethren, the blacks." Then he bent all his energies to the regeneration of Haiti and accomplished the complete pacification of the island. His army was rigidly disciplined, agriculture was encouraged, churches reëstablished, schools opened, and justice dealt every man. Peace and prosperity were apparently restored to the unfortunate island and this happy situation continued until Toussaint came into collision with the insatiate Bonaparte after his return from Egypt and the overthrow of the Directory.

Toussaint had sent him letters addressed "The First of the Blacks to the First of the Whites." This was too presumptuous for the vanity of the great Corsican to endure. His answer was to send

a fleet of sixty ships and thirty thousand men commanded by General Leclerc, Pauline Bonaparte's husband, for the reconquest of Haiti. It was probably the effect that a free colony like that of Haiti would have upon the slave-holding possessions of France that induced Napoleon to send out this formidable expedition and to sacrifice upon the altar of his policy and ambitions the veteran soldiers of the Nile, the Alps, and the Rhine.

It was a campaign indelibly stained with passion, cruelty, and calamity. The French army was beaten and almost exterminated by the ravages of disease and the stubborn fury and military genius of the black leaders. When, at last, the wretched survivors sailed away from the island to convince Napoleon of his failure, they saw the tops of the mountains ablaze with fires. The liberated blacks were celebrating their freedom. In less than two years, the French had lost sixty thousand men including two thousand officers of superior rank. Toussaint Louverture and his cause had triumphed over the Bonaparte, but the emancipator of Haiti did not live to see his people free. Captured during the struggle, he was taken to France and died in a dreary prison.

Commodore Joshua Barney learned to know Toussaint before the armed strength of France was

exerted to crush his noble aspirations. He was then commander-in-chief of the black forces and absorbed in his plans and ambitions for the establishment of an enduring republic. It seems odd to find the Yankee sailor's opinion colored by his sympathies with the government of France and her colonial administration. Toussaint failed to arouse his enthusiasm if we are to judge by the comment that "he was decrepit in body, capricious in disposition, and wantonly tyrannical in the exercise of his authority." Barney seems to have been more interested in the gigantic Christophe, who later became the dictator of Haiti and whose bizarre career reads like an epic of a legendary age. He it was who proclaimed himself king under the name of Henri I and created a nobility, including three princes of the kingdom, eight dukes, twenty counts, thirty-seven barons, and eleven chevaliers. The first secretary of state was the Comte de Limonade, and another high official was the Duc de Marmalade.

King Henri Christophe built nine royal palaces and eight royal châteaux, of which the Palais de Sans Souci and the Château des Delices de la Reine were the most beautiful. An elaborate plan of defense was adopted in the event of another invasion by the French. All the captured artillery, hun-

dreds and hundreds of brass cannon of all sizes, were dragged to massive fortifications built in the hills and mountains. Vast magazines of provisions and munitions were collected. Aqueducts and cisterns were constructed. These retreats were made impregnable.

Christophe's own fastness was the huge fortress on the cloud-wreathed mountain of La Ferrière. Lofty walls of masonry, deep-hewn galleries, moats, and tier upon tier of cannon—even to-day its ruins awe the visitor. To this grim stronghold Christophe removed his treasure, estimated at thirty million dollars, and held his subjects under the sway of life and death until his savageries caused a mutiny of the royal guard and he slew himself with a silver bullet.

He was no more than a colonel of the Haitian army, on the road to a throne, when Joshua Barney won his friendship. They made many excursions together, and Christophe always furnished a bodyguard for his *bon ami* as he called him. "At the approach of Christophe," Barney related, "the best of everything was invariably produced, and it was no small gratification to travel through the island in his company. No man was ever more reverenced than Christophe—but it was the reverence of fear, for within the extent of his command the tyranny

he exercised was as despotic as that of Mohamet himself. He was a fine looking fellow, of noble stature, gentlemanly and dignified in his address and manners—cruel and vindictive in his resentments, but firm and faithful in his friendships. His wife was as black and portly as the Hottentot Venus, but stately and ladylike in her demeanor. They entertained their guests with as much ease and grace as if they had been bred in the court of Versailles."

A colorful glimpse of the life in Haiti during this period is afforded by the record of Commodore Barney's intimacy with Sonthonax, the diplomatic agent of the French Government. He lived in splendor with a palace of his own and a company of elegantly uniformed black guards to attend him. "The entrance to his private apartments was at the end of a long galley, the windows of which opened upon a luxurious grove of orange trees—fountains of pure water gushed forth at intervals to cool the air and bubbled in streams through the grove. In his dining apartment this voluptuous servant of the Republic had an ingenious contrivance by which a large fan, exquisitely beautiful in its form and materials, continually agitated the air over the table while on each side marble fountains poured forth their gurgling sounds during the repast. The

regal magnificence of everything about this establishment—the bodyguard—the difficulty of approach to the person of Sonthonax—the haughtiness of his demeanor to the *canaille*—furnish a beautiful comment upon the two words which headed all his official acts, *Liberté, Egalité.*"

Barney's very cordial relations with Sonthonax stirred up some bitter jealousies among the bureau chiefs. One of them, Pascal by name, fancied himself slighted and became quite worked up over it. He went so far as to insult the American by forbidding him entrance to the private offices of the administration building. Barney knocked him down and passed in on his own affairs. A challenge to a duel with pistols was received from the grossly affronted Pascal. It goes without saying that the acceptance was prompt. They met and exchanged shots, but both men missed at the first round. While the seconds were reloading, a detail of troops rushed in and spoiled the encounter. It was later learned that they had been instigated by the crafty Pascal, who displayed a certain foresight, incompatible with valor.

The island was suffering so much distress for lack of food-stuffs that Commodore Barney thought it expedient to take two frigates and sail to the United States in the hope of finding cargoes

and credit. He took it upon himself to arrange contracts as an agent. His flag-ship, *La Harmonic,* was still undergoing repairs, and *La Railleuse* was absent on cruising duty. He therefore set out with two other frigates, the *Medusa* and *L'Insurgente.* Both were ships destined to suffer tragic fates in other hands and to write memorable chapters in the history of the sea. It was the *Medusa* which, wrecked on the African coast while carrying colonists to Senegal, in 1816, linked her name with such a tale of human suffering as to win a poignant and mournful distinction among the ocean's countless episodes of disaster. Of one hundred and fifty persons who took refuge upon a raft, only nine lived to see the shores of France again.

L'Insurgente was a taut frigate of forty guns and one of the fastest ships in the French navy. In 1798, when the quarrel over the rights of neutrals had come to a head, Commodore Thomas Truxton in the frigate *Constellation* fell in with *L'Insurgente* off the islands of St. Kitts. In tonnage, guns, and seamen the ships were not ill matched. The fire of the *Constellation* was deliberate and well directed, while the shots from the French frigate flew high. After an hour and a quarter of fighting sixty-seven dead and wounded bestrewed *L'Insurgente's* decks. The French commander thought he

had done enough for the honor of the tricolor and so surrendered his ship.

When Joshua Barney sailed into Chesapeake Bay in December, 1796, with his two French frigates, hostilities had not been openly declared, but popular feeling was running in stormy tides. On the one side were the Federalists who supported neutrality and the foreign policies of Washington's second administration, on the other the Republicans who loved France and were ready to go to war with England and form a close alliance with the French Republic. So violent was the political dissension that a scribbler could write and print:

> If ever a nation was debauched by a man the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington. Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages; let it serve as a warning that no man may be an idol; let the history of the Federal Government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people.

Commodore Joshua Barney and his two French frigates infuriated the partizans who had been trampling the tricolor underfoot and tearing down the Republican cockades and liberty bonnets. Barney was a renegade who deserved to be shot. And

now the Federalists complained that he had gone so far as to insult the American flag. He had displayed it from the *Medusa* with the union down. This, said the Republicans, was a mere accident. The frigate's flags were wet. They had been hoisted to dry. The American ensign had become inverted. It was hoisted right side up as soon as the officer of the deck noticed the blunder. Two years later the incident was recalled when the *Constellation* whipped *L'Insurgente*. The Federalists received the news of the victory with extravagant joy. But one thing, they asserted, could have added to their jubilation, to have had the rascally Barney still in command of the French ship.

The fuss and commotion failed to shake his confidence that he was steering an honorable course. He was taking no part in the embroilment between the two nations, nor did his country need his services. His mission was to find succor for the afflicted people of Haiti. He spent some time in Baltimore visiting his family, from whom he had been two years absent. His privateering and commercial ventures had brought handsome rewards, and he maintained his wife and children in comfort and luxury. With his dynamic vigor he loaded and despatched several merchant vessels to the relief of

Haiti, giving them passports under the sign manual of the *chef de division des armées navales.*

Then he turned his attention to refitting his frigates, which lacked provisions and clothing. Adet, the French minister, had been recalled, but was enmeshed in debts. The consul-general had neither cash nor credit. All he could do was to give Commodore Barney bills upon the treasury in Paris. No bank in Philadelphia or Baltimore was willing to advance against them, wherefore Barney drew thirty thousand dollars from his own funds to provide for his frigates and to enable Adet to get clear of his importunate creditors. There was bad news also from Haiti, where the useful Sonthonax had fallen into disgrace with the Directory. He had been summoned to France to give an account of himself and penned this farewell to his dear friend Citoyen Barney;

Receves mes adieux, mon cher Barney, jusqu'à ce que des circonstances heureuses puissent nous réunir. L'épouse du citoyen Odelon, capitaine de frégate, vous instruira des evénements qui ont amené et déterminé mon part. Prodigue de sacrifices je les ai tous faits pour le maintien de l'ordre publique. Je laisse après moi des preuves materielles, et pour ainsi dire vivantes, de l'amélioration de la colonie, progrès des cultures, confinance de

commune réédification de la ville du Cap, des magazins approvisionnés pour six mois; voilà tout ce que je laisse, et Dieu merci, n'importe qu'une conscience pure, et l'estime de moi même. Adieu, mon cher Barney. Je compte sur la continuation de votre attachment comme vous pouvez compter sur ma sincère amitié.

The two frigates needed new rigging, sails, almost new bottoms; and the wants of the seven hundred seamen were urgent. Single-handed, Barney solved these problems and was ready to leave the waters of the United States in July, 1797. In Hampton Roads was a British squadron of two great ships-of-the-line and four frigates. They had been waiting several months to intercept Barney's French men-of-war and made no pretense of concealing their purpose. It was a flagrant violation of neutrality conducted with characteristic insolence. When ready for sea, Joshua Barney called upon his friend Colonel Parker, a member of Congress from Virginia, and requested him to convey through the medium of the British consul at Norfolk a message to the British admiral in Hampton Roads. Its purpose was that he, Barney, "would immediately go to sea with any two of the English frigates, provided the admiral would pledge his word of honor that he would permit none of his

other vessels to interfere pending the proposed trial of prowess."

The message was duly forwarded, but the admiral saw fit to decline it. It was much easier to blockade the impertinent Barney. However, there was more than one way to skin a cat, said the experienced Yankee mariner to himself. Dodging British men-of-war in the Chesapeake had been one of the favorite pastimes of his youth. And so he took his two frigates down the bay, sending a pilot-boat ahead to scout, and slipped through the cordon during a dark night. By those competent to judge, it was considered one of the most brilliant feats of seamanship in his whole career.

CHAPTER XIII

A PRIVATEERSMAN OF 1812

COMMODORE BARNEY'S service in West Indian waters continued into 1798, when he was disabled by severe illness. He had been restive under a constraint which involved much duty on shore, besides which his financial affairs gave him some anxiety. In cash and credits the French Government was now indebted to him in the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars and it was useless to try to collect it without direct appeal. He obtained permission to relinquish the naval command at Haiti and turned the frigates over to a French officer. He chartered a small schooner of fifty tons with a crew of only ten men and prepared for a long and hazardous voyage to France. As passengers he took a French general and his aide-de-camp. During his illness he had been solicitously attended by Christophe and Toussaint Louverture, who furnished him many little comforts for the voyage and bade him affectionate farewells.

It was another daring fling at fortune to venture so far in this tiny schooner. She was chased more

than once and had the serious mishap of running out of fresh water because of leaky casks. These thirsty pilgrims of the deep captured a Portuguese brig and made the ironical discovery that she was laden with salt. Forty-five days out from Haiti they fetched the coast of Spain, after begging enough water from passing vessels to keep from perishing. Joshua Barney posted overland to Paris, where his bankers informed him that the prospects of repayment were rather nebulous. He settled down to lay siege in his own determined fashion. In order to be rid of him, the Ministry of Marine offered him the command of the whole West India fleet with ten powerful ships of war. He refused the honor and remained in Paris until Napoleon came back from Egypt to suppress the Directory and the two Councils at the point of the bayonet.

As soon as the First Consul, by his prompt and decisive measures and his intuitive sagacity as a statesman, had restored order to the several departments of the new government and was at leisure to attend to minor concerns and the complaints of individuals, Commodore Barney procured an introduction to him through his friend, Admiral Ganthéaume, for the purpose of renewing to the head of the Government application for the payment of his claim. The First Consul received him with the most

winning urbanity, entered into immediate and rapid discourse with him respecting the United States, the situation at Santo Domingo and the conduct of the agents there, and seemed to be as well acquainted as Barney himself with all the subjects upon which he asked his information. He invited him to dine with him, hoped he should see him often at his levees, and bowed him out without giving an opportunity for a word to be said in relation to his claim.

It was gaining something, however, he thought, to have had such an introduction as placed him at once in the distinguished circle that surrounded the great man, and he was determined to lose nothing by neglecting to use the privileges allowed him. He attended all the military parades in his uniform of *Chef de Division*, or general officer, never missed one of Josephine's elegant and agreeable soirées, and had the honor of frequent invitations to the table of the Consul.

But all this brought him no money; he found that he did not advance a single step nearer towards obtaining a settlement and the only effect of the distinction with which he was treated was to raise up a host of enemies against him in the jealous sycophants forming a body of courtiers who lived upon the smiles of the future emperor. Tired at length of fruitless solicitation, he determined to return to the United States, and for this purpose demanded his discharge from the French service. Napoleon refused to grant it on the flattering pretence that Commodore Barney's talents might be needed and should be the more willingly rendered now that peace had been made between his native and adopted countries.

He was compelled to remain in France almost two years longer before his application for honorable dismissal was granted, in a manner well calculated to soothe his feelings and gratify his pride. He was placed upon the pension roll at an allowance of fifteen hundred pounds per annum during life and received a letter from the Minister of Marine, written by order of Napoleon, in which his services to the Republic were spoken of in the highest terms of compliment. The pension he never claimed, but he felt proud of the testimony given to his merits.[1]

Certain laws were passed which funded the French debts with provision for future payment. And the new treaty made with the United States included a reciprocal agreement for the liquidation of all debts between the two nations. This was how Joshua Barney was compelled to leave matters when he returned to his native land after almost eight years of absence in foreign climes and waters. He had been engaged in bold financial enterprises on a large and complicated scale, what with his own privateers, his interests in merchant shipping, his advances to the French Government; but he found himself sadly hampered for cash and making heavy weather of it. Agents had proved faithless; vessels had met with misfortune; and his own temperament was too generous and trustful to protect him against trickery. He became involved in a sorry

[1] Quoted from Mary Barney's Memoir.

tangle of lawsuits and what not, but managed to maintain a position of dignity and a comfortable home for his family.

In July, 1804, his attention was diverted from his own vexations by the unexpected visit of Jérôme Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, to the United States. He had been given a naval commission as *capitaine de vaisseau* without the slightest knowledge of seafaring and while bound on a cruise to the West Indies had decided to visit Baltimore. He was accompanied by his friend General Reubel, a secretary, physician, and a large suite of attendants. Because of the acquaintance formed in Paris, Commodore Barney invited Jérôme and his party to be his guests. For several weeks his hospitable roof sheltered them. The young Bonaparte was gay and sociable and enjoyed the sensation he created. His host planned a tour which included Philadelphia, York, Lancaster, and other agreeable places, and acted as guide and chaperon.

They went to the races at Havre de Grace, where a throng of fashionable people gratified their curiosity to see and meet a Bonaparte. He was fond of the ladies, but remained heart-whole until the return to Baltimore. Then Commodore Barney took him to the races at Govane's Town, and the mischief was done. It was there he first saw the beautiful

Elizabeth Patterson and instantly fell in love with her. She was the daughter of a Baltimore merchant, William Patterson, who claimed descent from the Robert Patterson who was the original of Sir Walter Scott's *Old Mortality*. The impetuous Jérôme forgot brother, empire, and future prospects. He appealed to Commodore Barney to aid him in persuading the fair Elizabeth to consent to marriage and to intercede with the imperious Napoleon in his behalf.

Ever so much older and wiser, Barney called it an act of folly. Jérôme was under age and entirely dependent upon the good will of his brother. The laws of France would refuse to recognize the validity of such an alliance, and Napoleon would almost certainly enforce a separation. Barney felt it his duty to emphasize the same objections to Miss Patterson and her family. His friendship with Napoleon enabled him to speak with peculiarly intimate knowledge of the situation and the probable consequences. It was of no avail. The prospect was too dazzling. It blinded reason and ignored obstacles. The very name of Bonaparte was like a spell. Napoleon was slicing Europe, with his irresistible sword, into kingdoms for his Corsican brothers. Jérôme would be the monarch of Westphalia, with an American girl as his consort.

They were married in Baltimore on Christmas day of 1804. Jérôme soon sailed for France with his bride. Commodore Barney's forebodings were more than justified. Napoleon was furiously angry. There was no appeasing him. He refused to call it a legal union. Jérôme had fatuously meddled with his own destiny. It was a valid marriage, however, according to American law, nor could Pope Pius VII be persuaded to call it void in the sight of the church. The luckless Jérôme was forced to part from his wife. For a time she took refuge in England and then sadly returned to Baltimore, where she was called Madame Bonaparte or Madame Patterson. She lived to old age and died in 1879.

The child by this ill-starred marriage was Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who was born in England and spend most of his life in Baltimore. He is said to have shown a marked resemblance to his uncle, the emperor of the French. He was on good terms with Jérôme who made him a large allowance. Jérôme later married Princess Catharine of Würtemberg after the Patterson marriage had been annulled by imperial decree. After Napoleon's second abdication he lived in exile in Italy and Switzerland. Returning to France in 1847, after the

rise of Louis Napoleon, he became a marshal of France and president of the Senate.

It is pleasant to relate that Joshua Barney's complicated business affairs took a more favorable slant. The French Government began to pay off its debt in instalments. Even the famous case of the good ship *Sampson* was unexpectedly resurrected. The proceedings of the Admiralty Court of Jamaica, having been reviewed and considered in London, were declared to have been illegal. A decision by a higher authority indemnified the owners of the confiscated ship. Joshua Barney's share was forty-five thousand dollars.

With an affectionate liberality he divided this money among his three sons, who were now old enough to embark in commerce for themselves. The father had the most sanguine confidence in their success, but, alas, their careers as merchants were brief and disastrous. He managed to keep hold of a handsome payment from France, but this was likely to slip through his fingers. He was never cautious or conservative in his operations.

In 1807 he was aroused by the trumpet-call of duty. They had called him a renegade? It was a wicked slander. The news came to him of the mortal insult offered the flag by the British frigate *Leopard.* The American frigate *Chesapeake,* fly-

ing the broad pennant of Commodore James Barron, had refused to permit a boarding-party to search her for seamen. Without warning she was fired into and reduced to submission after twenty-one of the American crew had been killed or wounded. The *Chesapeake* was given no chance to clear for action and station her crew. It was like the assault of a drunken rowdy upon an unsuspecting wayfarer. In the history of civilized intercourse there was never a more wanton and unpardonable episode between two friendly nations. The shameful insolence was in keeping with the attitude of the British navy toward the armed ships of the United States, "a few fir-built things with bits of striped bunting at their mastheads," as George Canning, English secretary of state for foreign affairs, described them. After the *Chesapeake* affair, popular opinion in the United States had little patience with the arguments of such spokesmen as Josiah Quincy, who said that Massachusetts would not go to war to contest the right of Great Britain to search American vessels for British seamen.

President Thomas Jefferson preferred negotiations to the clash of arms, and the crisis was thereby deferred for several years. Joshua Barney wrote him at once:

Sir,—

At a moment like the present, I conceive it the duty of every citizen to step forward in support of his country. I therefore beg leave to make to you the tender of my personal services. I shall be happy to be employed by you in any manner which may be thought conducive to the good of my country and the support of the administration.

Disappointed in the failure of Jefferson to increase the naval strength of the country, Commodore Barney made another attempt after the inauguration of James Madison, writing him as follows:

Baltimore, March 12th, 1809.

Sir,—

Immediately after the affair of the *Chesapeake* (4th July), I wrote to Mr. Jefferson making him a tender of my personal services. As our country seems yet to be menaced by foreign powers, I still hold it my duty to continue that offer, which I now do to you as President of the United States. I do it the more cheerfully because I am not unknown to you personally. I shall always feel a sincere pleasure in contributing my feeble abilities in any manner you please for the good of the country and still more so when it is to support an Administration whose principles perfectly coincide with my own.

There was no place for a fighting sailor of Barney's proved merit, and he abandoned all idea of

entering the naval service. The fateful year of 1812 found him retired to a spacious farm in Anne Arundel County, where he enjoyed the life of a country gentleman and planter. He was past fifty years old, a man in whom the fires of youth were dimmed. He had known many high adventures and lived his life to the hilt.

On June 18 the Congress of the United States declared war against Great Britain. The report of the Committee on Foreign Relations said in conclusion:

> Your Committee believing that the free born sons of America are worthy to enjoy the liberty which their fathers purchased at the price of so much blood and treasure, and seeing in the measures adopted by Great Britain, a course commenced and persisted in which must lead to a loss of national character and independence, feel no hesitation in advising resistance by force, in which the Americans of the present day will prove to the enemy and to the world that we have not only inherited that liberty which our fathers gave us but also the Will and the Power to maintain it. Relying on the patriotism of the nation and confidently trusting that the Lord of Hosts will go with us to the battle in a righteous cause and crown our efforts with success, your Committee recommends an immediate appeal to arms.

This had a familiar ring to Joshua Barney. It was a brave echo of the doctrines for which he had

fought in the Revolution. He was eager to get to sea at the old trade of clearing for action or holding the weather-gage. The routine of governmental bureaus was too slow to suit him, and the naval organization seemed to have no berth suitable to his rank and experience. Several merchants of Baltimore were equipping a very able privateer called the *Rossie*. She was armed with ten twelve-pounders and had a crew of one hundred and twenty men. Joshua Barney was urged to command her for a cruise. He consented, in the hope of finding more important duties later. It was his belief, after long experience and observation, that Great Britain's sea borne commerce was vital to her very existence and easily vulnerable to attack. This had been true during the Revolution, when for the most part the American privateers had been small ships and poorly armed. Now a fleet far faster and more powerful could be sent out from the busy ports of Boston, Salem, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. American ships had become the pioneers of the trade-routes to lands distant and exotic. For privateering there would be no need of relying upon the little brigs, snows, and clumsy sloops that plodded coastwise or traded with the West Indies.

Maclay's "History of American Privateers" con-

tains a scene which describes Joshua Barney's difficulties in getting afloat in the *Rossie*.

Like the thoroughbred seaman he was, Captain Barney had got into the habit of being very careless in money matters. Probably few mariners of his period had handled so much money as he during a career on the ocean. Many thousand dollars had been credited to his account, but they were quickly scattered. It seems on this occasion that Captain Barney had incurred an indebtedness amounting to something like one thousand dollars. Such an insignificant item as this gave the redoubtable sailor no more concern that a mosquito bite, and he was so absorbed in his preparations for getting on blue water again that he had forgotten the trifling obligation. Not so, however, with his creditor. Just as the distinguished seaman, surrounded by well wishers, got to the wharf and was about to step into his boat to put off the *Rossie*, a deputy sheriff gently tapped him on the shoulder and, expressing regret at being obliged to detain him, said duty compelled him to report that there was "a suspicion of debt" against him to the amount of one thousand dollars which it would be necessary for him to clear up before going away. Recollecting that the "suspicion" was well founded, and being a man of honor, Barney quietly gave himself up to the officer, who contented himself very civilly with the captain's word that he would make his appearance when called for.

This delayed the cruise. It would have been very easy for Captain Barney to have quietly slipped aboard the *Rossie* and sailed away in spite of the sheriff, and to have

paid the indebtedness out of the privateer's profits. But this was not according to his code; so he sauntered through the streets until he found his friend Isaac McKim. This gentleman expressed much surprise at seeing Captain Barney, supposing that by this time the privateer was half way to the Capes. Barney explained the cause of the delay, and Mr. McKim promptly advanced the amount.

The *Rossie* was a Baltimore schooner, beautifully molded and loftily sparred, of the type that was to make American privateers famous. The naval sloop-of-war was intended chiefly to fight and required strength and solidity throughout. The frame needed to be heavy to support the heavier structure; the quarters had to be thick to protect the gun-crews from grape and musketry; the armament was as weighty as the frame could bear. So stout were the sides of an American frigate of 1812 that even thirty-two-pound shot fired at forty or fifty feet distance sometimes failed to penetrate, and the British complained as a grievance that the sides of an American forty-four were thicker than those of an American seventy-four. The privateer was built for no such object. Her intention was not to fight at close range if it could be avoided. She was designed rather to run than to fight, and her value depended far more on the ability to escape

than to attack. If the privateer could sail close to the wind and wear or tack in the twinkling of an eye, if she could spread an immense amount of canvas and run off before the wind as fast as a frigate, if she had sweeps to use in a calm, with plenty of men when boarding was necessary, she was the perfect ship for the purpose.

To obtain these results, the builders and sailors ran excessive risks. Too lightly constructed and too heavily sparred, the ideal privateer was never a safe or a comfortable vessel. Beautiful beyond anything then known in naval architecture, such schooners aroused boundless admiration but defied imitators. British constructors could not build them even when they had the models. British captains could not sail them, and when British admirals, fascinated by their beauty and tempted by their marvelous qualities of speed, ordered such a prize to be taken into their service, the first act of the carpenters in the royal dockyards was to reduce to their own standard the long masts and to strengthen the hull until the vessel should be safe in a battle or a gale.

In this connection one likes to read again a famous passage in "Tom Cringle's Log" by Michael Scott which refers to the captured Yankee schooner *Wave:*

When I had last seen her she was a most beautiful little craft both in hull and rigging, as ever delighted the eye of a sailor; but the dock yard riggers and carpenters had fairly bedevilled her, at least so far as appearances went. First they had replaced the light rail on her gunwale by heavy solid bulwarks four feet high, surmounted by hammock nettings at least another foot, so that the symmetrical little vessel that formerly floated on the foam as light as a sea gull now looked like a clumsy, dish-shaped Dutch dogger. Her long, slender wands of masts which used to swing about as if there were neither shrouds nor stays to support them were now as taut and stiff as church steeples, with four heavy shrouds of a side and the Devil knows what all.

Such a craft as this was especially suited to Joshua Barney's audacious talents as a shipmaster. What he accomplished with the *Rossie* is proof of this. It was one of the richest cruises ever made by a privateer since the old days of the Elizabethan sea-dogs who plundered the tall galleons of the Spanish Main. At sea only ninety days, Barney captured four ships, eight brigs, three schooners, and three sloops with a total value of one and a half million dollars, including the cargoes. Seven of these vessels were burned at sea, but most of the others were safely carried into port by their prize-crews. Two hundred and seventeen prisoners were taken; many of whom were sent into New-

foundland under a flag of truce to be paroled.

An abstract of the *Rossie's* log, as compiled by Captain Barney, reads as follows and is a most unusual document:

July 12th, sailed from Baltimore, July 15th, left Cape Henry. July 17th, spoke ship Electra of Phila. and informed her of the war. July 21st, spoke ship Rising Sun of Baltimore and informed her of the war.

July 22nd, seized brig Nymph for breach of the non-importation law. Spoke ship Reserve of Bath, from Lisbon to New London, and informed her of the war. July 23rd, was chased by a frigate; fired twenty-five shots at us. Outsailed her. July 30th, chased by a frigate. Outsailed her. July 31st, took and burnt the ship Princess Royal. August 1st, took and manned the ship Kitty, brig Devonshire, schooner Squid, and took the brig Brothers. Put on board sixty prisoners and sent her to St. Johns to be exchanged for as many Americans. 3rd, took and sunk the brig Henry and schooner Race Horse, burnt the schooner Halifax, manned the brig William, arrived and gave the schooner Two Brothers to 40 prisoners and sent them to St. Johns on parole. 9th, took the ship Jane after a short action, she mounting twelve guns and sent her to the United States.

August 10th, seized the brig Rebecca of Saco from London, for a breach of the non-importation law. 14th, spoke brig Hazard from Cadiz and informed her of the war. 17th, spoke brig Favorite from Cadiz to Boston. 20th, spoke brig John Adams who had been captured and plundered by H. M. S. Guerriere and let go.

25th, seized ship Euphrates of New Bedford for breach of the non-importation law. 28th, spoke brig prize to B. Franklin, privateer. 29th, spoke ship Jewell of Portland and informed her of the war, 30th, spoke schooner Ann and Mary of New London and informed her of the war.

Sept. 7th, spoke brig from Providence, Rhode Island, in distress, left her under the care of the revenue cutter of Newport. 9th, chased by three ships of war, a short chase. 10th, spoke ship Joseph of Bonavista and informed her of the war. 10th, spoke a brig prize to the schooner Saratoga of New York.

12th, chased by a frigate six hours and outsailed her. 16th, took His Britannic Majesty's packet ship Princess Amelia after a severe action of nearly an hour, at pistol shot distance, the English captain sailing master and one man killed, master's mate and six men wounded. We had Mr. Long, first lieutenant, severely wounded (most of the others recovered), the ship cut to pieces and the Rossie much injured in sails and rigging.

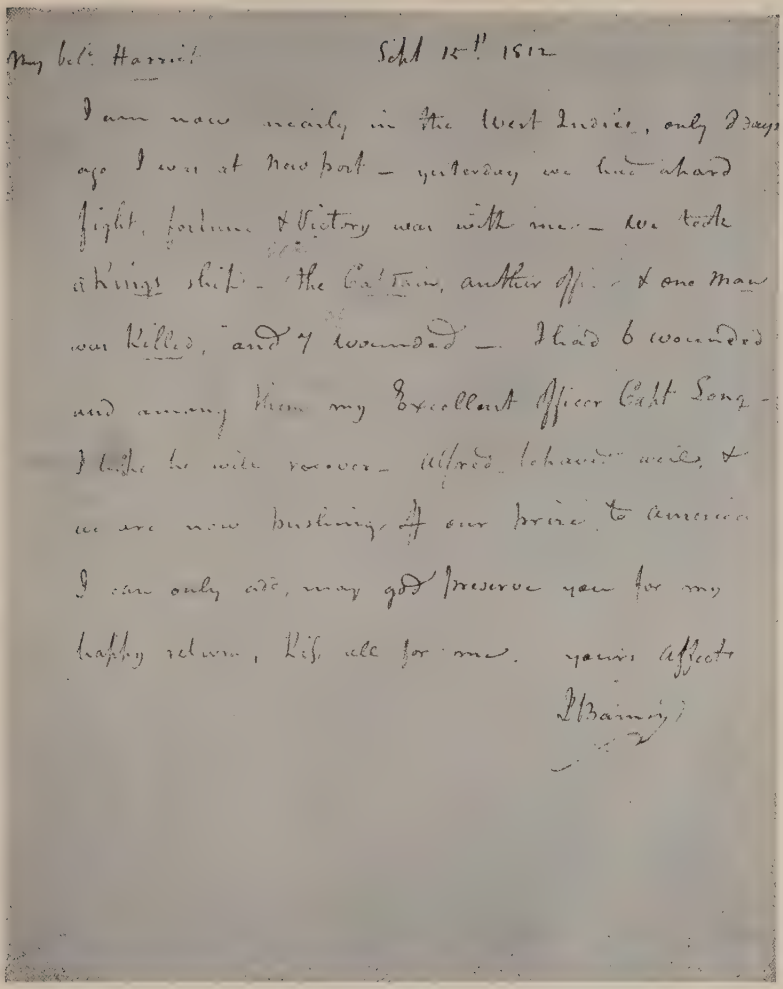
Sept. 16th, fell in with three ships and a brig armed. Exchanged shots with the commodore of the squadron, received an 18 pound shot through our quarter which wounded a man and lodged in the pump. Continued to dog and watch the above vessels four days in hopes to separate them, but in vain.

Sept. 23rd, spoke the private armed schooner Globe, Captain Murphy of Baltimore and we went in pursuit of above vessel but could not fall in with them. 25th, spoke a Spanish brig bound to Porto Rico. Oct. 8th, took in company with the Globe the schooner Jubilee and sent her in. 10th, spoke a Spanish brig from Palma

to Porto Rico, 10th, chased and spoke the privateer schooner Rapid of Charleston, 52 days out, had taken nothing. 22nd, seized the ship Merrimac for breach of the non-importation law.

Result is 3698 tons of shipping valued at $1,500,000 and 217 prisoners in 18 vessels.

This turned out to be less profitable than the figures indicate. After paying the heavy taxes, duties, and other charges imposed by the Federal Government and selling the vessels and cargoes for what they would fetch at public auction, Captain Barney found that the net receipts were small. His experience was not uncommon. As early as November, 1812, the owners of twenty-four New York privateers sent to Congress a memorial declaring that the profits of private naval warfare were by no means equal to the hazards and that the spirit of privateering stood in danger of extinction unless the Government would consent in some manner to grant a bounty for the capture or destruction of the enemy's property. In the list of five hundred privateers recorded by the Navy Department, three hundred were reported as having never made a prize. During the war about twenty-five hundred vessels all told were captured from the British. Many were destroyed, many released as cartels, and of the remainder not less than seven hundred



My bel. Harriet Sept 15th 1812

I am now nearly in the West Indies, only 8 days ago I was at New port — yesterday we had a hard fight, fortune & Victory was with me — we took a Kings ship — the Captain, another offi. & one man was killed, and 7 wounded — I had 6 wounded and among them my Excellent Officer Capt Long — I hope he will recover — Alfred behaved well, & we are now pushing off our prize to America I can only add, may god preserve you for my happy return, Kiss all for me. yours affects

J Barney

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY JOSHUA BARNEY
Addressed to his wife during his privateering cruise in the *Rossie.*

and fifty, probably one half the number sent to port, were recaptured by the British navy.

Seamen commonly preferred the harder but more lucrative and shorter cruise in a privateer to the iron discipline and bloody engagements of naval ships, where wages were small and prize-money scarce. Of all towns in the United States, Marblehead was probably most devoted to the sea. Of nine hundred men from Marblehead, who took part in the war, fifty-seven served as soldiers, one hundred and twenty enlisted in the navy, and seven hundred and twenty-six went as privateersmen. Only after much delay and difficulty could the frigates obtain crews.

Captain Barney made only the one cruise in the *Rossie*. It sounds mercenary to say that the rewards were not large enough to tempt him. No doubt he needed money, but in his heart was the hope of employment which should bring him in closer contact with the enemy's forces. Naval officers, as a rule, regarded privateering with disfavor, as rather beneath them. He waited for a request from the Navy Department which might give him responsibility worthy of his rank and experience. There is no doubt that political enmities conspired to thwart his desires. His service with the French naval forces was still used against him.

Losing patience with his traducers, he silenced one of them by fighting a duel, the circumstances of which are worth quoting as related in the memoir.

In the summer of 1813, being called to Newport in Rhode Island on business relating to one of his prizes, which had been sent into that port, he received while there a letter from the Navy Department offering him the command of the Flotilla to be fitted out at Baltimore for the defense of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributary waters. This induced him to hurry home as speedily as possible and proceed to Washington that he might learn more at large the nature of the service expected from him. He found that it was to be a separate command, unconnected with the Navy, and subjecting him only to the direct orders of the Government, such a command as he might honorably accept without giving up his independence.

But the news of his appointment had by some means or other become known in Baltimore, even before he himself had received the offer, and had excited against him his old and implacable enemies of sixteen years' standing who immediately set themselves at work to instill their own prejudices into the Government. For this purpose they made use of an individual in Baltimore, a merchant of high standing, upon whom they prevailed to address a letter to the Secretary of the Navy in which the character of the Commodore was traduced in the basest manner.

When he reached Washington, Mr. Jones, the Secretary of the Navy, conceived it to be his duty as a man of

honor to place this letter in Commodore Barney's hands, or at least to make him acquainted with its purport and the name of the writer. We will not undertake to dispute the Secretary's notions of the obligations of honor, but surely if he had reflected upon the possible consequences to which his disclosure of the name of the correspondent might lead, he would have hesitated before deciding upon such a step.

To say that Commodore Barney was surprised when he learned the name of his traducer would be perhaps to acknowledge that he had gained but little wisdom by former experience; but it was certainly one of the last sources from which he would have expected an interference of such a nature. The writer of the infamous letter had been indebted to him for many acts of kindness and friendship—he had been in France, sick and a stranger, and there the Commodore had nursed him with the care and affection of a brother and had lent him a large sum of money. All this was forgotten. The man suffered himself to be the tool of others and under the influence of the demon of ingratitude wrote the letter to the Secretary.

It was impossible, under the circumstances, for the Commodore to avoid calling upon his accuser for an explanation. The result was a meeting between them at which the misguided Baltimore merchant received a ball in his breast. Fortunately the wound was not mortal and the gentleman survived it long enough to repent, we sincerely hope, of the unworthy part he had been duped to play.

Having squared the account in this brisk and summary fashion, Joshua Barney betook himself to the huge task of assembling and equipping a fleet of gunboats, galleys, and barges. By special commission of the secretary of the navy he received the rank of commodore in the American service. It was a coincidence that he should be assigned the same kind of duty, on a much larger scale, which had won him his promotion to a lieutenancy as a seventeen-year-old lad in the Revolution. To harass and check an overwhelmingly superior British naval force by all means in his power was a familiar duty. He had learned it in the Delaware as a youth. Now he was to muster his boats and his men in the waters of the Chesapeake. He had returned to the flag he loved, and it was certain that he would never bring dishonor to it. Between the Revolution and the War of 1812 more than thirty years had intervened, but he was the same Joshua Barney.

CHAPTER XIV

FLOTILLA MEN TO THE FRONT

DURING two years of war, the city of Washington stood unprotected and defenseless, although any good engineer could have thrown up works in a week that would have made approach by a small force impossible. Armstrong, the indolent secretary of war, wrote to a committee of Congress that "bayonets are the most efficient barriers," but he did not even provide the bayonets. A thousand British troops could have taken the capital of the nation without any difficulty. Meanwhile a strong British fleet under Vice-Admiral Cochrane was ravaging the coast and rivers nearby and menacing both Baltimore and Washington. The militia was, for the most part, an untrained rabble led by incompetent officers. The only well-organized force, army or navy, that could even hamper the enemy in a movement against Washington or the shores of the Chesapeake and the Potomac was the flotilla of Commodore Joshua Barney.

On June 27, 1814, a British army under command of Major-General Ross sailed from England

for Bermuda with instructions "to effect a diversion on the coasts of the United States of America in favor of the army employed in the defense of Upper and Lower Canada." The point of attack was to be decided by Vice-Admiral Cochrane, subject to the general's approval. Nothing in the orders warranted the destruction of private or public property except such as might be capable of military uses. Unfortunately a small body of American troops had crossed Lake Erie to Long Point, Canada, on May 15 and destroyed the flour-mills, distilleries, and some private houses. The officer commanding the raid was afterward court-martialed and censured, but Sir George Prevost, the ranking British officer in Canada, without waiting for explanations, wrote to Vice-Admiral Cochrane suggesting that he should "assist in inflicting that measure of retaliation which shall deter the enemy from a repetition of similar outrages." The admiral thereupon issued these savagely intemperate orders to the British blockading squadrons:

> You are hereby required and directed to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as you may find assailable. You will hold strictly in view the conduct of the American army toward his Majesty's unoffending Canadian subjects, and you will spare merely the lives of the unarmed inhabitants of the United States.

For only by carrying this retributory justice into the country of our enemy can we hope to make him sensible of the impropriety as well as of the inhumanity of the system he has adopted. You will take every opportunity of explaining to the people how much I lament the necessity of following the rigorous example of the commander of the American forces. And as these commanders must obviously have acted under instructions from the Executive government of the United States, whose intimate and unnatural connection with the late government of France has led them to adopt the same system of plunder and devastation, it is therefore to their own government the unfortunate sufferers must look for indemnification for the loss of their property.

Such was the spirit and practice of the warfare with which Joshua Barney had to contend. In April he was ready to leave Baltimore with twenty-six gunboats, or small armed sailing-craft, and barges. He had nine hundred men led by officers that were mostly seasoned shipmasters and mates who had eagerly volunteered. The first skirmish with the enemy occurred near the mouth of the Patuxent River where the towering seventy-four-gun ship *Dragon* was supported by several schooners and barges. There was a lively action between the lighter craft; but the *Dragon* ship-of-the-line was too tough a nut to crack, and her heavy guns threw the shot too far. Barney took his flotilla

into the Patuxent to find shoaler water and so avoid being pounded by the *Dragon*.

He expected to be able to slip out, having played this same game of hare and hounds many a time in his younger days. But the favorable oportunity was delayed, and the word was sent to the British frigates of the squadron that the dashing Barney was trapped in the Patuxent. They proposed to blockade and keep him there until his vessels could be attacked and destroyed. And so the larger ships were stationed off the mouth of the river while a flock of schooners and barges was sent in to dig Barney out of his hole. The Yankee commodore sailed down to meet them, but they were not in a mood for close quarters and retired under the guns of the frigates. Thereafter they marked time until a larger British force could be assembled for the grand attack.

When the day came, it was a brave sight to see. There were twenty-one barges filled with British blue-jackets, two schooners mounting thirty-two-pound guns, and a boat which shot war-rockets. The men numbered eight hundred. They moved up the river and hovered below St. Leonard's Creek, into which Barney had withdrawn most of his vessels. The British colors were flying, and the bugles and drums made martial music. Barney had to

LORD COCHRANE

From an original picture by W. Walton

leave his larger craft at anchor for lack of water to handle them in. So he moved down-stream with thirteen barges and five hundred men to make it lively for the Britishers.

It was an extraordinary mêlée afloat, like two miniature battle-fleets in furious action. Presently every boat was engaged. Commodore Barney's flag-ship was a barge with a crew of twenty men. He could not direct the others by means of signal-flags, but his eldest son, Major William B. Barney of the Marine Corps, acted as his aide and rowed from one Yankee barge to another to carry instructions and encouragement. It was perilous duty continuously under fire, but the chip of the old block was not seen to flinch. With musketry and grape-shot the two forces pelted each other. Barges were shattered and went drifting with the tide, their men floundering ashore.

Gradually the British barges were driven down the river until they had reached the sheltering guns of one of their large schooners. Barney gathered his force together and pursued them as far as he dared to go. The blockading frigates were too strong for him to break through the line. However, he had thwarted the intention of smashing his flotilla and was ready to fight again. He learned that the enemy was quite seriously dam-

aged. This was confirmed by the fact that they did not immediately venture to tackle him again.

One incident had greatly pleased him. During the engagement a British rocket had killed an American seaman, after which it dropped into the open hatch of a barge and set it on fire. A barrel of powder and another of musket-cartridges exploded, blowing several men into the water and injuring them severely. In the hold was the main magazine of ammunition, with the timbers blazing all around it. The officers and crew scrambled into boats and sought safety in other barges. Major William Barney hailed his father and asked permission to board the burning vessel and try to save it. A squadron of daredevils followed him, and they succeeded in putting out the fire and towing the barge into shallow water.

There was no doubt that the resourceful Commodore Barney was pretty tightly bottled up, but he was by no means ready to abandon his flotilla and extricate his men by marching them overland. With Vice-Admiral Cochrane's orders as their justification, the crews of the British ship began to plunder the country-side and to destroy what they could not carry off. Tobacco, slaves, farm stock and implements, even household furniture, were regarded as loot. A good many unoffending

persons were taken to the ships and held as prisoners.

Very anxious to help Barney release his flotilla for active operations, the secretary of the navy sent him a hundred marines with three pieces of artillery, in command of Captain Samuel Miller. The secretary of war also took a hand in it and ordered Colonel Wadsworth to march to the Patuxent with six hundred regular troops and two heavy guns. The militia of Calvert County had been called to the colors, but they could not be called effective. On June 24 the three officers, Barney, Wadsworth, and Miller, held a council of war. It was decided to mount the artillery upon a commanding height, with a furance for throwing red-hot shot. This battery and the flotilla were to make a combined attack. Barney selected his best officer, Sailing-Master Groghegan, to help work the guns on shore.

The barges were divided into three divisions, in real navy style. Each division had its own commander and pennant, like the rear-admiral of a battle-fleet. Barney flew a red flag. His first lieutenant, Mr. Rutter, was admiral of the blue, and the second Lieutenant, Mr. Frazier, might have been called admiral of the white. All hands were in high spirits. They confidently expected the shore battery to drive the enemy's frigates and schooners

far enough offshore to let the flotilla escape into open water.

At dawn they heard the thunder of the guns. It was the signal for the barges to form their line of battle and attempt the sortie. The little fleet moved forward gallantly, under sail and oar. To Barney's disgusted surprise, the shot of the artillery upon the hill were flying high and wide, most of them passing over the British frigates. His own men on the barges were unprotected by bulwarks, and they had to withstand a terrific cannonading. Three barges were soon put out of action with heavy losses. The artillery was of so little use that after an hour it ceased firing. Barney had to fly a recall signal and lead his battered little squadrons up the river again. Then he went ashore in a very bad temper to investigate the failure of the battery to support him. Sailing-Master Groghegan's report explained the situation clearly enough.

On the evening of the 25th he had waited upon Colonel Wadsworth to receive instructions as to the place where the guns were to be stationed. The colonel replied to his inquiry in these words: "As you are to command and fight them, place them where you please." The sailing-master immediately set to work with his men and began to construct his battery, exactly upon the spot

where it unquestionably ought to have been, the summit of the hill which completely commanded the ships. He continued at work all night and had nearly finished his platform when about one o'clock in the morning Colonel Wadsworth came upon the ground and after examining the work declared, "that his guns should not be put there; they would be too much exposed to the enemy." Having given this as his only argument, he ordered a platform to be made in the rear of the summit. As there could be no disputing his orders, he was obeyed, of course, and the consequence was that the guns, being placed on the declivity, must either be fired directly into the hill or be elevated, after the manner of bombs, so high in the air as to preclude the possibility of all aim and render them utterly useless.

At the very first fire, the guns recoiled half-way down the hill and in this situation they continued to be fired into the air, at random, until the Colonel gave orders to have them spiked and abandoned. There was certainly a mystery in the conduct of this officer on that occasion which has never been solved. He was universally reputed to be not only scientific but brave.

Meanwhile the administration at Washington was displaying symptoms of uneasiness respecting the intentions of the enemy. On July 1 Commodore Barney received a letter from the secretary of the navy requesting him to come to the capital for an interview. They discussed the situation at length and the conclusion was to use the naval force

as far as possible for the protection both of Baltimore and Washington. First Lieutenant Rutter was therefore sent to Baltimore to take charge of fourteen barges and five hundred sailors assembled there. Commodore Barney, compelled to remain in the Patuxent, kept five hundred seamen with him. In the event of an attack on either city, the two forces could march to aid each other.

Returning to his barges, Barney moved them up to Nottingham, a small village on the Patuxent within forty miles of Washington. Here he found a panicky population and a company or two of militia, who, as he said, "were here and there but never where the enemy was." Brigadier-General Winder had been placed in command of the defense of Washington.

In a crisis he was not likely to lose his head for the lamentable reason that he had no head to lose. He rode to Nottingham to discuss matters with Commodore Barney, but had no definite plan of operations to outline. No line of defense was selected, no obstructions to the roads were prepared, and not so much as a ditch or a breastwork was marked out between Annapolis and Washington.

The British army of General Ross, sailing from Bermuda, reached Chesapeake Bay in August.

With an escorting squadron, the transports moved up to the mouth of the Patuxent River, about fifty miles from Washington. Vice-Admiral Cochrane wrote another of his vicious letters, this time addressed to Secretary Monroe:

> Having been called on by the Governor General of the Canadas to aid him in carrying into effect measures of retaliation against the inhabitants of the United States, for the wanton destruction committed by their army in Upper Canada, it had become imperiously my duty, conformably with the nature of the Governor General's application, to issue to the naval force under my command an order to lay waste and destroy such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable.

General Ross landed his troops at the little town of Benedict on August 19. On the following day, Rear-Admiral Cockburn, with the boats of the fleet, started up the Patuxent River in search of Barney's flotilla. The game was up. The word came to Barney that the British army had landed and was on the march to Washington, three brigades numbering about forty-five hundred officers and men. He went ashore at once and took with him four hundred of his sailors. The flotilla was left with the second lieutenant, Mr. Frazier, who had orders to blow up and burn all the barges and other craft as soon as the enemy should appear

in force. Then he was to follow with the rest of the men.

In a letter written by a British officer of the column it was stated:

> To destroy the flotilla was the sole object of the disembarkation, and but for the instigation of Rear Admiral Cockburn who accompanied the army the capital of America would probably have escaped its visitation. It was he who on the retreat of the flotilla from Nottingham urged the necessity of a pursuit, which was not agreed to without some wavering. And it was he also who suggested the attack upon Washington and finally prevailed on General Ross to venture so far from the shipping.

It must have seemed an audacious foray, to venture so far into a hostile country with fewer than five thousand men and beyond the support of the British fleet. At dawn of August 21 General Ross set his force in motion, and they made a leisurely promenade as far as Nottingham, twelve miles, where camp was made. Several heavy explosions were heard in the distance. According to instructions, Barney's lieutenant was blowing up the vessels of the flotilla. This signified that the force of armed boats under Cockburn had succeeded in its errand of making it impossible for the American sailors to hold their position afloat.

JOSHUA BARNEY

This medallion was painted from life by Jean Baptiste Isabey of Paris. He was distinguished as a portrait painter. The Empress Josephine and several of the marshals of France sat for him.

The British army therefore had nothing else to do than to saunter on to Washington. It advanced along woodland roads shaded from the hot summer sun, through a region of growing crops and farmhouses and barns from which the people had fled. There was never a sign of an American soldier. The invaders regarded it as a kind of picnic, after the cramping confinement between decks of the transports. Another halt was made at Marlboro, only sixteen miles from Washington and thirty miles from Baltimore. General Ross was somewhat undecided what to do next, but as he said in his official report, "Having ascertained the force of the enemy to be such as might authorize an attempt to carry his capital, I determined to make it, and accordingly put the troops in movement on the evening of the 23rd."

They marched about six miles nearer Washington, until American outposts were observed and a larger force stationed on higher ground. The British formed for an attack, but the Americans soon disappeared. Then, as Henry Adams has accurately pictured it, "a British army which though small was larger than any single body of American regulars then in the field, marched in a leisurely manner through a long settled country and met no show of resistance before coming within

sight of the Capitol. Such an adventure resembled the stories of Cortez and De Soto, and the conduct of the United States government offered no contradiction to the resemblance."

The troops hastily assembled for the defense of Washington realized Jefferson's ideal of a citizen soldiery, unskilled but strong in their love of home, flying to arms to oppose an invader. It was painfully the fact, however, that a large difference existed between the raw material and the finished product. George Washington had learned the bitter lesson that militia could not be depended upon to win battles, and he had said in restrospect:

> Had we formed a permanent army in the beginning, which by the continuance of the same men in service had been capable of discipline, we never should have had to retreat with a handful of men across the Delaware in 1776, trembling for the fate of America, which nothing but the infatuation of the enemy could have saved; we should not have remained all the succeeding winter at their mercy, with sometimes scarcely a sufficient number of men to mount the ordinary guards, liable at every moment to be dissipated if they had only thought proper to march against us; we should not have been under the necessity of fighting Brandywine with an unequal number of raw troops, and afterwards of seeing Philadelphia fall a prey to a victorious army; we should not have been at Valley Forge with less than half the force of the enemy, destitute of everything, in a situation neither

to resist nor to retire . . . we should not have been, the greater part of the war, inferior to the enemy, indebted for our safety to their inactivity, enduring frequently the mortification of seeing inviting opportunities to ruin them pass unimproved for want of a force which the country was completely able to afford, and of seeing the country ravaged, our towns burnt, the inhabitants plundered, abused, murdered, with impunity from the same cause.

While the agitated General Winder was scrambling his militia regiments and his few regulars into something like an organized force, Commodore Barney had marched his sailormen to Upper Marlboro. There he learned that General Winder was at a hamlet called the Woodyard, a little nearer Washington. Barney joined him the next morning and found an American force consisting of one hundred and twenty light dragoons, two hundred and fifty Maryland militia, and about twelve hundred District of Columbia volunteers or militia, with twelve six-pound field-pieces. This was by no means a contemptible little army, almost two thousand men, and with an able and aggressive leader it might have given General Ross a good deal of trouble. Sad to relate, however, General Winder had no time for the main issue. He was running about in circles, worn out and

bewildered by a thousand details which should have been turned over to staff-officers. He admitted as much when he said, "the innumerably multiplied orders, letters, consultations and demands which crowded upon me at the moment of such an alarm can more easily be conceived than described, and occupied me nearly day and night, from Thursday the 18th of August till Sunday the 21st."

Secretary of War Armstrong offered many excellent suggestions, but lacked the men, means, and time to carry them out. A committee of citizens, at the last moment, offered to build earthworks and dig trenches at Bladensburg, paying the cost themselves. This was the one gleam of organized initiative in the midst of an intolerable confusion. The reports he received were enough to dismay the stout heart of Commodore Joshua Barney and his five hundred sailors. They were joined at the Woodyard by a hundred marines with five pieces of light artillery under Captain Miller. They had fought together with the flotilla on the Patuxent and were like comrades reunited. Together they had high hopes of checking the enemy or at least hampering his pleasant excursion to Washington, but General Winder saw fit to order a general retirement. He explained that he wished

to fall back for the protection of the city itself instead of giving battle in the open country.

That night the American forces encamped at a place called Battalion Old Field. Out came President Madison and the secretary of war to sleep in a tent and issue orders on their own account. The secretary of the navy found shelter with Commodore Barney, who escorted him next day while the President reviewed the troops and exhorted them to stand firm. Instead of standing firm, they resumed the retreat toward sunset and never stopped until they were in Washington. The commodore and his sailors and marines found quarters in the barracks at the Navy Yard.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth General Winder came to the conclusion that he ought to defend the bridge across the Potomac at the Navy Yard, and he accordingly sent this message to the secretary of war:

> I have found it necessary to establish my headquarters here, the most advanced position convenient to the troops, and nearest information. I shall remain stationary as much as possible that I may be the more readily found to issue orders and collect together the various detachments of militia and give them as rapid a concentration and organization as possible. . . . The news up the river

is very threatening. Barney's or some other force should occupy the batteries at Greenleaf's Point and the Navy Yard. I shall be glad of the assistance of counsel from yourself and the Government. If more convenient, I should make an exertion to go to you the first opportunity.

Every military reason dictated meeting the enemy at Bladensburg, five miles out of Washington. Barney comprehended the stupidity of General Winder's strategy. Even when the latter learned that the British were in march to Bladensburg, he insisted on leaving the sailors at the Navy Yard bridge-head. Barney protested that a midshipman and a dozen men could prevent the enemy from crossing the bridge. All they had to do was to mine the timbers with gunpowder and blow them up. The general was obstinate, and Barney appealed to the President and the secretary of war, who happened to be riding by. His language was both vigorous and disrespectful to his commander, General Winder. It was the same Barney who, as a youngster, had flung an iron-pointed match-stick at the head of another dolt of a commander. The secretary of war was convinced by the commodore's arguments and ordered him to join the army on the road to Bladensburg. Anxious to reconnoiter, Barney hurried on in advance of his men. In for-

mations more or less straggling the various American contingents were streaming in the direction of Bladensburg, racing with the British, ten miles away, to arrive first on the field of battle. With them, as spectators, went President Madison and the members of the cabinet.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock of the bright, hot August day they reached the hills that sloped down the eastern branch of the Potomac. On the other side was the little country town of Bladensburg. A brigade of Baltimore militia, two thousand men, had already arrived; also some Maryland battalions, of which Secretary Monroe had taken impromptu command, although he had no military rank. General Winder made an appearance about noon and dashed to and fro on a spirited nag, quite like a military hero in one of the old steel-engravings.

Presently a British light brigade was discerned on a winding road a mile away. They came in a brilliant column of scarlet tunics and twinkling bayonets, marching six abreast. They moved with the easy swing and the trained cohesion of veterans. There was neither hesitation nor confusion at discovering the American army in process of formation along the hills on the other side of the shallow stream. Alas, it was stretching the truth to call

this singular assemblage an American army. It stood in the open, with no rifle-pits, no breastworks. The intrenchments dug overnight by the citizens of Washington were not used. The British army was considerably outnumbered. Under the command of General Winder were seven thousand men. A British subaltern wrote of them: "A few companies only, perhaps two or at the most three battalions, wearing the blue jacket which the Americans have borrowed from the French, presented some appearance of regular troops. The rest seemed country people who would have been much more appropriately employed in attending to their agricultural occupations than in standing with muskets in their hands on the brow of a bare, green hill."

The British light brigade, twelve or fifteen hundred men, made for the bridge across the stream at the double-quick. President Madison and two or three members of his cabinet were caught between the lines and almost captured. The British, without waiting for their rear regiments, smashed through the American line. Part of it stood firm and had to be dislodged by enemy reinforcements on the flank, but the mass of the force became thoroughly demoralized. Panic spread. The road to Washington was crowded with fugitives, who

"THE BATTLE GROUND AT BLADENSBURG"
From Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812

were merely a dusty, terrified, exhausted mob fairly running itself to death in the blistering heat. Properly trained and led, they would have been brave men. The incompetency of others had made useless cowards of them. They were rather to be pitied than censured.

Winder's artillery and his steadiest regiments had been placed in the center of the line, and they offered a stiff resistance, ripping up the British vanguard with grape-shot and mowing men down right and left. But these hardened campaigners had seen many worse days than this on the bloody fields of Spain, and they pushed forward, closing the gaps in their ranks, until they could find a brief respite under cover of the trees which lined the stream. Advancing again, they ingeniously discharged flocks of rockets, which not only disorganized the militia in front of them but also stampeded the battery mules. Most of the American army now followed the mules and endeavored to set a new record for a foot-rate from Bladensburg to Washington. The cabinet members and other dignified spectators were swept along in the rout.

CHAPTER XV

THE BLUE-JACKETS FINISH IN STYLE

COMMODORE JOSHUA BARNEY and his blue-jackets and marines declined to join this speed-contest. They were used to rolling decks and had no aptitude for sprinting, besides which they held the simple-minded notion that their duty was to fight until they dropped in their tracks. Even though they had advanced on the run, they had been unable to reach the field in time to join the main attack. They were a mile from Bladensburg, when to their amazed disgust the American troops began to come scampering back. Barney found a position for his five pieces of artillery where they could command the main highway. There he made his stand.

The beaten army was moving past him in turbulent eddies and counter-currents. Mingled with the broken companies of fugitives were belated militia commands endeavoring to get to the front and bewildered by the sudden collapse of the others. In a field by the road the blue-jackets and marines stood silent at their guns and waited for orders.

They were drilled men who knew how to obey. They were led by a man who knew his business and who fired them with his own indomitable spirit. He had received no orders from General Winder, but was commander-in-chief of his own forces under authority of the Navy Department. It was not his habit to flinch from odds encountered in the line of duty. The loss of the flotilla rankled. Before they compelled him again to retire, the whole British army would have to whip him.

Six hundred men against four thousand! This was the equation of battle. Barney could not believe that he was to be left entirely unsupported. To the last he hoped to see some of the fleeing remnants of an army halt and rally with his little force as the stanch buttress. He dismounted from his horse and helped his gunners train their pieces accurately. Then, scorning to seek shelter, he climbed into the saddle and directed the fighting. Thus he had been accustomed to expose himself upon the quarter-deck of his own ships.

The British light infantry came swinging along the road, careless and easy. They had been severely mauled in that first assault across the stream, but the rest of it was like a holiday show. The chief danger was in chasing the Americans too fast and getting bowled over by sunstroke.

Suddenly they caught sight of the five cannon ranged in the field and the groups of sailors and marines grimly on guard. Volleys of rockets failed to shake these sea-bullies. They promptly returned the compliment with well-timed rounds of grape and canister. The redcoats changed their minds about that holiday parade. They tried to advance and storm the battery, but the price was too dear to pay. With their dead and wounded littering the road, they turned aside to pass the battery and flank it.

Commodore Barney ordered the marines and all the sailors who were not serving the guns to charge as infantry and break up the movement which threatened to surround them. Captain Miller led this small force, and so desperate was their valor that they actually drove the enemy back two hundred yards, as far as a wooded ravine. Then they returned to the guns, which were sweeping the road and the fields near-by. In the charge, several British officers fell, including Colonel Woods and Colonel Thornton.

Swiftly the British troops worked around to the rear, so many of them that it was like trying to withstand a flood. Then they were able to drive home charge after charge in their turn. Barney's men were left to fight it out alone. Not an Ameri-

can soldier was visible. The navy had redeemed the field of Bladensburg from disgrace utter and complete. The British subaltern already quoted reported that "not only did they serve their guns with a quickness and precision that astonished their assailants, but they stood till some of them were actually bayoneted with fuses in their hands ; nor was it till their leader was wounded and taken and they saw themselves deserted on all sides by the soldiers, that they quitted the field."

Three charges were repulsed, the Yankee sailors and marines fighting with cutlasses, muskets, and handspikes. British sharp-shooters had found hiding-places among the trees and were picking off the officers. Barney's horse was killed under him. Lieutenant Warner and Gunner William Martin were seriously wounded. Captain Miller and Captain Sevier of the Marine Corps were down with bullet-wounds. The gun-crews were so thinned out that it was difficult to serve the pieces.

Early in the conflict Commodore Barney had been hit in the thigh by a musket-ball. There was no time to bandage it, and the loss of blood made him feel weak and spent; but he remained actively in command to the bitter end. In the confusion of the general retreat, the wagons filled with ammunition for his cannon and muskets had been

swept into the ruck of soldiery and equipment and were lost to him. This left him so short of powder and ball that the supply was spent before he was ready either to surrender or retreat. Reluctantly he had to tell his men to save themselves. To bid them stand and fight longer meant sheer butchery.

With such weapons as they could wield with their hands, they chose a part of the cordon where the British line was thinnest and hammered a way through. It seemed almost as if the enemy gave way purposely to let them pass, as a tribute to their valor. Ragged, powder-blackened, drenched with blood and sweat, these survivors had faced four thousand British veterans and had done what the Navy and the Marine Corps expected of them. Three of Commodore Barney's officers, Dukeheart, Hamilton, and Huffington, tried to carry him off, but he had to tell them to let him lie in the grass. The pain of his wound was too agonizing. They refused to leave him, and he commanded two to follow the retreat. Mr. Huffington he permitted to remain.

Shortly after this the helpless Barney was discovered by Captain Wainright of the Royal Navy, who commanded Rear Admiral Cockburn's flagship. He was a very youthful-looking man wearing a short round jacket, and at first glance Commo-

dore Barney mistook him for a midshipman or sub-lieutenant. As soon as Captain Wainwright learned the name of his prisoner he went in search of Admiral Cockburn. The latter soon came up in company with General Ross. They were most courteous and attentive, offering sympathy and the immediate help of a surgeon. In tones of marked respect the British general said, "I am really very glad to see you, Commodore."

"I am sorry I cannot return you the compliment, General," was Barney's candid reply.

General Ross smiled and remarked to the British admiral: "I told you they must be the flotilla men. They have given us the only real fighting we have had to-day."

After Barney's wound had been dressed, General Ross was thoughtful enough to say: "You are paroled, of course, Commodore Barney. And from the tales the British naval men tell me, it will not be the first time, by a long shot. Where do you wish to be conveyed? I am yours to command."

The wounded hero suggested that he might find comfortable lodgings in one of the houses of Bladensburg village. General Ross at once ordered a sergeant's guard to attend with a litter. Admiral Cockburn directed Captain Wainwright to escort the litter and to see that every possible attention

was paid the suffering man. The soldiers handled the litter clumsily, and the rough motion so tormented the commodore that the expression of his face betrayed him. Noticing it, Captain Wainwright roughly cursed the soldiers for a lot of left-handed bunglers and told them to set the litter down. He called a young naval officer and told him to go fetch a gang of blue-jackets. They knew how to handle themselves. And so with four British sailors to carry him in the bight of the canvas trough, Commodore Joshua Barney was carefully borne along the road to Bladensburg.

One of the wounded flotilla men happened to pass them. He had been taken prisoner. His arm hung limp, the bones smashed by a bullet, but he halted the litter and knelt to grasp the commodore's hand and raise it to his lips. The tears guttered his dirty cheeks as he stammered his affectionate sympathy. This made the British tars cough and blow their noses, and one of them burst out, "Well, damn my eyes, if he was n't a good-hearted commander, the bloke never would ha' done that."

They found a room for Barney in Ross's Tavern at Bladensburg and left an orderly to look after him. In his pocketbook was a fifty-dollar bank-note which he begged the British sailors to accept, but they refused with one voice. The sergeant of

the guard felt no such generous scruples and pocketed the note. Captain Miller of the magnificent company of American marines was brought to the tavern a little later. The enemy's forces remained not far from the battle-field until late in the afternoon. The pursuit had halted because of the intense heat of the sun. Having rested themselves, the British soldiers resumed the march into Washington and reached the outskirts of the city at nightfall.

As Ross and Cockburn, with a few officers, advanced ahead of their troops, some Americans, supposed to have been Barney's sailors, fired at them from a house at the northeast corner of Capitol Square. General Ross's horse was killed, whereupon he ordered the house to be burned. The army did not enter the town but camped on the edge of it. Troops were then detailed to burn the Capitol, and as the great building burst into flames, Ross and Cockburn, with about two hundred men, marched quietly to the White House and set fire to it. A military campaign had been turned into a ruffianly marauding raid, the memory of which is enough to bring a blush to the cheek of a self-respecting Englishman even to this day.

General Ross was considerate enough to ask Commodore Barney for a list of the officers of the

blue-jacket and marine force, as he desired to parole such of them as had been captured. No effort was spared to treat these stubborn defenders of the flag with every mark of respect and honor that suggested themselves. It must have reminded Joshua Barney of certain other British commanders who had made more a guest than a prisoner of him when he had been a stripling naval officer of the Revolution.

On August 26 a Mr. Bartlett, secretary to the British commissary of prisoners, came to the tavern to say that the invading army had evacuated Washington and was marching back to the coast. It had camped at Upper Marlboro, and General Ross would esteem it a favor if the commodore would send orders to those dependable men of his to keep order in the town and prevent mischief from stragglers and deserters. A little later, Captain Burd of the British light horse made a call. He explained that eighty wounded British soldiers had been left in the village with a guard to protect and attend them. He would be pleased to order the guard to surrender to Commodore Barney, knowing that the wounded men would receive good care. This was done, and the officers of the British guard were paroled. This seemed an odd arrangement, but it signified that Joshua Barney was the one

American commander for whom the invaders felt honor and respect. They were ready to turn their affairs over to him.

He stayed at Bladensburg until August 27, when his wife, a son, and his own surgeon arrived in a carriage to take him home to his farm at Elkridge. As soon as he reached there, although most uncomfortable from his wound, he dictated his report to be forwarded to the secretary of the navy. It read as follows:

Sir,—

This is the first moment I have had it in my power to make a report of the proceedings of the forces under my command since I had the honor of seeing you on Tuesday the 23rd inst. at the "Old Fields." On the afternoon of that day we were informed that the enemy was advancing upon us. Our army was put into order of battle and our positions taken; my forces on the right, flanked by the two battalions of the 36th and 38th Regts. where we remained some hours. The enemy, however, did not make his appearance. A little before sunset General Winder came to me and recommended that the heavy artillery should be withdrawn with the exception of one twelve-pounder to cover the retreat. We took up the line of March and in the night entered Washington by the Eastern Branch Bridge. I marched my men, etc., to the marine barracks and took up quarters for the night.

About two o'clock General Winder came to my quarters and we made some arrangements. In the morning I re-

ceived a note from General Winder and waited upon him. He requested me to take command and place my artillery to defend the passage of the bridge on the Eastern Branch, as the enemy was approaching the city in that direction. I immediately put my guns in position, leaving the marines and the rest of my men at the barracks to await further orders. I was in this situation when I had the honor to meet you with the President and heads of departments, when it was determined that I should draw off my men and guns and proceed toward Bladensburg, which was immediately put into execution.

On our way I was informed that the enemy was within a mile of Bladensburg. We hurried on although the day was very hot and my men much crippled with the severe marches we had experienced the preceding days. I preceded the men, and when I arrived at the line which separates the District from Maryland the battle began. I sent an officer back to hasten on my men—they came up at a trot. We took our position on the rising ground, put the pieces in battery, posted the marines under Captain Miller and the flotilla men who were to act as infantry under their own officers, on my right, to support the pieces, and waited the approach of the enemy.

During this period the engagement continued, the enemy advancing and our army retreating before them, apparently in much disorder. At length the enemy made his appearance on the main road in force and in front of my battery, and on seeing us, made a halt. I reserved our fire. In a few minutes the enemy again advanced, when I ordered an 18 pounder to be fired. This com-

pletely cleared the road. Shortly afterward a second and third attempt was made by the enemy to come forward, but all who made the attempt were destroyed. The enemy then crossed over into an open field and attempted to flank our right. It was there met by Captain Miller and three 12 pounders, the marines under Captain Miller and my men acting as infantry, and again was totally cut up.

By this time not a vestige of the American army remained except a body of five or six hundred posted on a height on my right, from whom I expected much support from their fine position. The enemy from this period never appeared in front of us. He, however, pushed forward his sharp-shooters one of whom shot my horse from under me, which fell dead between two of my guns. The enemy who had been kept in check by our fire nearly half an hour, now began to outflank us on the right. Our guns were turned that way when he pushed up the hill about 200 or 300 men towards the corps of Americans as above described, who to my great mortification made no resistance, and retired after firing a few shots.

In this situation we had the whole army of the enemy to contend with. Our ammunition was expended and unfortunately the drivers of our ammunition wagons had gone off in the general panic. At this time I received a severe wound in my thigh. Capt. Miller was wounded, Sailing-Master Warner killed, Acting Sailing-Master Martin killed, and Sailing-Master Martin wounded. To the honor of my officers and men, as fast as their com-

panions and mess-mates fell at the guns, they were instantly replaced from those acting as infantry.

Finding the enemy now completely in our rear and no means of defense, I gave orders to my officers and men to retire. Three of my officers assisted me to get off a short distance but the great loss of blood occasioned such a weakness that I was compelled to lie down. I requested my officers to leave me which they obstinately refused, but upon being ordered they obeyed, one only remaining. In a few minutes a British officer came, who on learning who I was brought General Ross and Admiral Cockburn to me. These officers behaved to me with the most marked attention, respect, and politeness, had a surgeon brought and my wound dressed immediately. After a ten minutes' conversation the general informed me (after paying me a handsome compliment) that I was paroled and at liberty to proceed to Washington or Bladensburg (as also Mr. Huffington who had remained with me), offering me every assistance in his power and giving orders for a litter to be brought in which I was carried to Bladensburg. Captain Wainwright, first captain to Vice Admiral Cochrane, remained with me and behaved to me as if I were a brother.

During the stay of the enemy at Bladensburg, I received the most polite attention from the officers both of the navy and the army.

My wound is deep, but I flatter myself not dangerous. The ball is not yet extracted. I fondly hope a few weeks will restore me to health, and that exchange will take

place, that I may resume my command, or any other that you and the President may honor me with.

Yours respectfully,
JOSHUA BARNEY.

Honorable William Jones,
Secretary of the Navy.

Poor General Winder had a task far more difficult in composing his own report of what a derisive populace dubbed "the Bladensburg races." A certain pathetic interest attaches to the document, for seldom has a military commander been compelled to try to put a good face on such a wretchedly bad matter. Although ridicule without end was heaped upon President Madison and the other civilians who figured in the grand fiasco, their conduct was on the whole creditable to their courage and character. But of the commanding general no kind word could be said. Of the other American generals whose colossal incapacities had brought disaster in the War of 1812, William Hull, Alexander Smyth, Dearborn, Wilkinson, none had equaled the blunders and sloth of Winder. Here is how he tried to explain it to the secretary of war:

Baltimore, August 27th, 1814.

Sir,—

When the enemy arrived at the mouth of the Potomac, of all the militia which I had been authorized to as-

semble there were but about 1700 in the field, from thirteen to fourteen hundred under General Stansbury near this place and about 250 at Bladensburg under Lieut. Colonel Kramer. The slow progress of the draft and the imperfect organization with the ineffectiveness of the laws, to compel them to turn out, rendered it impossible to have procured more. . . .

After all the force that could be put at my disposal in that short time, and making such dispositions as I deemed best calculated to present the most respectful force at whatever point the enemy might strike, I was enabled, by the most active and harassing movements of the troops, to interpose before the enemy at Bladensburg above five thousand men including three hundred and fifty regulars and Commodore Barney's command. Much the largest portion of this force arrived on the ground when the enemy was in sight, and were disposed to support in the best manner the position which General Stansbury had taken. They had barely reached the ground when the action commenced which was about one o'clock P.M. of the 24th instant and continued about an hour.

The contest was not as obstinately maintained as could have been desired, but was by parts of the troops sustained with great spirit and with prodigious effort, and had the whole of our force been equally firm I am induced to believe that the enemy would have been repulsed, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which we fought. The artillery from Baltimore, supported by Major Pinkney's rifle brigade, and a part of Captain Doughty's from the Navy Yard, were in advance to

command the pass of the bridge at Bladensburg, and played upon the enemy as I have since learned, with very destructive effect, but the rifle troops were obliged after some time to retire, and of course artillery. Superior numbers rushed upon them and made their retreat necessary, not however with great loss on the part of the enemy. Major Pinkney received a severe wound in the right arm, after he had retired to the left flank of Stansbury's brigade. The right and centre of Stansbury's brigade generally gave way very soon afterward, with the exception of about forty rallied by Colonel Ragan, after having lost his horse, and a whole or part of Captain Trower's company. The fall which Colonel Ragan sustained from his horse, together with his great efforts to sustain his position, rendered him unable to follow the retreat. We have therefore to lament that this gallant and excellent officer has been taken prisoner. The loss of his service at this moment is serious. The 5th Baltimore Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Sterret, still stood their ground and except for a moment when part of them recoiled a few steps, remained firm and stood until ordered to retreat with a view to prevent them from being outflanked.

The reserve under Brigadier General Smith, of the District of Columbia, with some militia of the city and Georgetown, with the regulars and some detachments of Maryland militia, flanked on their right by Commodore Barney and his brave fellows, and Lieutenant Colonel Beall, were to the right of the hill and maintained the contest for some time with great effect. It is not with me to report the conduct of Commodore Barney and his

command, nor can I speak from observation, being too remote, but the concurrent testimony of all who did observe them does them the highest justice for their brave resistance and the destructive effect they produced on the enemy. . . .

You will readily understand that it is impossible for me to speak minutely of the merit or demerit of particular troops so little known to me from their recent and hasty assemblage. My subsequent movements, for the purpose of preserving as much of my force as possible, gaining reinforcements, and protecting this place you already know.

I am with very great respect,

Sir, your obedient servant,

Wm. H. Winder,

Brig. Gen. com'g 10 Md.

Hon. J. Armstrong,

Secretary of War.

While Joshua Barney was lying flat on his back at home, with the surgeons vainly trying to extract the bullet which had embedded itself in his thigh-bone, his flotilla men were marching to the defense of Baltimore. While Ross and Cockburn were burning the official buildings of forlorn Washington, a British squadron was working its way up the Potomac to anchor off Alexandria. Here was the same panic-smitten submission, with the people asking for terms and yielding up a hundred thou-

sand dollars' worth of flour, tobacco, naval stores, and shipping.

The British war-ships then returned to Chesapeake Bay and joined Vice-Admiral Cochrane's main fleet, which was preparing to attack Baltimore.

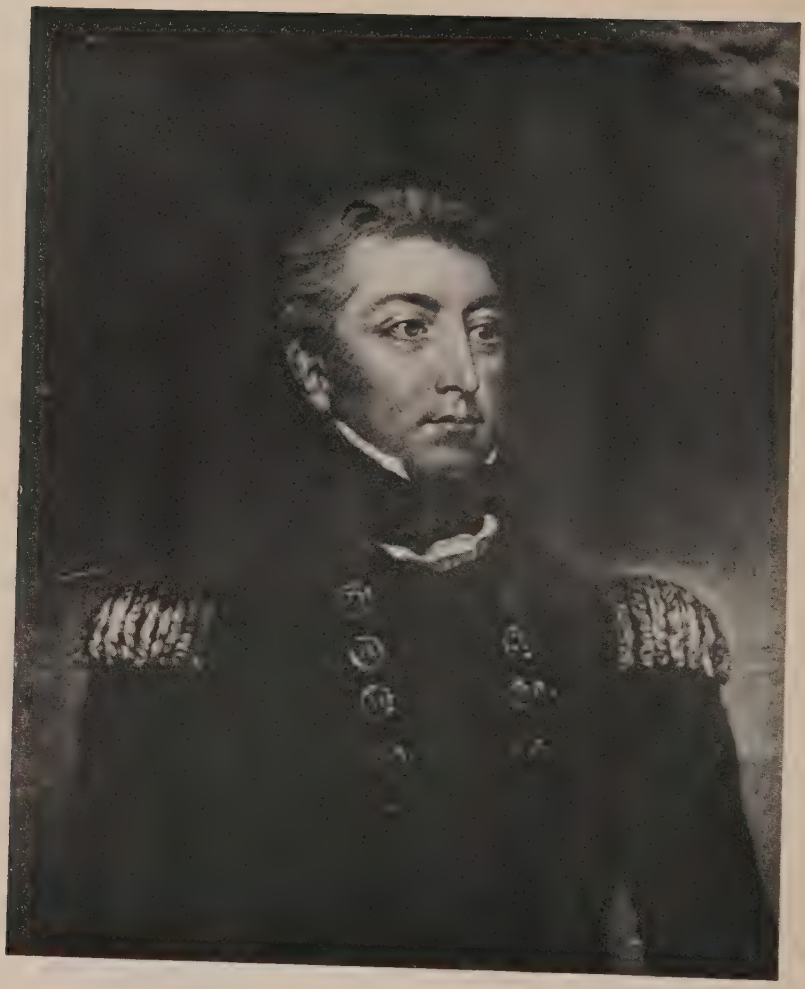
The army of General Ross was recalled to the transports and set ashore at the mouth of the Patapsco River, while the ships sailed up to bombard Fort McHenry, where the star-spangled banner waved. To defend Baltimore by land there had been assembled more than thirteen thousand troops under the command of General Samuel Smith. The tragical farce of Bladensburg, however, had taught him no lesson, and to oppose the four thousand toughened regulars of General Ross he sent out only three thousand green militia, most of whom had never been under fire. They put up a wonderfully good fight and deserved praise for it, but wretched leadership left them drawn up in an open field, with both flanks unprotected, and they were soon driven back.

Next morning—the thirteenth of September—the British advanced, but found the roads so blocked by fallen trees and entanglements that progress was slow and laborious. The intrenchments which crowned the hills of Baltimore appeared so formi-

dable that the British decided to await action by the fleet and attempt a night assault.

General Ross was killed during the advance, and this loss caused confusion of counsel. The heavy ships were unable to lie within effective range of the forts because of shoal water and a barrier of sunken hulks, and Fort McHenry was almost undamaged by the bombardment of the lighter craft. All through the night a determined fire was returned by the American garrison of a thousand men, and although the British fleet suffered little, Vice-Admiral Cochrane concluded that a sea-attack was a hopeless enterprise. He so notified the army, which thereupon retreated to the transports, and the fleet sailed down Chesapeake Bay, leaving Baltimore free and unscathed.

Among those who watched Fort McHenry by the glare of artillery fire through this anxious night was a young lawyer from Washington, Francis Scott Key, who had been detained by the British fleet down the bay while endeavoring to effect an exchange of prisoners. He had a turn for verse-making. Most of his poems were mediocre, but the sight of the Stars and Stripes still fluttering in the morning breeze inspired him to write certain deathless stanzas which, when fitted to the old tune of Anacreon in Heaven, his country accepted as its national anthem. In this exalted moment it was vouchsafed him to sound a trumpet call clear and far-echoing, as did Rouget de



SIR GEORGE COCKBURN, G.C.B.

Lisle when, with soul aflame, he wrote the Marseillaise for France. If it was the destiny of the War of 1812 to weld the nation as a unit, the spirit of the consummation was expressed for all time in the lines which a hundred million of free people sing to-day:

"Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!" [1]

Although absent from this scene of action, it was a consolation to Joshua Barney to learn that his gallant sailors had conspicuously distinguished themselves. In fact, the eye-witnesses agreed that they were chiefly instrumental in defeating a British attempt to make a landing above Fort McHenry, which the hostile ships succeeded in passing. It was even stated that the fort was unaware that the fleet had gone up the river until alarmed by the cannonading of the City Battery of six guns, which was manned by the seamen of the flotilla in charge of one of their officers, Lieutenant John A. Webster. The newspaper account, in "Niles's Register," had this to say:

[1] "The Fight for a Free Sea," by Ralph D. Paine; Chronicles of America (Yale University Press).

At this time, aided by the darkness of the night and screened by a flame they had kindled, one or two rocket or bomb vessels and many barges, manned with 1200 chosen men, passed Fort McHenry and proceeded up the Patapsco to assail the fort in the rear and perhaps effect a landing. The weak-sighted mortals now thought the great deed was done—they gave three cheers and began to throw their missive weapons. But, alas, their cheering was quickly turned to groaning, and the cries and screams of their wounded and drowning people soon reached the shore; for Fort McHenry and Fort Covington, with the City Battery and the Lazaretto and barges of the flotilla, vomited an iron flame upon them, and a storm of heavy bullets flew upon them from the great semicircle of large guns and gallant hearts. The houses in the city were shaken to their foundation; for never perhaps from the time of the invention of cannon to the present day were the same number of pieces fired with so rapid succession. Barney's flotilla men at the City Battery maintained the high reputation they had before earned.

Aye, there was satisfaction for a wounded commodore in receiving such reports as this. These were seamen of his own mettle and he had stamped them with his valorous imprint. Kindness as well as courage is a quality to be found in the soul of a man truly heroic ; and it is very pleasant to discover, in a letter written by an officer of the invading British army which marched on Wash-

ington, this ungrudging praise of the behavior of Joshua Barney:

There was, however, one difficulty to be surmounted in the evacuation of Washington. Of the wounded, many were so ill as to preclude all possibility of their removal, and to leave them in the hands of the enemy whom we had beaten was rather a mortifying anticipation. But for this there was no help, and it now only remained to make the best arrangements for their comfort, and to secure, as far as possible, civil treatment from the Americans.

It chanced that among the prisoners taken at Bladensburg was Commodore Barney, an American officer of much gallantry and high sense of honor. Being himself wounded, he was the more likely to feel for those who were in a similar condition, and having received the kindest treatment from our medical attendants, as long as he continued under their hands, he became, without solicitation, the friend of his fellow sufferers. To him as well as to the other prisoners with him was given his parole, and to his care were our wounded, in a peculiar manner, entrusted, a trust which he received with the utmost willingness and discharged with the most praiseworthy exactness. Among other terms it was agreed between him and General Ross that such of our people as were left behind should be considered prisoners of war and should be restored to us as soon as they were able to travel; when he and his countrymen would, in exchange, be released from their engagements.

CHAPTER XVI

FAREWELL TO A PATRIOT SAILOR!

FOUR weeks after he had been wounded, Commodore Barney was able to ride into Baltimore, where "he was received with repeated acclamations by his brave fellows of the flotilla." The city of Washington, now recovered from its hasty invasion by the enemy, had been quick to recognize the stubborn courage of this band of seamen, aided by a handful of marines, in challenging the entire British army during the retreat from Bladensburg. Of the American forces engaged sixty men had been killed in action. It is very well worth noting that *fifty* of these belonged to Barney's command, leaving only ten as the total loss of the army itself. The British suffered casualties much heavier, to a large extent in the series of bloody repulses when the way had been blocked by the doughty mariners and their five pieces of artillery.

On September 28 the following action was taken:

Resolved, By the Board of Aldermen and Board of Common Council of the City of Washington that the Mayor be, and he hereby is, authorized to present to

Commodore Barney a sword as a testimonial of the high sense which this Corporation entertains of his distinguished gallantry and good conduct in the battle of Bladensburg.

Resolved, that the Mayor be and he hereby is authorized to present, through Commodore Barney, the thanks of the Corporation to the gallant officers and men who served under his orders on the twenty-fourth of August last, and to assure them that this Corporation entertains the most lively sense of their service on that day.

The sword was a very handsome gift, as described in the newspapers of the day, with this inscription on the blade:

In testimony of the intrepidity and valor of Commodore Joshua Barney and the handful of men under his immediate command in the defense of the City of Washington on the 24th of August, 1814—the Corporation of the City has bestowed on him this sword.

By the tenth of October, Commodore Barney was sufficiently recovered to resume active command of his sailors at Baltimore. He received orders from the Navy Department to recruit more men and to equip a number of new barges and other craft. To Congress he sent a petition asking that his heroes receive payment for the loss of their clothing and other personal effects in the destruction of the flotilla in the Patuxent. Certain gentlemen of Congress were in a mood both

testy and thrifty, and they saw fit to allege that Barney's vessels had been blown up too soon and that he had been guilty of stupidity or cowardice in abandoning them.

For the moment, Barney waived this accusation. He was more keenly interested in obtaining some small justice for his men. He presented their case in a vigorous letter to Benjamin Homans, chief clerk of the Navy Department, under date of January 3, 1815.

Sir,—

On the 1st December last I received a letter from the Committee of Vigilance of Baltimore wishing to know whether the flotilla men could raise and deliver to the owners certain vessels which had been sunk at the entrance of this harbor. I answered them that I did not feel authorized to order the men under my command to such extraordinary duty. At the same time I gave the reasons which I beg leave more fully to relate:—that the men under my command had left Baltimore in April last, having with them their winter clothes and bedding, and that we had spent the summer on the Patuxent where the men had been supplied with summer clothes by which reason their small wages had been anticipated.

That when I received orders from the Secretary of the Navy in August to leave the flotilla and join the Army with my men for the defense of Washington, I did not permit the men to take any baggage except a few light clothes as we had no waggons for baggage or provisions

and the ammunition was carried on the backs of the men.

After joining the Army we procured baggage waggons, but had neither tents nor provisions, the men living on biscuit and water for three days. At the fatal battle of Bladensburg my men lost what little baggage they had, *and saved nothing but their arms and their honor.*

Thus they travelled to Montgomery Court House without supplies of any kind, the Commissaries and Quartermasters of the Army refusing to give them any assistance. They proceeded on to Baltimore and deposited their arms and were again called upon to march to the defense of Washington and from there down the Potomac under Captains Porter and Perry, and again to Baltimore, having no other clothing than linen shirt and trousers, suffering every privation and hardship possible for men to suffer, having none of the comforts (if comforts they have) of a soldier.

Yet they bore it without murmuring. On their return to Baltimore the enemy made their appearance. Again these men were seen at their posts, the flotilla manned, the batteries filled, the enemy beaten, and the city saved. All was attributed to the gallant flotilla men and seamen, even by the enemy themselves. Sickness now began to pervade these noble officers and men. Upwards of 150 were on the sick list owing to excessive fatigue. They were permitted to go to their homes to be nursed by their wives and friends. Demand was made for money to assist them. None was to be had. The Treasury was empty. Clothes they had none. All had been lost by the destruction of the flotilla on the Patuxent,

whilst they were fighting for the defense of the Capital. Their families were left in distress and misery.

Yet one solitary hope remained. I had been authorized by the Secretary of the Navy to procure remuneration for their losses. A bill was before Congress to that effect, in the House of Representatives. It passed with some difficulty, by striking out every compensation to the officers, and in this mutilated form was sent to the Senate. There the hard hand of ingratitude smote the bill and it was thrown out. Yes, thrown out for fear of "a precedent!" For fear of a precedent, to refuse to reward merit and suffering, yet have they not set a precedent which may be more fatal to the nation? If merit is not to be rewarded, who will strive to obtain it? Such is the precedent which the Senate has set up.

When the news reached Baltimore, disgust and contempt seized every man. Many whose terms of enlistment had expired now demanded their discharges, which could not be refused, but no money had we to pay them off. Their accounts were made out, and these noble defenders of their country's rights were obliged to sacrifice the claims at half price to get money to support their suffering families. Thus the future welfare of the flotilla was stabbed, and my feelings as well.

Those who remained were without clothing, sick, and emaciated, and to my knowledge their children were starving and their wives begging from door to door. Could I, under such circumstances, order such men on this kind of duty, in such a situation and at such a season, exposed to rain, snow, wind, and ice, to raise sunken vessels to please or satisfy a set of merchants

(Samuel Smith, Buchanan, Donnell, Patterson, and other malcontents) who were happy to have them sunk ; nay would have paid to have it done at the time, calculating that the city would be entered and that all the vessels in port would be destroyed or carried off whilst the sunken vessels would escape. Yet no sooner was the danger over than these men became clamorous to have the vessels raised at government expense.

I offered the Committee that if they would make a reasonable allowance, half of what is paid to negroes and vagrants, to these distressed men, I would try to prevail on them to work, but these terms were not accepted. Application was then made in Washington by Samuel Smith to the Secretary of War and about the 15th of September the Quarter Master General called upon me and informed me he had orders from the Secretary of War to have the sunken vessels raised and that the flotilla men were to do it. He informed me also that letters from the Department were sent on to that effect. I knew of no such letter.

A day or so afterwards, Mr. Rutter, my lieutenant, called and informed me that Captain Spence, "the Naval Commanding Officer," had given him information to the above effect, but Mr. Rutter declined acting without orders from me. I waited several days and saw Captain Spence, but he never mentioned the circumstances. Conceiving at the time that I had been superseded in my command and conscious of no cause and stung to the quick with the action of Congress and others, and suffering severe and excruciating pains from the effects of my wounds, I left

the city and retired to my farm and my family where I received your two letters.

I have now come to the city and have the honor to inform you that seeing the command I once was so proud of, from the circumstances before related, reduced to less than one half its numbers and daily decreasing, and also finding that the officers and men under my command feel every repugnance to be employed as contemplated by your instructions of the 27th (that of raising sunken vessels, in no ways connected with the service for which they were engaged) although these men went with pleasure to the Patuxent in the month of November and there saved from the bottom of the river all the guns, gun carriages, cambooses, anchors, cables, shot, etc. belonging to their late flotilla which had been destroyed, yet they do not feel the same disposition to act in the present case.

My own situation lately has been of the most unpleasant kind. "Orders from the Commanding General," "Orders," "Resolutions" from the Committee of Vigilance, "Orders" from the Quarter Master General, "Orders" from the Commanding Naval Officer to my officers, although the law authorizing our appointments declares us subject only to the orders of the President (i.e., the Secretary of the Navy). These circumstances have given me much mortification. I am in turn to be governed and commanded by any and every officer of the U. S. Navy. This, Sir, at my age and long services I cannot consent to and to prevent which I have come to the resolve of enclosing my commission to you for the President of the United States with hopes of his acceptance.

I cannot close this letter without discharging another duty to myself and that of a good officer, Mr. Solomon Rutter. He has been my first lieutenant ever since the commencement of the flotilla, and was formerly the commander of the small force fitted out by the city of Baltimore. He has behaved well under my command and is a man of standing, fortune, and talents. For his conduct during the attack upon Baltimore I beg leave to refer you to the official report of Commodore Rodgers who has no more than done him justice. This officer I beg to recommend to the President as commander of the flotilla. The Secretary of War, from the application of General S. Smith, appears very desirous that the sunken vessels should be raised. There are two companies of Sea Fencibles at the fort, composed of practical officers, boatswains, gunners, and seamen. These men have not lost their clothing or bedding, have been regularly paid their wages, and have never been exposed except for 24 hours during the bombardment. They are capable and in sufficient numbers to do this duty and were engaged to serve upon land or water as required.

This letter is worth reading because of its display of affection and gratitude in the heart of a commander toward those who had toiled and dared with him. It reveals also the quality of his leadership as he had exemplified it throughout his whole career. Jealous of his own rights and dignities, he was far more easily aroused when his men were neglected or imposed upon. In this instance, his

indignation was amply justified. The vessels he refers to had been sunk in an attempt to block the channel against the entrance of the British fleet in the operations for the capture of Baltimore. They were merchantmen idle in the port and, as Barney points out, they would have been destroyed by the enemy if left afloat. His ruggedly eloquent protest was effectual, and the flotilla men were spared the drudgery which they were unfit to undertake. The niggardly spirit of Congress also relented to the extent of reconsidering and passing the bill to pay the sailors for the loss of their clothing and personal belongings, but refused to reimburse the officers.

Although the city of Washington had expressed its formal thanks to Joshua Barney, the administration and the Congress saw fit to ignore him. This was perhaps an exhibition of an unpleasant side of human nature in that certain comparisons were embarrassing. A President of the United States, a cabinet, and an army footing it madly for refuge, with their coat-tails streaming straight behind them, may have been sensitive about extolling the behavior of a Joshua Barney and his little band of seamen and marines. Commodore Barney saw fit to submit his record to the Navy

Department in a letter to Benjamin Homans, dated January 9, 1815.

My dear Sir :

I have received your friendly letter of the 6th instant and sincerely thank you for your good opinion, and assure you that I feel gratified at the contents. As you have so unequivocally assured me of your friendship, I hope I shall not trespass upon your patience in giving you a short detail of my services (perhaps unknown to you at this time) by which you will be able to appreciate what merits I have acquired. In September 1775 I returned from Europe in a ship of 300 tons, being my first voyage as master, and in October went into the service of the United States as sailing master of a sloop of 10 guns, then fitting out to join Commodore Hopkins in the Delaware. We joined him in December and sailed for New Providence which we captured, and our sloop returned to Philadelphia in April 1776. In May we had an engagement for two days in the Delaware between the flotilla under Commodore Hazelwood and the British ships *Roebuck* of 44 guns and *Liverpool* frigate of 32 guns. I had volunteered my services on this occasion.

In June Mr. Robert Morris, chairman of the Marine Committee, enquired for me and presented me with a lieutenant's commission in the Navy. (Until then I knew him not or ever solicited preferment.) He told me it was in consequence of my good behavior in the flotilla. I remained a lieutenant and partook of 13 battles, until March 1782, when the State of Pennsylvania

having the Delaware infested by the enemy's small cruisers, fitted out the ship *Hyder Ally* and offered me the command. In April I took the *General Monk*. The U. S. purchased her and I was appointed to the command. In 1783 peace was proclaimed, the Navy disbanded, the ships laid up or sold off. I was continued in the service until May 1784, nearly a year after every other officer was discharged.

In 1794 I was again appointed one of the six captains in the Navy under the present Constitution (unsolicited on my part) but by putting an officer, Captain Talbot, over me, a man who had never been in the service, I sent my commission to the President (General Washington) which was never accepted. I left the U. S. in the same vessel with Mr. Monroe, our minister to France, and on our arrival, Mr. Monroe caused the flag of America to be presented to the National Convention and selected me to be the bearer. On his representing that I had served the cause of liberty for the independence of the United States, a decree passed the Convention immediately and in my presence to employ me in the Navy of France. I remained in that service for eight years, first as *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, (ship-of-the-line) and afterwards for four years as *Chef de Division* (Commissioned Commodore). I served three years in the West Indies at St. Domingo as commander-in-chief, having under my command at times 23 ships and vessels of war.

I returned to France at the peace and in 1802 quit that service and returned to the U. S., having with me the most flattering testimonials of my services. During Mr. Jefferson's administration, Mr. Robert Morris often

solicited me to join the Navy but did not see how it could be done consistently to give me my former rank after having resigned my commission although in two instances it had been done to others. In the first place Captain Truxton had resigned from the same motive I did (the preference given Captain Talbot) but was again reinstated in his former rank. In the second place Captain Rodgers, now Commodore Rodgers, was dismissed from the service for improper conduct by the President. He remained out of the service for about 15 months, when with the help of intrigue and his friends he was reinstated in his former rank and commission. However, notwithstanding these two instances, I never solicited to be reinstated. Mr. Smith then offered me the Superintendence of the Navy Yard and the law was passed for the express purpose, but a clause in it which required that the officer should be a captain in the Navy prevented my acceptance, not wishing to run the risk of serving under young men which would have been the case with Captain Rodgers whom I had put into the Navy as my first lieutenant in 1794.

In May 1812 I had sold all my property in Baltimore and retired to a farm in the country with a view to spending the remainder of my days in the bosom of my family, having married a second wife, young and beautiful. But the war was declared in June and my country called. I gave up domestic happiness again, and finding that I could not be employed in the Navy I instantly sent to Washington and got the first commission issued for private armed vessels, determined to set an example to my countrymen (nothwithstanding the high rank I had

held) which example was followed by gentlemen who perhaps otherwise would never have thought of such a thing, privateering being until then thought dishonorable. Thus I gave *ton* to private enterprise. My successes gave others further encouragement. After my first cruise I quit, Congress having put a stop to that kind of enterprise by improper restrictions, etc.

I was again peaceably with my family when Mr. Jones, through Judge Nicholson, made me the offer to command the flotilla. I accepted, with only one condition, to receive my orders exclusively from the Department, which I was assured should be the case. As I had been acquiring information for nearly forty years, I conceived my age, rank and experience entitled me to a situation not to be commanded by men who could not have obtained the same knowledge, some of them very young in every qualification as commanders, although very brave men. I shall never refuse my services to my country when they shall be called forth, so that I can serve without a blush on my cheek, or where my honor shall not be assailed. I never did solicit an office, nor did I ever refuse to serve when called upon.

Thus, Sir, I have stated as briefly as I could my services from the commencement of the Revolution to the present time.

This is the utterance of a sensitive man, with a certain amount of vanity, who had been deeply hurt by the failure of Congress to give him a formal vote of thanks. President Madison refused to accept his resignation as a commodore on special

COMMODORE BARNEY IN HIS LATTER YEARS

From the engraving by Chappel, Johnson, Fry & Co., New York

service, until shortly thereafter the Treaty of Ghent made peace between the United States and England. The flotilla was disbanded and the officers and men sent to their homes with a gratuity of four months' pay. Congress was lavish to this extent.

Commodore Barney returned to his farm, but was soon requested by President Madison to go to Europe as the bearer of important despatches to the American ministries at London, Paris, and Stockholm. It was a mark of honor, in a way, which could not well be declined. He was in wretched health from the effects of the wound and the bullet still embedded in his thigh. However, he sailed in May, 1815, and was absent five months.

Returning to Baltimore, he was so broken in body as to be an invalid for some time. This disability colored his moods. He was gloomy and disheartened. One of the causes of unhappiness concerned the sword which had been presented to him by the Pennsylvania legislature after the action between the *Hyder Ally* and the *General Monk*. While in Paris in 1794 the sword had been stolen from his lodgings, along with other valuables. He had offered an extravagant reward to no purpose. It was his most dearly prized possession. Now it occurred to him to ask from the State of Pennsyl-

vania authority to have a duplicate sword made at his own expense. It is a strange commentary on the political and personal grudges of the period that this innocent petition excited debate. It was impossible to pass a resolution by which the legislature should do the decent thing and pay for another sword. The resolution as finally passed was phrased in words which lacked all enthusiasm and merely stated:

> The Legislature continues mindful of the Revolutionary services of Commodore Barney, and as well in consideration of those services as of the signal exertions and good conduct at Bladensburg in August last, in defense of the capital of the United States.
>
> *Therefore,* Resolved by the Senate and the house of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, that the said Commodore Barney is hereby authorized to procure a sword with devices and emblems similar to the one presented to him by the Legislature of this Commonwealth in 1782.

In his state of ill health and mental depression, Joshua Barney assumed that the Pennsylvania legislators had intentionally wounded his feelings. "They seemed to give a cold assent to the prayer of his petition, not because they desired to perpetuate the remembrance of his former service, but because his recent good conduct had left them without an excuse to refuse." Besides this

grievance, his financial affairs were in a more deplorable tangle than ever. He had lost large sums of money through dishonest agents and headlong speculation, while on the other hand he had been prodigal in the luxurious support of his family. For instance, his sons had been sent, each in his turn, to make the grand tour of Europe, with a spending allowance, in addition to clothing and traveling expenses, almost equal to the salary of the governor of Maryland. To one of them he wrote, by way of paternal advice:

You are now going into what we call the world. Be always polite to every one, but familiar with few. You cannot be too cautious in your intercourse with strangers. Trust none with your opinions, secrets or money. Make no friends, as the term is too loosely used. If in your whole life you shall find one who deserves that title, look upon it as a wonder. The usages and manners you will see are not such as you have been accustomed to. Do not confide in appearances, for in every such city as Paris or London there are tens of thousands who are constantly on the watch for exactly such characters as you will be among them ; that is, a young man and a stranger whom they may dupe and plunder. They live by no other means and at the same time keep what is called the best company. Avoid these as you would escape destruction.

Remember that you have not only a character to gain for yourself, but that you will also be expected to sup-

port that which I have been so many years building up. Pay proper respect to all who deserve it, but never lessen or degrade yourself by servility to any. Mr. ——— will furnish you with what money you will want for the purchase of such clothes as you may think proper for your own use, and also with 24 livres per day for your expenses, which is as much as any gentleman ought to spend who does not keep a coach, which you will have no necessity to do. Observe, I do not include travelling expenses. Convinced that you will do everything I have recommended, I wish you a safe voyage and happiness.

Such were the staid admonitions of a man who had violated most of them in his own headstrong and volatile youth. He had made friends impulsively and trusted strangers with the simplicity of a sailor ashore. And now he was paying for it in the anxieties of a man whose health and fortunes were impaired. His plight was not as dark as he painted it. The farm at Elkridge was unincumbered, and it furnished him the living of a country gentleman. He still owned the vast domain of wilderness lands in Kentucky. And yet we find him applying to the President for a foreign consulship and recording that he "met with disappointment." He complained also that he had been treated with cold neglect by those in power and went on to say :

Be it so. I leave my country to judge. This is my consolation. Last session when Congress so liberally voted thanks to some and swords to others, I never had the satisfaction of seeing my name brought up, though the Legislature of Georgia communicated their thanks through the Governor of that State on the affair of Bladensburg. Such things would almost convince me that republics are ungrateful. When I realize that such men as ——, by favor may boldly enter the inner galleries of the halls of legislation and be seated among the select, while others with disabled bodies and leaning on crutches are to seek a cold seat in the outer galleries, if they can make their way to such a one—my dear sir, let me die sooner than realize such a sight.

This querulous humor faded with returning vigor. He ceased to repine and find fault with life. In the autumn of 1816 he was once again the high-hearted, sanguine Joshua Barney, mellowed by years, who had found so much zest in existence. Thus he remained to the end. He would have one more fling at the open road, but not toward the seaward courses. It pleased him to wander away to his Kentucky dominion with the idea of making a home among the pioneers whose friendship he had already won. His wife and her sister went with him. They made the journey on horseback, a rugged ordeal for the commodore, who wrote to one of his children from Red Stone:

We arrived here yesterday after traveling the very worst roads I ever saw over the mountains. The roads are so cut up by the thousands of wagons which are constantly moving West that I mean to take to a boat on the river. We had almost a fatal accident in crossing a ford two feet deep. The horse on which Maria rode was seized with a fit and fell with her. Before I could jump from my horse and run to her relief, she was nearly drowned, her foot being entangled in the stirrup so as to prevent her rising. I soon extricated her, however, and no ill consequences have followed the ducking.

At Frankfort, Kentucky, the pilgrim received an ovation that warmed the cockles of his heart. At a banquet very elaborate for the time and place he was toasted as "Our welcome guest, Commodore Barney—so long as bravery shall constitute a trait in the American character, so long will his fame rank high in the annals of his country."

The commodore's reply to the compliment was brief and to the point. "Gentlemen," said he, "the honor which you have just conferred on me claims my sincere thanks. It is the only reward a republican soldier should ask. The independence which I contributed to establish in the Revolution, and to maintain in the late war, I am ready to support with the last drop of my blood."

The Kentucky Legislature, which was then in

session, extended its official welcome and unanimously adopted the following:

The arrival of Commodore Joshua Barney in Kentucky at this time revives in our recollection the distinguished services of that gallant officer during the late war, and particularly at Bladensburg—Wherefore

Resolved by the Legislature of Kentucky, That the Military conduct and achievements of that gentleman during the late war and on the aforesaid memorable occasion deserves and has the admiration of the Legislature of Kentucky.

There was a second banquet at which the guest permitted his feelings to overflow their brim. Perhaps you can see him standing at the head of the table, square-shouldered and erect, handsome features ruddier than usual, eye sparkling with the bumpers already tossed down, as he sonorously declaimed:

"The testimony of respect which you have this day given is doubly dear to me as coming from the legislature of Kentucky. I had the good fortune to be in seventeen battles during the Revolution, in all of which the star-spangled banner triumphed over the bloody cross, and in the late war I had the honor of being engaged in nine battles, with the same glorious result, except in the last, in which I was unfortunate though not at fault. If

there had been with me two thousand Kentuckians, the city of Washington would not have been sacked nor our country disgraced. If my arrangements shall permit, it is my intention to become a citizen of Kentucky, and when I die I know that my bones will repose among congenial spirits."

As a result of this journey, Joshua Barney established the boundaries and cleared the titles to fifty thousand acres of Kentucky forest and meadow in a region which was rapidly opening to settlement, Soon after his return to Baltimore, he was appointed naval officer of the port, a post made vacant by the death of a fellow-soldier of the Revolution. In 1818 he made all arrangements to move his household, servants, horses, furniture, and spend the rest of his days on his Kentucky wilderness estate. There may have been a sense of foreboding, for in saying good-by to his son, Major William Bedford Barney, the latter mentioned the bullet which had never been extracted. Said the commodore to his wife: "Do you hear that, my dear? Whenever I die, remember, that you are to have this cursed ball cut out of my thigh and sent to the major, together with the sword presented to me by the city of Washington."

At Brownsville, Pennsylvania, he bought and equipped a boat in which to float his family down

to Pittsburgh. The exertion was too much for him. He reached Pittsburgh and there was taken fatally ill. The physicians laid it to the effects of the wound received at Bladensburg. Thus passed Joshua Barney, American sailor, at the age of fifty-nine years and six months. He rests beneath a marble slab in a burying-ground of Pittsburgh. It would have seemed more fitting could he have found his last anchorage within sight and sound of the sea. Patriot, gentleman, mariner, his memory deserves to be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, for of such were the heroes who laid the foundations of the republic. The tribute paid him by Mary Barney, his son's wife, may well serve as an obituary none too much overloaded with praise.

His conception was quick and penetrating, and his conclusion once formed, there was seldom much interval between decision and action. If his opinions were sometimes formed with too little deliberation, he was never too obstinate to perceive and acknowledge their error, the moment his judgment detected the fallacy. But it was only in matters of minor importance that he ever permitted himself to act without the sanction of his judgment. It was rare indeed where the lives or interests of others were staked upon his conduct to find him wanting either in conception or execution. His temperament was enthusiastic and ardent, qualities which carried him for-

ward in whatever he undertook with an energy and diligence of application that no danger or difficulties could divert from its object. In disposition he was kind, affectionate, humane, and charitable. Punctilious in his notions of honor, incorruptible in his integrity, no mean or sordid feeling ever found even a momentary habitation in his bosom. As a naval commander in peace or war, in the strife or serenity of the elements, he had no superior for prudence, skill, or courage. Those who had once served under his command—strict as he was in the enforcement of the most rigid discipline and subordination—were always ready to offer their services a second time and to look upon their acceptance as a proud distinction. Such failings as he had were promptly forgiven and forgotten in the contemplation of his nobler qualities.

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